THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Samuel G. Blythe—Joseph Hergesheimer—Sam Hellman—Isaac F. Marcosson
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THE JOY DODGERS

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Teddy Swung the Putter Blade and Watched the Ball Trickle Down the Carpet and Come to Rest Almost in the Exact Center of the Ink Stain

TO GIVE the Teddy Kanes their due, they were taking it chirky; especially the male of the species, Theodore Morton Kane. He was actually humming the air—or very nearly the air—of that Katinka song as he deftly knotted a black silk bow three inches under his chin dimple; and being musical in any way was one of the poorest things Teddy Kane ever did. Yet he was still humming, and adding a palm-buffing touch to nails which really needed no further luster, when Cynthia Kane swished back the draperies dividing their respective dressing rooms and peered curiously in at him.

"Then we're going to the Mulfords'?" she asked.

Teddy interrupted a critical inspection of the buffing process long enough to glance over the shoulder of his dinner coat, and nodded.

"Just the same?" she added.

"But why not? It's their anniversary blow, isn't it—eighth or tenth, or something like that? And we've R. S. V. P.'d with pleasure, and no doubt Jess has her bridge tables all planned, and I've promised Nick I'd show him how to shake up some real Daiquiris for the third round. Besides, who'll play the traps with the electric piano for dancing if I stay away? Think it over, Cinnie. No traps, no fox-trotting, after stowing away umpteen thousand excess calories and two helpings of baked Alaska to boot. So there you are, old dear."

Cinnie, the old dear, continued to gaze at him with that steady intentness which was so disturbing to T. Morton Kane. For one thing, he disliked being stared at by anyone—made him fidgety. And for another, he never knew quite what to expect of Cinnie when she grew serious. Hard enough to follow her when those luminous brown eyes reflected flickeringly her varying moods and whims; but when they focused soberly on him, and those two little vertical lines came between the sketchy perfection of Cinnie's plucked eyebrows—well, anything might happen.

What actually did occur shouldn't have been soul-shaking, even to such a timorous soul as Teddy Kane's. Cinnie came gliding toward him, stretched her diminutive but exquisitely molded arms upwards, and by standing on tiptoe was able to put her hands on his shoulders. "Down, Fido! Down!" commanded Cinnie.

Fido, alias Teddy, squirmed protestingly.

"But it's half after seven, you know."

"It might be half after ten; but when I need to be told something, Teddy dear, somebody's got to tell it. Now!"

Teddy Kane smothered a groan and dropped into a cretonne-covered chair.

"Very well, Cinnie, shoot! But make it snappy."

As though Cynthia Kane ever did anything otherwise. She could flutter about aimlessly enough at times, like a finicky humming bird testing honeysuckle blooms; but

when she so willed it, no flight of a homing pigeon could be truer than her mental dash toward an objective.

"What about that letter from your lawyers?"

If she had made a threatening jab with a hatpin Teddy Kane could not have winced a bit more. His big, deeply tanned face took on a flush that spread back to his ears; the light blue eyes became more shifty and evasive than usual.

"Oh, I say! Can't we hold that over until tomorrow?"

"That's what you said last night at the country club. You were going to have a talk with them today, find out what they meant, and you were in town all the afternoon. Well?"

Generally Teddy Kane could ward off any serious discussion of his affairs, or wriggle out with a lame joke, but for once he was cornered. He did attempt a fatuous grin, it is true; but a glance at Cinnie's adorable chin told him that there was to be no side-stepping this time.

"Hate to tell you, old girl, but we're on the rocks."

There was no wavering in Cinnie's gaze, no flinching.

"You mean we—we're going broke?"

"Gone!" And Teddy spread his big hands hopelessly.

For a moment she stood watching, studying the twitching of his mouth corners, the futile roving of his eyes as they sought something soothing to rest on. Then, after a faint hunching of her perfect shoulders, she went on:

"Details, old dear; let's have the whole story."

Had he been asked to explain why he had lost his golf match in the semifinals for the President's Cup, Teddy Kane would have responded freely and more or less eloquently; dwelling with nice exactness on the hurried back swing which caused him to sclaff his drive at the critical sixteenth, and giving full credit to his middle-aged opponent whose tee shots never strayed from the fairway and whose putts were always up and often in.

But when it came to sketching out exactly why his income, which had been steadily dwindling for the past six months, had now almost utterly ceased to flow—well, Teddy's report of the primal causes was rather vague. There were gaps, holes in the plot, elisions, evasions. Partly, this was owing to his complete distaste for the subject—and he was a skillful dodger of unpleasant things—and partly it was because of his genuine lack of information.

II

FOR when old Theodore Quintus Kane, father of Teddy, had prepared for his own sudden taking off, he had wisely arranged his affairs without trying to make clear to his son all the intricacies of the bond business. You see, he knew Teddy's limitations fairly well. Kane, Tuttle & Kane was the firm name at the time, the rearmost Kane being supposed to stand for young Theodore. But even at the most active era of his career Teddy was hardly an aggressive member of the concern. His name was lettered quite neatly on a door, and he carried the key to a roll-top desk which was for his exclusive use. At intervals, too, when there came a lull in house parties and important sporting events, he could be found in his office, sometimes making a noise almost like a bond broker. But as to his financial unimportance Teddy Kane never fooled anyone, not even himself.

The house specialized in municipals, lighting and water. Theodore Q. had founded his business on that line and had stuck to it. He knew it thoroughly, up and down, inside and out. He could sit in his Broad Street office and sniff a bond issue that was being voted on in El Paso or Ypsilanti or Bangor. Three minutes later four filing clerks would be digging out statistics, and inside of half an hour T. Q. could tell you precisely how near the bonding limit that city had gone, the total property valuation, the charter provisions which must be observed to make the issue legal, and what was the lowest premium it would be safe to offer.

All of which were deep mysteries to Teddy. He knew that one pushed a button for electric light and turned on taps for water; also that monthly bills for such service came in with annoying regularity. But who supplied these necessities, whether private corporation or municipal plant, was a matter about which he never bothered. He was aware that certain employes of Kane, Tuttle & Kane made frequent trips to remote parts of the map for the purpose of bidding on bonds which might be sold at a profit; but figures like 4¼ above par or ½ under were simply silly. To Teddy, par meant a neat four on a four-hundred-and-thirty-yard hole; one over was bogey and anything under was a birdie. So you can see why old T. Q. had arranged that his son's participation in the business should be strictly confined to drawing his share of the net revenue.

For several years after the passing of his father, Teddy Kane had been fully content with this unarduous rôle. The quarterly checks which came in were satisfactory and kept his bank balance at a comfortably high mark. His visits to the Broad Street offices became less and less frequent. One reason for this was that he had sold the gloomy old Madison Avenue town house and moved out on Long Island—a suggestion of Cinnie's.

In fact nearly every change in Teddy's habits of life, aside from such vital matters as shifting from the overlapping to the interlocking grip, could be traced to Cynthia. She had selected the Roaring Rock district as the one where they would find congenial friends, and had picked out the half-timbered English stucco cottage which they bought wholly furnished. Teddy agreed that it was a bully little shack. With six master bedrooms, four baths, quarters for five servants and a two-car garage, it might be

"Could You Show Us How to Go to Places and Not Have to Sit Around Like Bumps on Logs?"

so described. True, Teddy hardly fancied the early Tudor simplicity of the dining room at first, but he soon got used to the high-backed chairs and the lofty oak-paneled ceiling. Anyway, the Roaring Rock golf course was a good stiff one, and the young married set at the country club numbered among the members a lot of real live sports. There was Jud Bates, for instance, who had flunked out on the same midyear exams that had marked the close of Teddy's college career; and Chet Porter, whose acquaintance he had first made during that wild night in Paris when the absurd gendarmes had been so obtrusive; and the Nick Mulfords. With such sponsors as these, Teddy and Cynthia Kane were cordially welcomed into Roaring Rock's livest bunch. Before the end of their second season the Teddy Kanes were reckoned among the leaders. Trust Cinnie for that.

She was always headed for some given point—Cynthia. Not that you could say where; perhaps she couldn't herself. But a good deal of shrewd planning went on under that meticulously marcelled thatch of her shapely little head. Perhaps it was according to one of these plans that Teddy Kane had particularly noticed her as one among a dozen more or less attractive typists in the general office; or it might have been chance. Anyway, for a month or so following his discovery that dictating letters to Miss Carling was a rather pleasant way of posing as a man of affairs, Mr. T. Morton Kane opened his desk, along about 10:30 A.M., with surprising frequency. One week he made it three days in succession, thereby hanging up a record; and the next thing he knew he was married to her.

Just how it had all come about probably Teddy couldn't have told, for he never had been a conquering male. No. Back of the hearty bluffness of his manner, a modulation of his father's brusqueness, was a shy, diffident Teddy, who could get on well enough with young women as long as he wasn't left alone with them. Then he twiddled his watch fob and got red in the ears. If they became coy and personal, he switched the talk to golf and bored them insufferably by describing at tortuous length how he'd gone off his mashie-niblick shot. Generally they yawned and escaped. So he was not a susceptible youth. To a company issuing nonmatrimonial policies he would have appealed as a good risk.

Yet Cynthia Carling had landed him between one bank statement and the next; and after it was all over, and they had returned from their Bermuda honeymoon trip, Teddy seemed still a bit dazed, and almost as much surprised as his astonished parent.

"Huh!" commented old T. Q. when they were at last alone together in the library. "I don't mind so much your getting married. Do you good, I suppose. But if you had to run off with one of my stenographers, why the blistering billikens did you have to pick the best speller of the lot? Who is she, anyway?"

"Who? Why—er—she's Mrs. Theodore Morton Kane, governor, and as nice as they come."

Not so bad from Teddy, when you consider. For during their brief courtship Cinnie had volunteered little or nothing about her family or forbears, except that she had no immediate relatives; and Teddy had not asked. He had declared to her, in his more eloquent moments, that she was a regular little queen. Perhaps that was putting it a bit strong, but he had some justification. Titania herself could not have moved about with a more queenly carriage than Cinnie in her newly acquired frocks. Watching her come through a door or across a hotel veranda, one forgot that she stood hardly five-feet-nothing on her French heels. Her small body seemed perfectly molded, and as lithe as a steel trout rod. Also one generally failed to note that she had squirrel front teeth and rather high cheek bones, and a ruthless observer would have suggested that the narrow-set eyes and the small, tight-lipped mouth indicated a self-assertive ego. Most men, however, like Teddy Kane, would have passed from the adorable chin to the luminous brown eyes and called her easy to look upon.

But he was not at this moment feasting fond eyes on Cinnie, although as she stood there tapping an impatient toe on the Bokhara and glittering like a humming bird in a dinner gown consisting mainly of a quart or so of iridescent beads, she was well worth a glance, at least. Instead, Teddy was rubbing the heel of one pump against the instep of his other foot and staring vacuously at the ceiling.

"Then those Mexican stocks that Chet Porter got you to buy?" suggested Cinnie.

"I expect we got stung on those, too," admitted Teddy. "Anyway, they're producing no dividends."

That seemed to tell the story of all his investments. For Teddy had been branching out.

Oh, yes, and he had cleaned up on his first venture—quite a nifty little sum. True, he had contributed most of it to the owners of certain roulette wheels operated at well-known domestic imitations of Monte Carlo; but they'd had a whale of a good time on that southward swing along the winter-resort trail. Some parties! And both he and Cinnie had contracted the Pinehurst, French Lick, White Sulphur and Palm Beach habit.

So the little old income which did so nicely at first was being outgrown. They were cultivating de-luxe tastes—joining friends in private-car jaunts, ordering new motors with special bodies; an English butler, a Scotch maid for Cinnie; bridge at a quarter a point, and expensive suites at hotels. But if one played a good hunch now and then one could hit the market for enough to come out all even, perhaps more. And Tuttle, the senior partner, was always ready to pay cash for another quarter interest. He owned three of them now.

"Then the income from that fourth is all we are really sure of?" asked Cynthia.

"Unless some of my dead ones come to life."

"I suppose you know what that means?" she went on.

"Doing a crash, eh?"

"Not quite so bad as that."

"But playing 'em close to our vest buttons?"

"Very close," said Cynthia. "If it weren't for the bills we might possibly stay on here with one maid; but some of those accounts have been piling up for six months. No; we'll have to sell—everything. Then—an apartment in town."

"Town!" protested Teddy. "How weird! What could we do there? Where would I play golf?"

"Nowhere, Teddy dear. And we're going to quit bridge and roulette, and make no more motor trips, and miss out on any number of costly little affairs; for you're going to see Mr. Tuttle tomorrow and ask him for your old position. He can't be piker enough to refuse that."

"But—but, Cinnie! Me a nine-to-five man! I can't feature it, old girl!"

"It does strain the imagination, I'll admit. But that will rest until tomorrow. Come along, Teddy."

"To the Mulfords?"

"Isn't that where we're expected? And if it's to be our last party, let's make it a wild one, eh?"

"Some pal!" murmured Teddy Kane as he started for the garage to bring out the car.

III

EVEN judged by the standards of the younger Roaring Rock set, it was a wild party, for as a starter the future success and happiness of the Nick Mulfords were adequately toasted. The dinner progressed merrily and noisily. From without might have been heard sounds of revelry—which was mainly Teddy Kane marking time with a heavy foot on the bass-drum pedal and interpolating dexterous taps on the crash cymbal as he followed the syncopated rhythm of Hot Lips or some other jazzy classic. Couples swirled and swayed through the rug-cleared rooms while the filet mignon cooled on neglected plates. Later there were doings, daring stunts. Bridge was forgotten. Instead, Cinnie and Jud Bates gave their King Tut polka act. There were banister sliding, a candlelight parade around the house, other unconventional pranks of which a detailed record would serve to fill whole chapters of certain best-seller novels.

And flashing through every scene, always the leading spirit of the mad capers, went Cynthia Kane. She was making what Teddy would have described as a snappy finish. At 4:30 A.M. amateur cooks served eggs and coffee.

So when Teddy Kane faced a new day and a new order of life, along about noon, he had small enthusiasm for catching the 1:15 into town and asking Tuttle for a job.

"Nothing in the old bean but fog, Cinnie," he announced dolefully as he shuffled into the breakfast room in bathrobe and slippers. "I couldn't do it. Doubt if I ever can."

"So do I," agreed Cinnie.

She was neat and fresh in a smart morning dress, and she smiled indulgently at the unshaven Teddy; but the adorable chin was firmly set, and in the brown eyes was a somewhat hard look which he failed to notice.

"Well?" he suggested.

She finished her grapefruit and rang for the toast and coffee.

"I've thought of something else."

"Wonderful girl! After a night like that she thinks! When did you do it, Cinnie?"

"Between ten and half past, to be exact. Then I had another nap. But I've been up for an hour and I've been busy trying to get someone on the long distance. I did too. He'll be here very soon."

"Who will?" demanded Teddy.

"Tom Brennan."

"Never heard of him."

"I know," admitted Cynthia coolly. "I've never boasted about Tom. He—he's the sort of cousin one doesn't boast about."

At which Teddy Kane's eyes lost some of their dullness. He was staring at her across the table.

"Then why send for him—now?" he asked.

"Because I want his advice, Teddy dear."

"He's qualified to give it, is he?"

"He ought to be. Oh, I'm not making a mystery out of Cousin Tom. He's a financial expert, in his way. Publicity man, I believe he calls himself. Gets up these prospectus things for wildcat oil companies. He has been a theatrical press agent too. And he hasn't really been in jail—only near it. Now don't look shocked, Teddy. He is clever, you know, and I must consult someone about my new plan."

"Don't I count?"

"There, there! You're going to be a great help—eventually; but not just now. You wouldn't understand. Tom will, though. He will tell me whether or not the scheme can be put over. That's his line."

"But I say, I wish you hadn't sent for this—this Cousin Tom. I don't like schemes, either, Cinnie. You know that."

"Perfectly," agreed Cynthia. "Neither would you like going to an office regularly every day, nor being without golf, nor staying North all winter. And I'm not crazy about giving up my home here, and dropping out of the bunch, and moving into a four-room apartment where I shall have to do all the cooking. I'm a rotten cook, too, Teddy. Lamb stew is about the best thing I do, and you don't like stews. So I've thought up a scheme to avoid all that; one that will let us keep on; perhaps not just as we're doing now, but nearly so."

"You have, Cinnie?"

He was staring wonderingly at her now. She nodded.

"If it works. I can't tell whether it will or not, for I never heard of its being tried. Oh, it's quite honest and legitimate, even if it is new."

"New!" echoed Teddy. "Something you—er—thought up all by yourself?"

Cynthia indulged in a sketchy little laugh. Then she came around the table, patted Teddy on his rough cheek and gave his arm a chummy squeeze.

"Without the aid of net or dream book, Teddy boy. Now go shave and get yourself dressed if you want to be on hand when I tell Tom all about it."

As he lathered his face, Teddy Kane continued to stare, somewhat dazed and wholly puzzled, into his own light blue eyes. She was a wonder—Cynthia; always had been. He had watched her step from a busy office into a life of idle ease, slip into an entirely new environment, take up a new mode of living, and all without making a false move or an obvious mistake; at least, so far as he had observed. Then, with less than six months' absence from her typewriter desk, he had seen her take her place among the young matrons of the Roaring Rock set; not eagerly or graspingly, but with calm assurance. She was not even awed by a butler whose references proved that he had worked for some of the best families. Yea, she had taken her place and held it—until now.

Now she was throwing it overboard; from necessity, of course. But she was giving it up without a whimper. And she had evolved something almost as good to take its place—something new! The shriveled quarterly checks could go on shriveling. Cinnie had found a way. Amazing Cinnie! He must try to get what it was that they were going to do. Where was that bicarbonate bottle? Great stuff for clearing up the old bean, bicarbonate.

With Teddy Kane, getting dressed was always a leisurely and contemplative process, during which he did some of his most profound thinking. Well, it was profound for Teddy. So he had barely put cuff links in a freshly laundered shirt when he noted a station taxi whirling in through the brick gateposts. By the time he had selected the right foulard tie and got into a carefully pressed English tweed suit, he could hear voices in the library below. The consultation with Cousin Tom must be under way. It was.

"And there we are, Tom," Cinnie was saying as Teddy walked in.

From the hints Cinnie had thrown out, Teddy had expected to find someone in a checked suit and a red necktie, probably with a cigar jutting rakishly from one corner of his mouth. But the elegantly slim youth whom Cynthia introduced was nothing like that. He was quite as successfully tailored as Teddy Kane, his linen as immaculate, and his manner much easier. True, his black hair had a patent-leather gloss that could hardly have been achieved by mere brushing, and his complexion was of that dead-white variety which suggests cabarets and night life; but otherwise he seemed a normal young man. He gave Teddy a vigorous handclasp.

"I know your firm," he said. "Son of T. Q., eh? Good house. You should have stuck with it."

"But Teddy didn't, you see," broke in Cinnie. "My fault as much as his, I suppose. I should have looked into those investments. But they're made and the money's gone, so that's that; and something has to be done."

"All right, let's have the plot of the piece."

With which Cousin Tom leaned his elbows on the top of an overstuffed armchair and assumed a judicial pose.

"I say," put in Teddy, "can't we all sit down and—er—have a smoke?"

Tom accepted; but while the men draped themselves comfortably and lighted cigarettes, Cynthia stood by the glass-topped desk, a resolute Portia at the bar.

"Aren't there lots of people with heaps of money who don't know how to spend it?" she asked.

"I don't know about that," replied Tom. "Most of 'em seem to have their own ideas about getting rid of it."

"Yes, but do they really have a good time spending it?" insisted Cynthia. "Are they getting what they want, as much comfort and enjoyment as they might if they knew how?"

Cousin Tom shook his sleek head.

"That's something I never lost any sleep over. I expect I know a lot of the kind you mean—the oily rich, war profiteers, and so on. And I've helped work up schemes to get 'em to part with some of their surplus, but whether or not they were having a swell time, I never noticed."

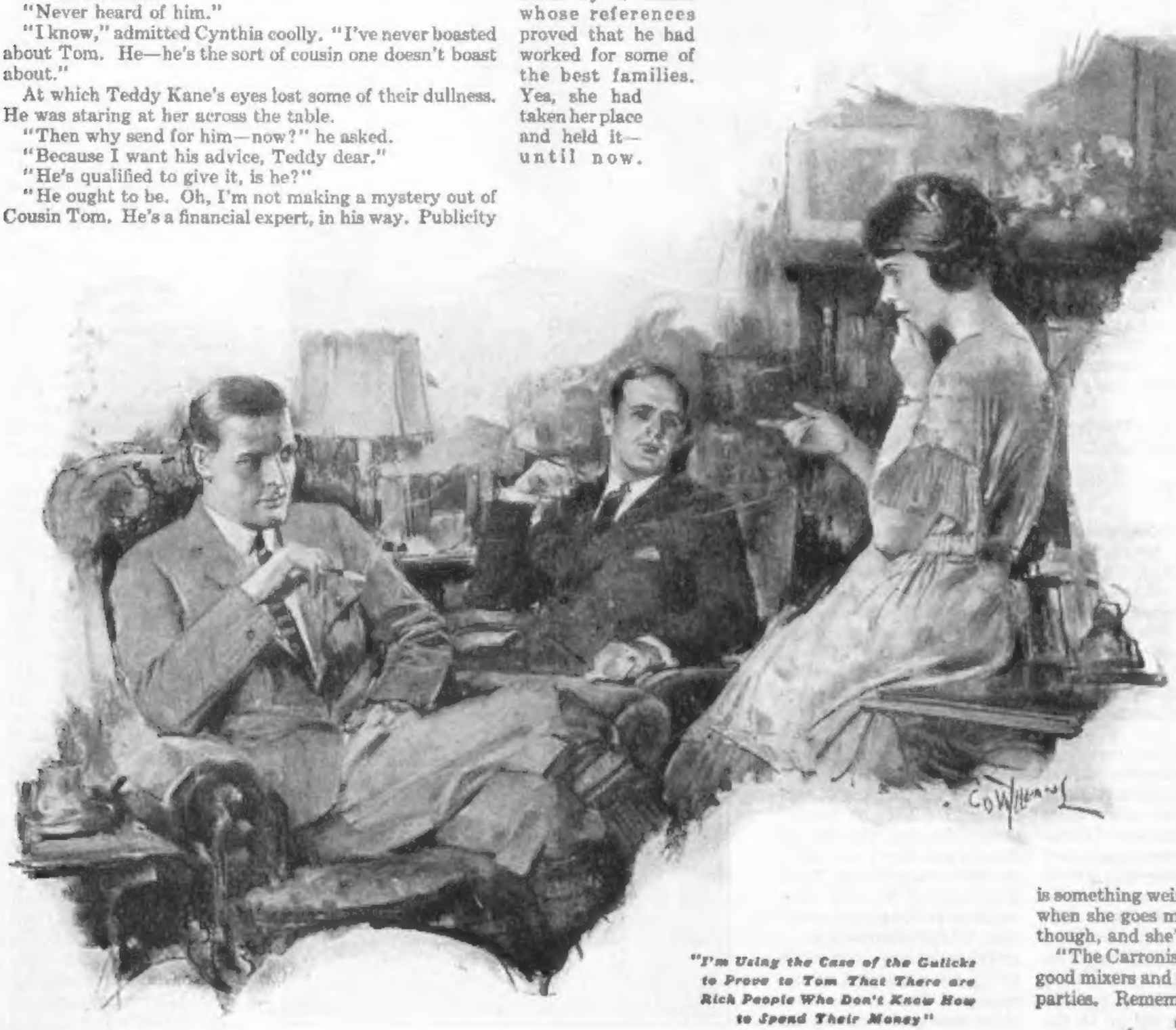
"I have," announced Cynthia. "Just down the road are some people like that. You know, Teddy? The Gulicks."

"Oh, the Gulicks!" Teddy disposed of them with an indifferent wave of his cigarette. "They're impossible."

"But why?" went on Cynthia. "They're not nearly so crude looking as some who are in with the middle-aged crowd at the country club. Take the Carronis, for instance. They say he peddled bananas from a pushcart when he first came over from Italy. Of course, he has three or four big stores now, and lets his sons manage the business while he plays golf, and Mrs. Carroni drives around in her limousine to card parties and tea dances. But his English is something weird to listen to, and she wears dinner rings when she goes marketing. He's one of the club directors, though, and she's on the board of patronesses."

"The Carronis aren't so bad," protested Teddy. "They're good mixers and free spenders. I don't mind going to their parties. Remember last New Year's Eve?"

(Continued on Page 147)



"I'm Using the Case of the Gulicks to Prove to Tom That There are Rich People Who Don't Know How to Spend Their Money"

WHAT HO THE DEMOCRATS!

By Samuel G. Blythe

A stranger to our political practices might be excused on the ground of superficial appearances if he commented after the election of 1920, with its more than seven million plurality for Harding, the Republican, "Well, that finishes the Democratic Party. No political organization can survive a defeat like that." Cursorily so it would seem. But the vitality of a real political party is surpassed only by the enduring quickness of its politicians. It may be possible—has been, in fact—to kill a political party, but it is impossible to kill its politicians. They survive all disaster. Wherefore, although the Democratic Party today, like the Republican Party, is simply a name, a legend, a sign on an empty house, the Democratic politicians insist and labor to prove that the name is an imperishable trade-mark, the legend a living truth instead of a historical recollection, and that the sign denotes a full stock of goods instead of idly advertising empty shelves.

PHOTO BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

GEORGE BRENNAN, the brilliant and bulky leader of the Democrats of Illinois, who will be one of the dominant factors in the next Democratic National Convention, has, along with his powerful position, a keen intelligence, a lively wit and a wooden leg. As one might say, he differs from the vast majority of politicians in that his leg is wooden instead of his head.

This Brennan fought his way up to the political top in Illinois from the bottom of a coal mine in that state. He began as a boy about the mines and, presently, lost a leg in that environment. This loss rather impeded his mining career, and he turned to the law and to politics. Eventually he was chief of staff for Roger Sullivan, and when Sullivan died established himself as Sullivan's successor. Naturally, as Brennan's rise was coincident with the flight to the higher spaces and the return therefrom of William Jennings Bryan, Brennan had his fixed opinion of Mr. Bryan, and that opinion is best illustrated by an anecdote.

In the third Bryan campaign a great meeting was arranged for Bryan in the Stock Yards district of Chicago. Bryan was coming in on a train and was due at the meeting along about eight-thirty or nine. In Chicago they do not do political meetings by halves. The audience for the speakers is always provided. Brennan and his aids had provided an audience this night that was a capacity one, and then some. And Brennan proceeded to see to it that none strayed away until the Peerless Leader had had his meed of applause.

Something happened to Bryan's train, or some other delay occurred, and he was late. The hours wore on, and no Bryan came. Brennan exhausted all the speakers present, as in turn the speakers exhausted the crowd. He pressed some local entertainers with songs and stories into service and kept things going, having frequent bulletins that Bryan was on his way. Finally long after midnight Bryan arrived. He pressed through the waiting faithful to the edge of the platform where Brennan was standing. Brennan reached down and grabbed the Peerless One by the arm, hoisting him helpfully.

"Come up, Mr. Bryan," he said, "come up. This is the only time in my life when I was glad to see you."

Digging Out and Digging In

NOT so long ago, when Brennan was rounding a corner in a City Hall corridor in Chicago, he came full upon Mr. Bryan. "Well, colonel," he said, "how do you do?"

"Very well, thank you," Mr. Bryan answered, not without reserve.

"Are you a candidate for the presidential nomination next time, colonel?" asked Brennan.

"If I am, Brennan," the colonel replied, "you should support me, for I am now the most conservative man in the Democratic Party."

This retort of the colonel's had more truth than persiflage in it, as reflection will show. The man who was the radical of 1896 is now, without changing his position other than in certain abandonments of obsolete policies, the conservative of 1923. Compared to some of the men who seek Democratic leadership Mr. Bryan is positively reactionary, and compared to the present exhibited tendencies and trends of his party the free-silveritis of Bryan was merely a progressive rash as against a general radical eruption. Mr. Bryan was for a currency based on a fixed parity between gold and silver, but he never was for a currency based on fertilizer or crops or the capacity of the government printing presses. He said something once about government ownership of railways, but he never did go to the extremes of paternalism that we find advocated by exponents of his party in some sections.

The fact is that the exigencies of the situation have forced the handful of leaders gathered together in the name of Democracy to grab at whatever may appear to be vote giving. If a man has fallen down a crevasse in the mountains he doesn't care whether he gets out by means of a rope or a ladder, so long as he gets out. The medium isn't important. The emergence is.

That illustration is only rhetorical. More happened to the Democracy in 1920 than falling down a crevasse. It was overwhelmed by an epochal landslide. It was buried beneath an unprecedentedly enormous movement of the rocks, bowlders, dirt, detritus and débris of popular disapproval, disgust with existing conditions, and desire for something different. Since that time the Democratic politicians have been digging their way out with such political implements as would serve; and those implements are mostly the implements of popular appeal—the shovels of the extension of paternal government, the pickaxes of opposition to the Volstead Law, the spades of governmental agrarian aid, the crowbars of labor coddling, the scrapers of opposition to capitalism, the dynamite of protest against taxation.

To be sure, a gang of sappers and miners at the insecure foundations of the Republican Party are using the same implements in an excavation of their own. But so far as political excavation goes, this is a large country, and those who are compelled to dig out can expect no monopoly of implements over those who desire to dig in.

PHOTO BY PICTORIAL PRESS, NEW YORK CITY

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Alfred E. Smith and Mrs. Smith. Above—John W. Davis, Former United States Ambassador to England. At Right—Senator Underwood and His Pedigreed Police Dog

The Vote of Protest

THE interesting thing about this situation is that the party politicians will get away with it. You take any intelligent Democratic politician aside and induce him to state the facts—this can be done, but the process requires patiently intensive methods—and he will admit that the only reason there remains a Democratic Party, or a Democratic name, rather, is because there is no alternative for those who are inherently, environmentally or temperamentally Democrats. And any intelligent Republican will admit the same thing about his party if he can be brought to a veracious basis, which is an undertaking onerous but not impossible.

There has been abundant proof of this, following the enormous proof of it in the 1920 election, when the people voted as protestants instead of as partisans. For example, that recent senatorial election in Minnesota. Now Minnesota, although classed as a Republican state in the old days of acute political alignments, has had attacks of Democracy. Minnesota has broken out in spots of Democracy now and again. There was Johnson, a Democratic governor, to cite one instance, and the name lists of various Congresses, and so on, will show that Democracy in Minnesota has been more or less animate in the past. But in this recent senatorial election the regular Democratic nominee for senator received only a few thousand votes, though there was a total of several hundred thousand cast for Magnus Johnson, who won, and his Republican opponent. Magnus Johnson wasn't a Democrat in this campaign. He was a Farmer-Labor candidate. But despite that, and the fact that there was a regularly nominated and thoroughly partisan Democrat in the running, the Democrats of Minnesota voted from the standpoint of their grievances instead of the foundation of their party affiliations.

Neither party allegiances, policies, nor inheritances cut a figure with those Democrats of Minnesota. They turned the pictures of Thomas Jefferson, Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson to the wall and went out and voted for Johnson. They didn't vote as partisans; they voted as protestants over conditions, economic and political, that irked them. That's the way some millions of them voted in 1920 at the presidential election, and that's the way not only some millions of nominal Democrats but some millions of nominal Republicans have voted on other occasions and will continue to vote, because there is no outstanding issue or difference between the old Democracy and the old Republicanism, and

because there has been no nationally organized or projected political party medium to which they can give their allegiances as based on new conditions both economic and political.

There is no such thing in this country, or in any part of it, as an organized, cohesive, operating Democratic Party, nor any such thing as an organized, cohesive, operating Republican Party. There are a couple of skeletons which the politicians frantically seek to invest with flesh and blood and vitality, and which, as has been said, they will make feebly animate and articulate in the coming campaign; not because they can raise the dead, but because the people look amiably on the galvanizing processes.

Hence, when the political alignment of this country should be logically, economically and politically on a conservative versus a radical basis, we shall go into the next campaign on a Republican versus a Democratic basis, with the always interesting prospect of a third party movement, which may, or may not, appear. And that Republican-Democratic basis will be hermaphrodite. What will be presented as a Republican Party will be a party that encompasses within its elasticities radicalisms from red to pink and conservatisms from lavender to black—and there will be a Democratic Party made up in exactly the same way; not admitting of any arbitrary divisions because of the numerous species of radicalisms and conservatisms embraced but, roughly, a radical and a conservative Republicanism, and a radical and a conservative Democracy.

Old Tricks

IT IS extremely difficult to teach old tricks to a new dog. In this vast, unorganized, fluctuating, indeterminate body of former partisans who are now voting in protest, from grievance and by prejudice, we have a new dog that could easily establish itself in the national political kennel and enjoy all the national political bones. All that is needed is the apprehension of a few old political tricks. But the dog barks instead of bites, runs after the old wagons instead of tearing down the drivers; and for that reason these old wagons will clatter down our political highways next year, and the drivers will be the same old drivers who have always had the reins—the politicians.

Wherefore, we come to the Democratic presidential situation, as such, and we observe a disposition among the Democratic politicians to claim they have dug themselves out from under the landslide and that they can now see the clear light of day above. Whether or not they have so extricated themselves must await the determination of events. It is sufficient for them to claim they have, and sufficient for us to admit the claim, because there is no politician so literal that he, presently, does not construe his claim as to a situation as the reality of that situation. They have boundless imaginations, those fellows, and are easily convinced along the lines they seek conviction. Besides that, they have nothing else to do. Although their party has defaulted on them they cannot let it go by default. Not and remain politicians. And in politics accidents always happen. Nothing is permanent but the impermanent. Likewise hope springs eternal, and nowhere does it saltate so endlessly as in the political breast.

The theory of recurrence is as valid in politics as it is elsewhere, and it is on that theory that the Democratic politicians and aspirants hang most of their hopes; to wit, the war and the succeeding vexations and grievances of the peace, including to the largest degree the taxation

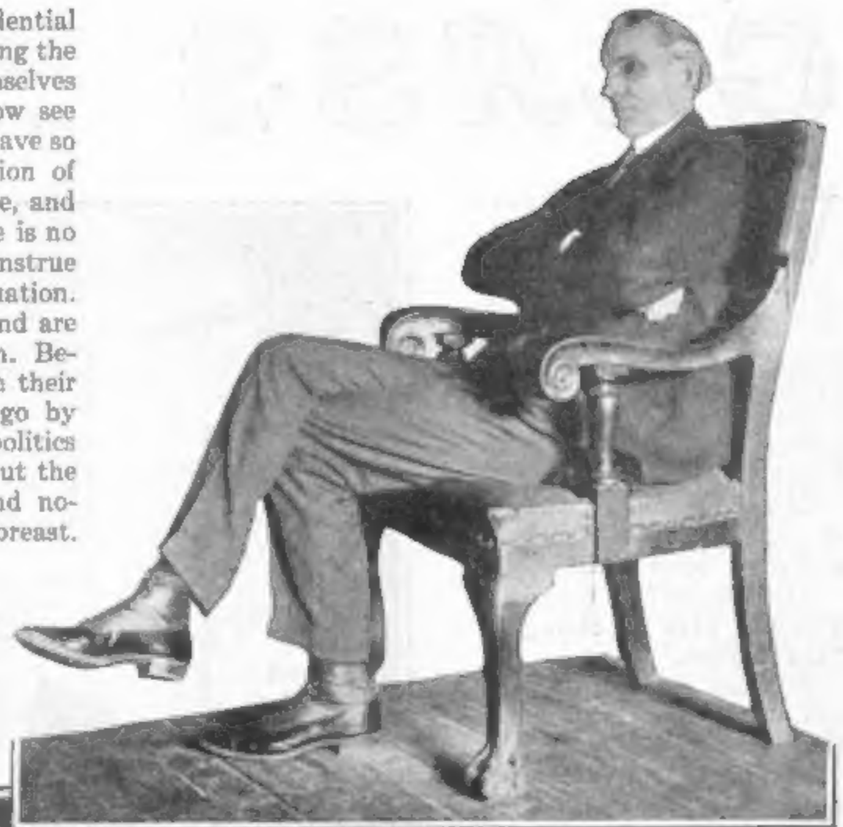


PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS REEL, N. Y. C.

When Henry Ford Took the Witness Stand

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS., N. Y. C.

William J. Bryan and William G. McAdoo in a Pose That Has the Flavor of the Prohibition Problem. At Left—Magnus Johnson, Jr., Felicitating the New Senator-Elect of Minnesota, on the Johnson Farm, Near Kimball

PHOTO. BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTOS., INC., N. Y. C.

grievances, created an impossible situation for the Democrats, and because that situation was impossible the Harding election became not only possible but inevitable. Hence, as the Harding Administration took over—inherited, indeed—that impossible situation, and the Coolidge Administration fell heir to it also, the Democrats argue that the impossibility that made them impossible in the 1920 election, remaining practically uncomposed, will exert its sinister influences on the Republicans in 1924 and put the Democrats back in power. The validity of the argument, of course, hinges on the degree to which the country concludes the impossibilities have been removed during the Harding and Coolidge administrations, but it is valid enough for the Democratic politicians as it is, and with that in mind they have emerged into the light of day, and there is vast bustle and haranguing and intriguing by candidates for the nomination next year.

As I have pointed out heretofore, there is no cure for the presidential itch. Once a man is infected he is forever subject to it. Thus, we observe among the pressing candidates the familiar names of William G. McAdoo, Oscar Underwood, Governor Al Smith, James M. Cox and John W. Davis, to mention but a few of those offering themselves to the Democracy as suitable for this leadership. And also revolving rapidly in their own home spaces are numerous others who, heavily infected, have not hitherto especially had the astringents of caucuses, primaries, conventions and boss approval applied to their infections.

The Question

PASSING these, both mentioned and unmentioned, temporarily, let us turn our attention to their troubles, of which the principal one is booze. That, to be sure, states it rather baldly. There might seem to be implication that booze is a personal trouble with them. Not so. All are temperate men. Their booze trouble is political trouble, and it all consists in obtaining the correct answer to the question: Is this country, basically and as a voting entity, wet or dry? Without the correct answer to that question any one of them, nominated, might as well not have accepted the nomination, because the Republicans, through the pronouncement of President Harding, by the command of their party leaders, by the process of events and the obligations of their former record, are irrevocably committed to prohibition, as a law, and will take no platform steps looking towards any revocation of that law. The Republican candidate for President, whosoever he may be, will run on a platform demanding enforcement of the law, which includes, specifically, the prohibition law; and no platform makers will dare to put else in the platform and no candidate will dare to stand on any platform to the contrary.

This leaves the Democratic politicians but two courses: Either they must trail with the Republicans and demand the enforcement of the law, which in effect is the indorsement of prohibition, or they must cut loose either partially or wholly. They must straddle along the epicene lines of light wines and beer, with a ringing disavowal of the iniquitous saloon and a statement that it never shall return, or they must say in stilted platform language: "We favor giving the boys their likker."

Which? Any person who can answer that question correctly for the Democratic politicians and the Democratic candidates can write his own ticket so far as reward is concerned. He can be cabinet member, ambassador or anything he desires in case of success at the polls. Probably he can be the nominee. It would be worth it in any event, but the difficulty is that the correctness of the answer to the question must await the certification of the election in November, 1924.

Which? That is the monster that stalks the Democratic politicians and candidates unceasingly. That is what startles them from their sleep and causes them to walk sidewise in their waking hours. That is the problem to

(Continued on Page 46)

GLASS

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"Probably You Won't Bother With Me," She Told Him at Once, "But I Had to Try"

WATCHING, absent-minded, the individual who had just come into Cardell's store for the sale of what Cardell called unquestionable antiques, Francis Jammes' fingers encountered the smooth cold surface of a historical flask. Uninterested, except for a small gratification to his sense of touch, he lifted the flask and set it down again.

"Look out," Cardell warned him mockingly, "that's glass."

Jammes nodded. "You talk as though it were something contagious."

"It is," Cardell assured him; "and I'm waiting patiently until you get it."

"Never!" Francis Jammes declared. "I don't mind prices for furniture, for a Queen Anne chair. You have it, it's there, practically forever. But this ——" He picked up the flask again. "Suppose I dropped it."

"If you have the palsy put it down," Cardell interrupted.

"Suppose someone else dropped it, where would we all be? How much is it?"

"Hundred and twenty-five."

"Damned nonsense! It was a common whisky bottle for a shilling or less."

"Why, so it was." Cardell affected extreme surprise. "A cheap whisky flask, made to celebrate something or other in the Mexican War. Washington on one side and Captain Braxton Bragg on the other. The Battle of Buena Vista, wasn't it?"

"I don't know. I'm not interested in mid-Victorian wars."

"Neither am I, to be honest with you; but I am in colored glass." Cardell now picked the flask up carefully. "A true sapphire blue," he declared. "Look at the light through it. There, at the bottom, it's as fine a color as Stiegel's. Every bit. Wait." He went to a cabinet across the store and returned with a small pitcher of pressed glass and a sugar bowl with a lid; both, again, blue. Then he arranged the three—the flask, the pitcher and the bowl, where the light from the wide show window would flow through them. "Now," he cried, "look indifferently if you can."

The pitcher was lighter in color than either of the others. Its surface, Jammes saw, was pressed into the design of a conventional daisy with a pattern of quilting above. Its blue was clear, singularly pure, the blue of a flower, a periwinkle, and it was of one shade. Compared to it the sugar bowl was an almost regal purple. But it, too, was blue, sparkling and intense, except where the glass was thicker at the bottom, and there it was dark translucent violet. The bottle was at once darker and brighter; its color was absolute, as though it were paint, a glowing, positive, perfect cobalt.

"Pretty enough," Jammes admitted. "How much is the bowl?"

"Six hundred and fifty dollars," Cardell, with a touch of defiance, told him.

"And the pitcher?"

"There's no price on it yet. It just came in. I don't know. Almost anything."

"Nonsense," Francis Jammes repeated.

"What's nonsense?" The voice at their back was harsh, assertive and impatient.

Cardell hurriedly spoke: "Mr. Lanard, this is Francis Jammes. He knows so much about furniture that he's had no time to even think of glass."

"Wooden stuff," Lanard commented.

"And Mr. Lanard"—Cardell now turned to Jammes—"has one of the three or four best collections of Stiegel in existence."

Lanard picked up the sugar bowl, and Jammes noticed with what delicate precision his thick short fingers held the fragile glass. "I haven't seen this," he asserted.

Cardell assured him that it had come in since he, Lanard, was in the store.

"Well," the other demanded, "what's that got to do with anything? I have a telephone, haven't I? You know my number. How often have I told you to let me know when you get a piece of what you call Stiegel? You dealers make me sick; you are all alike; you haven't enough sense to learn where your money is. The things you get go to your heads." Lanard held the bowl against the light; his fingers traced its surface inquisitively. Then, putting it down, he examined the lid.

"How much?"

"You know as well as I do."

"I didn't ask you what it was worth, but what you charged for it."

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"That's a hundred or a hundred and fifty too much. You can't rob me, you know; I understand values better than you could in a thousand years. It might be worth—five-fifty, perhaps six, if the lid belonged to it."

"It does," Cardell replied with emphasis. "I know its history and I've seen a few blue sugar bowls. This one is perfect."

"You're either dull or dishonest," was what Lanard replied. "The bowl is a shade off in color; the lid fits well enough, but the surface is colder. It's out of another batch of flint glass; better than the bowl. The oxides are different; one probably had a litharge base and the other, the lid, red lead."

Francis Jammes studied the speaker curiously. What, he wondered, would he, in Cardell's case, reply to such an arrogance. Probably nothing. He'd have turned abruptly and permanently away. But then, he reminded himself, he didn't keep a store.

"I think you're wrong, Mr. Lanard," Cardell persisted politely. "If you'll hold both pieces of glass up together ——"

But the customer put the bowl aside. "They don't belong together." He turned to Jammes. "Just because I'm a collector, every dealer in his heart thinks I'm a fool." The reason, Jammes replied, he found to be insufficient. Lanard glanced at him suspiciously. Then he took up the bottle. "How much?" he demanded.

"A hundred and fifty dollars."

Lanard read the inscription on it: "A little more grape, Captain Bragg."

"A good blue," Lanard acknowledged. He hesitated a moment, then: "Send it home. But understand, Cardell, I'm not collecting historical bottles. I see one now and then I get just because it's a good piece of color. If it gets around I'm collecting flasks you'll all put the price up in the sky. I heard of a blue Jenny Lind the other day; blue with the star; and I should like to have had it. Why don't you get really fine bottles that are worth having?"

"The one you've just bought is pretty fair," Cardell reminded him.

"Yes, but blue, with the star! It was picked up on a refuse heap for ten cents. But that doesn't mean much—it might describe almost any dealer's store." At this, tremendously pleased, Lanard laughed prodigiously. He repeated the words "refuse heap," and prodded the little three-section-mold pitcher. "It takes all kinds to make an antique business." He was now in a splendidly good humor. "You'll sell that Stiegel bowl," he reassured Cardell; "a year ago I might have bought it myself. Five years ago I'd have carried it home and sat up all night to look at it."

"Pleasant," Jammes commented when Lanard had gone. "You couldn't get a little solution of mercury into him out of that celebrated blue glass."

"He's always that way. Having so much and such good Stiegel does it to him." Cardell was completely undisturbed. "When he's extra bad I charge him a hundred or so. You may have noticed, I put twenty-five on the bottle and a hundred on the bowl. If he had been just fairly decent he'd have had them right."

"He didn't take the bowl, though."

"You don't know him. Of course he'll take it. Why, Jammes, it was bought for him. I had to give five-seventy-five for it, and coax it out of a collection too."

"I suppose it's in the way of your business," Jammes agreed indifferently. "But I didn't come here about glass. I know where there's six Chippendale chairs, a set, very plain, with stretchers and cross stretchers but no ears. They're in Virginia, where they've always been. Do you want them?"

"Do I want six matched Chippendale chairs—red walnut, of course—early enough for stretchers! Do you think you're funny?"

"I'll write for them, then. They're close to Richmond. What'll you ask?"

"Almost anything. They won't stand here half an hour, either. Tell me what I owe you."

"When they come. There'll be crating and the expressage." He moved toward the door. "It's late."

It was, both late in the afternoon and in the year, almost at the end of November. There was, yet, no snow, no ice was visible, but the pavements, the fronts of buildings, seemed frozen; the city and the sky were gray, the light was gray and sharp. The cold troubled Francis Jammes' throat, and he turned up the collar of his overcoat. The concrete over which he walked seemed unusually hard; his feet struck with a ring. Cardell, he thought, was really very decent. He had his own way of retaliation with individuals such as—what was his name? A collection of Stiegel glass! Jammes wouldn't give him a hundred dollars for all of it. And a hundred and fifty dollars for a blue bottle! It was ridiculous. He had just given two thousand dollars for a pair of girandoles, no more than a foot across; but a girandole was a girandole, and these had magnificent eagles; but what, in the name of God, was a bottle?

He wondered if demands, like that recently grown up for what were called historical flasks, were genuine or artificial, forced; if there were actually a spreading interest in them that antique dealers supplied, or if it were created by dealers for their own profit. With all his experience he was unable to decide which was the fact. Did, after all, the public set the price? Francis Jammes gave it up; he didn't know. He had paid near two thousand dollars for, virtually, a pair of small round mirrors, and was that their value, or was it what Mrs. James North would certainly agree to give him for them? She would pay whatever he decided; and what would, what could, he fix upon? Cardell, for example, had charged the glass collector for his ill manner, and Jammes liked Mrs. North as well as he liked anyone. But that didn't, in itself, mean a great deal; people were entirely unnecessary to him; he never thought of anyone; he never missed an absent person, required one to be near him. The truth was he wouldn't sell at all to those he had no confidence in; he wasn't a dealer. Then he dismissed the subject from his mind with the consciousness that, from Cardell's position, Mrs. North wouldn't be required to pay enough.

He didn't write her that he had secured the girandoles, but waited until either she should come to see him or he'd be able to send her a message. The mirrors, grotesquely distorting the darkened interior where he kept the few pieces of old furniture he was inherently unable to part with, stood against the wall for a month, for two months, and then Mrs. James North appeared in person. She was, he discovered, as admirable as ever, quiet in manner, and with the nicest possible combination of opinions of her own and a whole deference to what he might think.

"Probably you won't bother with me," she told him at once; "but I had to try. I want some old linen—hand woven, and what's called natural color. Do you know of any? Of course you don't, but just as certainly you do. You must have seen it at a hundred places back in the country. I started to buy linen for the farmhouse—at last we're doing something with it—when I thought how nice it would be to have old."

"There's a pair of girandoles in the back room," he replied, without apparently having heard a word she said. "You can have them if you like."

"You know how much I like. I've been looking for them three years. And yours will be perfect, with everything conceivable on them. You're so casual."

"Well, they are there"

"Oh, yes," she broke in; "James asked me to say that he was collecting bottles."

"What made him think I wanted to hear that?"

She shook her head in a mock despair:

"I do wonder how you get along. You'll sell hardly anything, and then you won't charge enough for it. James thought you might pick him up a priceless flask here or there."

"How would I know them?" Jammes demanded shortly. "They haven't any value I can discover. A hundred and twenty-five dollars for a whisky bottle because it's blue! And the nonsense about Are the corners of the roof clipped or not? Cardell will sell him all the bottles in the world."

Mrs. North composedly produced a slip of paper from a bag of cut steel beads. "These are what he wants," she proceeded: "The Railroad bottle, but with the horse, and not a locomotive. The horse, he says, to be on both sides. One with Franklin and, on the reverse, T. W. Dyott, M. D., and the inscription, 'Where Liberty Dwells There is My Country.' And a Washington and Taylor, with the really touching words, 'I have endeavour'd to do my duty.' Oh, yes, that one mustn't have a frame. He wants the two Samuels Masonic bottles, and a Hunter and Fisherman where the fisherman has a high hat and the hunter two dogs. Not one, Mr. Jammes, two."

"Six, eight, twenty," he responded. "I haven't any idea what you said: Washington with a locomotive and a doctor with fish in his high hat. If you talk to me about bottles I won't let you in." Francis Jammes was palpably angry.

Mrs. North smiled at him tranquilly. "Shall I leave the slip?" she asked.

Jammes ignored this. "The girandoles will go to you this week. How long will you be here?"

When, she replied, could they go after the linen? Linen! Apparently he was totally surprised. But they might go up among the Amish, toward Lebanon, tomorrow.

Seated with Mrs. North in a car that would have been closed but for the fact that the rear was open, Francis Jammes indicated the road that led to Lebanon. It was a good road, broad and hard, and curiously empty of travel; and, in a humming speed, they passed old stone houses, some freshly whitewashed, some fallen in, but all small, unpretentious. The way mounted; there were sweeps of valleys and hills, white with snow and, in the hollows, ultramarine with the shadows of a clear noon. It was very cold, but still; the air had the feel of an infinity of minute icicles, and, by old gates, boxwood bushes were miraculously green.

Neither Mrs. North nor Francis Jammes spoke; she had often explained that she disliked talking in a motor, and Jammes agreed without any place or conditions limiting his silence. Usually his mind was occupied with images of old walnut furniture seen or impossibly perfect examples imagined—he'd reconstruct them, gate-leg tables and secretaries with bonnet tops, inch by inch, line by line—but today his thoughts were idle; he was relaxed in smooth flight, soothed by the peaceful blue distances of snow.

He was quiet, happy, when all his resentment was arbitrarily stirred by the thought of glass. It made him mad, he realized, even to consider it. Historic flasks! Stiegel! Three-section molds! And cup plates. They made him smile. Fifty, sixty, seventy dollars for a little glass saucer made, more often than not, as late as 1830 or '40; and depending, if it were a Henry Clay, on which direction the profile was turned.

"Why are you amused?" Mrs. North demanded.

He told her at once, in a satirical voice, "Cup plates."

"If you're not careful," she advised him, "this glass will get in your blood. You are really too bitter about it."

(Continued on Page 174)

"Mr. Jammes," She Said at Once, "How Nice it is to See You. Come Right in and Make a Comfortable Chair"

BUNK AND BUNKER

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"We Takes Everything With Us Excepting Any Objections You Has"

I MIGHTA known when I lets the wife bull and bawl me into taking that dump at Doughmore-on-the-Sound that I didn't have no more business in that stuck-up stick-up than a bum's got in a bank, but the misses is set on giving the deadfall a whirl, and when that gal of mine gets set, concrete that's been laid a year ain't nothing but soft goo compared to her. Arguing with Kate after she's made up my mind is like taking a ride on a merry-go-round—it don't get you nowhere, excepting maybe dizzy.

It ain't because this Long Island joint has been touted to me as too swift for a lad with a modern income that I tries to shoo the frau away from it. The Magruders is the fly's ointment. That pair of foul balls has just hired a hut for theirselves at Doughmore and they is so popular with me that if I was to see 'em drowning I'd turn a hose on 'em.

However, Lizzie Magruder and the wife is little playmutts, being so thick that if one of the hens was to slip on a banana skin, the other would get up with a sprained ankle. I has even seen 'em wearing the same kinda hats, which is something that even Dora Damon and Pearl Pythias wouldn't 'a' done.

Lizzie and her Jim is both of 'em nothing in my young life excepting a coupla good reasons for thinking well of angleworms, but on account of not wanting to run no non-stop debate with the misses I makes a stall of being friendly with the fluffs. When they gives the big town a treat by leaving their flat flat and beating it to Long Island, I figures my troubles is over, but I ain't reckoned with my hostess.

No sooner is them Magruders gone when Kate takes a peek outta the window of our deficiency apartment and notices, all of a sudden, that they is a lotta congestions in the city and the air ain't fit to gulp. After the which she begins talking kinda woozy about a yen she is got for green grass and trees and cows and other hick hop like that.

"You Ain't Gonna Wear Ther Things, is You?" He Asks, Pointing to My Pants

"I been thinking," says the wife, "that it would do you good to get out in the country. You look sorta run down and ——"

"I can be done just as good here," I cuts in; "and as for being run down, that's what I gets for jaywalking in front of a talking machine."

That crack should 'a' called for a fast return that would 'a' had me and my family rocking like a ashpan tree in the wind, but the misses crosses me by pretending not to make me.

"I wanna go where it's quiet, too," says Kate, "so we is gonna take a cottage at Doughmore, where you don't hear hardly nothing excepting the bullrushes cooing to the cowslips—ain't that a pretty line? Lizzie wrote it in a letter."

"Great," I comes back, enthusiastic. "I don't know hardly nothing about the love-making of them dairy animals, but Liz is sure poetical. Don't she turn out a wham of a letter, though? Only today I was thinking to myself's how lucky we is to be in the city while she is away out in Long Island so we can get them writings of hern and how sad we would be if she was to come back and we wouldn't get no more letters. It's a real pleasure to be so far away ——"

"I didn't know," interrupts the wife, "that you had got none from her."

"I ain't," I admits, "but ——"

"How do you know," asks Kate, "that she writes so good, then?"

"She's just got to," says I, "on account of the law of batting averages. Liz is a flop at most everything else, ain't she?"

"I wouldn't argue the point," comes back the frau, "with one which has got a record of forty years of straight flops like you has, but, here and after, you can tell Lizzie what you thinks of her over the back fence. The place I has taken in Doughmore is right next door to the Magruders. I has already subleased this apartment."

"The hell you has!" I yelps. "Ain't I got nothing to say about where I is going to live? You got a idea you can plant me out there among the cowrushes and the bullslips without even getting my go-on-and-do-it?"

"We leaves Saturday," says the misses, "and we takes everything with us excepting any objections you has. It's a swell cottage in the classiest part of Doughmore and it don't cost so much neither on account of Jim's uncle owning the place. You know him, don't you?"

I'd met the old bobo a coupla times and he wasn't such a bad guy if you could forget his name was Magruder and the dirty trick his brother had pulled in letting the doctor swing breath into that son of his. Uncle Jake they called him, and his sciasor-fingers was all calloused up from bobbing bonds, him having gone West with a shoe string and come back with a row of tanneries. As a matter of facts I liked the bird, but even the ideas of playing around with a liberal lad that was a good judge of hooch and a poor one of poker hands don't sell me on the notion of going nowhere where Jim and Liz is.

"Listen here, Kate," says I, "if you is really cuckoo about giving this burg the so-long I ain't the sorta boy that'd keep his lady friend from getting out in the country among the daffydownhillies and the honeysuckers and such, but what's the use of crashing one of them gyp joints like Doughmore? From what I hears, it's a four-flushing dump where you gotta dress up like a fashion platter all the times and you can't even do a night-sneak to the ice box without putting on your fish and soup."

"That," comes back the wife, "is one of the big reasons why I is taking you out there. I wanna see if the country can do for you what the city flivved at so miserable."

"Them being?" I inquires.

"Making a gentleman outta you," she answers.

"It can't be did," I tells her. "Head waiters has even failed."

"Well," admits the misses, "I knows it ain't no easy job making a silk purse outta souse's ear, but maybe when you gets around with them folks in the country club and plays golf ——"

"Me play golf?" I cuts in. "Me dike out in them trick pants and calliope socks and run myself's ragged blood-hounding a rubber ball around a cow lot?"

"I suppose," sneers the wife, "you'd rather keep me ragged chasing a pair of dice around a crap table, huh?"

"Talking about being ragged," says I, getting back to the bones of the contention, "how is we gonna stand the expense of that Doughmore layout? You'd be surprised how much lesser than a million berries I got."

"Like I told you before," answers the frau, "we is getting off easy. The rent ain't gonna be hardly nothing, and ——"

"How much more'n nothing," I cuts in, "is hardly?"

"Three thousand a year," replies the bad news, "which ain't but half of what the other folks around there is paying. Then we is got to join the country club."

"What's the tap per join?" I wants to know.

"Fifteen hundred to get in," says Kate, "and about five hundred per the annum for dues."

"Them's sure heavy dues they has there in Doughmore," I remarks. "You could almost go wading in 'em. How do you know we can bust into the club? We might be lucky and get blackballed."

"Put On Them Knickers I Brung Out From the City"

"Uncle Jake," explains the misses, "is got it all fixed. He used to own all that country around there, and whatever he says goes. Is you satisfied now?"

The only thing I'm satisfied about is that I ain't, but my cake's dough and I knows it. However, like a chicken with its head off, I still got a few kicks.

"Can't we go to this place," I asks, "without getting snagged into that country club?"

"No," says the wife. "If you lives in Doughmore and ain't in with the club crowd you wouldn't have no more sociable standing than a cotton picker's got in Alabama on a hot day. What's the matter? Afraid I might get some pleasures?"

"That's not it," I answers, "but I'm kinda worried."

"What about?" bites the frau.

"Well," says I, serious, "I ain't been seeing no green-eyed monsters, but I knows what happens to beautiful matrons that gets hooked up with them fast country-club sets. The first thing I knows, you'll be drinking heavy and taking up with some lollypopper that'll oil you into believing that I is neglecting you for my business, after the which I'll maybe come home some night and find the baby with a high fever and a note from you saying you has beat it to lead your own life with a man which understands you and ——"

"This bootleg stuff gets worser every day," cuts in Kate. "The only thing you is likely to find missing some night is that one-cylinder brain of yourn."

"Ain't I been reading about them things in books," I asks indignant, "and seeing 'em in the movies?"

"Maybe yes," says the misses; "and according to them I should be worrying about you taking up with some snappy widow, but I ain't."

"Why ain't you?" I inquires.

"Because," answers the wife, "a widow is a woman which has only lost her husband and not her mind."

II

DOUGHMORE turns out to be nothing excepting a golf links around the which is the cottages where the members hang their hangovers. The club is like a hotel, everybody getting their heavy chow there and loafing around

till the whee small hours when they zig-jags over to their high-priced huts for the hay ride. They is a piece of town on the other side of the railroad tracks, but nobody don't live there only scums that is in trade, low laborers, and them kinda rough-raffs. We swells treats them can-aisles with the contempt we deserves.

Jim and Liz has only been at the hangout a coupla weeks when we gets there, but, as I expected, he already knows more about the dump and its costumes than the guy that laid 'em out. That's Magruder. Show him a rabbit for the first time and in less than a minute he'd be telling the cottontail how to improve his running. All that lad needs is half a look and he's ready to write a book. Right away he starts giving me the inside info on how to act like the Doughmorons does in Doughmore.

"You ain't gonna wear them things, is you?" he asks, pointing to my pants.

"What's the matter with 'em?" I wants to know.

"They is all right in their place," says Jim, "but ——"

"That's where they is," I cuts in. "They was made especial for these legs."

"You is gotta use knickers around here," explains Magruder, "or you might be mistook for one of them jakes from the village."

"You don't say!" I gasps. "That'd break my mother's heart. The idea of Dink O'Day ——"

"That reminds me," interrupts Jim. "Uncle Jake was asking me what your right name was so he could get your card made out at the club. I hadda tell him I didn't know."

"Gosh, that musta hurt," I remarks. "I ain't never heard you use that expression before."

"Jim don't never hardly have to," butts in Lizzie.

"Well," says I, "he sure didn't have to in this case. That's my up-and-up monicker, Dink O'Day."

I Kinda Yawns While Mrs. Stone and Uncle Jake is Giving Me the Oh and Ah

"That's a nickname, ain't it?" she wants to know.

"Whatever it is," I comes back, "it's also gotta be my knicker-name. I got that handle from a grand guy, a uncle of mine, Mike Dink. We sure was proud of him."

"Where'd he tend bar?" asks Magruder.

"Mike was some prominent baby," I tells him. "For fifteen years he was sewer inspector over in the Red Hook district, after the which he got the contract for removing all the dead animals off the street. Mike was so strong he could lift a horse by hisself and dump it in the wagon. He used to tell some good yarns about them days which I'm gonna spill to the boys at the club as soon as I get acquainted."

All of which is the bunk, of course, but spouting mud on the family tree ain't nothing to me when they is a rise to be got outta them Magruders, which has been trying for years to forget that Lizzie's old man was a fly cop who got broke for being caught cold turkey holding out on the captain. As a matter of the facts, it was "Horace" that was hung on me, but the kids in the neighborhood started calling me "Dink," and I just naturally give the tony name the air and took on the shorter and uglier word for keeps. Even the frau don't know about the shift.

"Suppose," suggests Magruder, "I tells him it's J. Dinks O'Day."

I starts yelping murder, but just then the wife breezes in, and gets a earful of what we is talking about.

"You do like Jim says," she orders. "J. Dinks O'Day is swell. Dink O'Day sounds more like water dripping into a tin sink than a name. Now that that's settled put on them knickers I brung out from the city and let Jim learn you how to play golf."

"This is a hell of a life," I growls. "I ain't been here but a few days and already I've lost my pants and my name."

Liz and Kate stays at the shack while me and Jim starts for the links. I got a grand grouch on, on account of the way I'm rigged out in them leg-cheaters and checkerboard socks, and also because of everything in general and more than that in particular. I been in Doughmore long enough to know that a tee-and-tea dump like this ain't no place for a rough and tumbler like me, and my mind is already busy with schemes for a get-away.

Uncle Jake and a jane is at the takeoff when Jim and me arrives.

"Meet Mrs. Stone," says the old man.

"Don't care if I do," I replies, giving her the up and down. She's a fat wren with a simpy grin, and musta begged soldier buttons from the boys marching to the Civil War. "Ain't I seen you before?" I asks.

"Maybe," she answers, "but I don't place the face. Where was it we met?"

"I ain't sure we met," says I, "but I'm pretty sure I seen you in Castle Garden the night Jenny Lind sang. You was in a box with your daughter, I think."

Jim slips me a kick and I notices a scared look in Uncle Jake's lamps, but I ain't interested none. I'm sore all over and aiming to get in as bad as I can at Doughmore, and, right quick, I can't think of no better way than to get the frills on my neck.

I ain't got no luck a-tall. Instead of giving me the freeze the old hen starts to laughing merry.

"Mr. Magruder told me you was funny," giggles the century plant, "and I just love men with a censor's humor. I really is gotta see more of you."

"Well," says I, pointing to the demi-tasse pants I'm wearing, "you is seeing more of me now than I shows to admirers regular and ——"

"How excruciating," screams Mrs. Stone, and figuring that maybe she is gonna roll a fit Uncle Jake leads her away.

"Know who that is?" asks Jim.

"Sure," says I. "Old Man Stone's grandmother."

"That's Asa Stone's widow," explains Magruder, "and she's got eight dollars and seventy cents for every duck feather in Long Island. She and Uncle Jake just about owns this place between 'em, and whatever she says at the country club goes."

"I hope she says, 'whatever' to me then," I comes back gloomy.

"She maybe will," says Jim, "after that line of rough stuff you pulled on her, but she might overlook it on account of you being a friend of mine. Let's play. Watch me drive."

He takes a whiff at the pill and misses it easy a foot.

"Strike one," says I. "High and wide."

"I don't need no umpire," yelps Magruder. "Watch my stance and the way I swings and follows through."

"Through what?" I wants to know.

"Just through," Jim tells me.

"You been that way a long time," says I, "but I ain't got no sympathy for you. I left it in my long pants."

Magruder grunts and takes another wallop. My kidding musta got him up in the air. He just grazes the top of the ball and it barely rolls off the tee.

"Foul," I announces. "Strike two. Why don't you try another stance, Jim? Here, take this one. It looks pretty good." And I hauls a stick outta the bag and hands it to him.

I hears steps behind me, and there is Old Giggles and Uncle Jake.

She slips me a smile.

"Do you play good, Mr. O'Day?" she asks.

I has no chance of saying anything when Magruder butts in.

"Show 'em," he sneers. "Here, take the driver and show 'em what a curly wolf you is at golf."

Before I knows it I got the stick in my hand. I ain't never played this game before, but I used to be one wow at shinny down by the gas house, and I don't see no difference between the two pastimes.

I Got a Grand Grouch on, on Account of the Way I'm Rigged Out

"Is that where I is supposed to put it?" I asks, pointing to a flag a coupla hundred yards away.

"Yeh," jeers Jim. "You oughta be able to do it in three."

I lifts the stick over my shoulders, brings it around with all my might, like I has seen regular players do and, zowie, I got the pill pickled. It sails on a bee line about twenty feet off the ground, hits the top of one of them bunker hill things they got scattered all over the pasture, and disappears.

"Some drive," says Uncle Jake.

"You must be on the green," titters the old frill. "Let's go see."

Jim ain't got a word, but he follows along with us. We gets close to the grass blanket where the flag is, but the ball ain't to be seen. Suddenly Uncle Jake ducks down into the hole and fishes out the pill. They ain't no argument about whose it is. Jim's initials is writ on it in blue ink.

"Holy catfish!" whoops the old man. "You done it in one, and it's two hundred and ten yards."

While I ain't never played golf I knows that smacking the gutter perch into the slot with one shot is the cow's horns, and I quick makes up my mind to act like it ain't nothing outside of my regular routine. I kinda yawns while Mrs. Stone and Uncle Jake is giving me the oh and ah. Young Magruder don't give me nothing excepting the curly lip and the sardonical eye.

"I thought for a minute," says I, "that I would maybe miss the hole by a inch or two on accounts of that little bunch of thick grass on top of the bunker thing sorta stopping the ball for a second. I aimed to hit a bit to the side of it, but perhaps you noticed a breeze come up just after I swung."

"I noticed it," says the old chromo.

"To play the game proper," I goes on, "you gotta watch out for them things. Oncet I remembers when me and Wales was playing with the Haig brothers I missed a one on account of a lad that worked around the links forgetting to mow a piece of grass no bigger than your finger nail. The boy tried to give some excuse about not being able to see so good on account of being wounded in the war or something, but the prince wouldn't listen. You ever seen Wales in a rage, Jim?"

Magruder stutters around trying to think of something mean enough to shoot back, but before he gets a chance to let the poisoned arrow loose Uncle Jake, who's been grinning during the spiel, butts in.

"Let's you and me play a round," says he.

(Continued on Page 86)

"I Don't Know Whether I Hit That Ball With a Stance or a Caddie"

NIX ON CHIVALRY

By Elsie Robinson

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

"SUCH a little thing to do for her sake," concluded Mrs. Europa Manton in that full sustained contralto characteristic of all better bloodhounds.

No one answered. Folks, as a general thing, didn't hasten to answer Mrs. Manton's questions, mask them as she might with a heavy sprightliness. On the same principle, folks didn't exchange repartee with the Car of Juggernaut. Everything about that lady was suggestive of a will which overcame by slow pressure rather than by agile thrust. Her own body was imposed in heavy purplish folds on bones which must have possessed unusual tensile strength. Her hair, once a determined red, was mixed, but by no means quenched, by gray. She wore it in a knob in back; a formidable knob, almost a bludgeon, as it were. In front, a row of tightly cemented little curls, of the variety known as spit, cast a deceptive coyness over her commanding features. True to her psychology, those features dominated by quantity rather than quality. There was nothing of the eagle about Mrs. Europa's face, but much of the feather bed. The former may be a more stately foe, but the latter is equally deadly when aroused. From the tipmost tendril of her thick pinkish eyebrows to the lowermost quiver of her abundant dewlap, she was a determined woman.

The room shared her soft but invincible quality. Heavy velvet of a mulberry hue, over militant lace, shrouded the windows. Thick carpets crouched upon the floor and all but bit your ankle. The wall paper, maroon touched with bronze, guarded the walls as though it were a coat of mail. It was the extremely expressive sanctuary of a leader of our best people, and to a sensitive nostril it should have smelled of human gore.

Silence. The wall paper waited. The carpets waited. Mrs. Manton waited. She had achieved much in the past by that same forceful waiting. The wills of strong men had softened beneath it, and the venom of frail women had become as dust. With the least possible publicity Mr. Europe Manton snuffled and wiped his nose apologetically. Mr. Manton's maiden name was not Europa, nor was he naturally of an apologetic nature. A bristly stocky little man with the general appearance of a wire-haired terrier, and some of the attributes, few of his associates on California Street would have recognized him in his present plastic condition. Not so did he direct the maneuvers of his fleet of thirty freighters from San Francisco to the ends of the earth. Scant were the moments he devoted to nose wiping when engaged in planning some extension of commerce which, on analysis, usually proved to be nothing short of brigandage on the high seas. Among the franker souls of the Merchants' Exchange he was known as Stick-'Em-Up Manton. But in his home, under the anæsthetizing gleam of his lady's eye, he became Mr. Europe Manton, nothing more, and often considerably less. Wherefore, instead of voicing surprise or protest to the lady's proposition, he merely snuffled once more, fumbled for a cigar, remembered he couldn't smoke in this damn place, grunted, and slumped resignedly into the depths of his overstuffed chair.

Peter Harrock bore no such look of resignation. As usual his thick brown hair was tumbled. As usual his tie was slightly askew, his pockets bulging, his hands and feet scattered about without any seeming relation to the six foot rest of him. But he wasn't resigned. One look at his eyes and you knew beyond all doubt that Peter wasn't resigned. Peter's fate lay in his eyes—several fates, in fact. Just which one would win out was a matter as yet undecided. His eyes were gray, black lashed, drooping at the corners. In dreams they widened. In fights they narrowed. Peter both fought and dreamed. But most of the time he just ambled along, aimless, happy, looking around, living on the small legacy left by his father, and not worrying much about anything. Men with eyes like that have braved the trackless wilds of earth and sea and air. Men with eyes like that have led their regiments to death—with smiles. Men with eyes like that have climbed on human hearts to thrones. And men with eyes like that have hurried from the office Monday evenings to do the baby's wash. It all depends on who catches them when they're young.

In Peter's eyes as he puzzled there, one might have seen the foreshadowing of all these things, even the foreshadowing of the baby's wash. But mainly one saw dismay. This wasn't at all the sort of thing that he had expected or planned.

Why couldn't she just let them be happy in their own way? Why ——

But the lady wasn't disposed to let Peter indulge in any aimless ramblings. People didn't aimlessly ramble in that drawing-room.

"Well, what do you think of my plan, Mr. Harrock?" she crisped. "Surely Dorothy is worth the effort."

"She's worth any effort on earth," Peter replied as fervently as though he were intoning a creed, as indeed he was. "But somehow, I don't see the sense in this particular effort you suggest. As I understand it, you want me to give up my position on the Daily Express and go in with Mr. Manton in the shipping business or you won't let Snibs marry me. Is that it?"

"Oh, my dear boy, nothing as harsh as all that. You sound quite melodramatic," bayed Mrs. Manton sweetly. "Dorothy, of course, must judge for herself. I suggested, merely suggested, that, if you wished to prove the sincerity of your love, you should be glad to give up your work as a reporter and start something with a future. Newspaper work is really so—common. Why, I simply don't know anyone who ever married a reporter. It's almost like a policeman. Think of the frightful hours you must keep, and the terrible people you must have to meet. Whereas in the office with Mr. Manton ——"

"Well, What Do You Think of My Plan, Mr. Harrock?" She Crisped. "Surely Dorothy Is Worth the Effort"

"But I don't keep frightful hours or see terrible people! I don't think you exactly understand. All newspaper men aren't reporters. My father was a war correspondent, which was almost like being in the diplomatic service. And I'm a feature writer. Of course you've seen me playing around, Mrs. Manton, and I don't seem very serious. But I'm frightfully keen on my work There's a chance I can get the new series syndicated. That will mean a pretty good salary. On the other hand, I don't know a thing about ships."

"Oh, that wouldn't be necessary. Mr. Manton would fit you in somewhere. Money isn't the object. It's just a case of getting a standing. Some writers are quite remarkable, no doubt—but newspaper reporters! Really, Mr. Harrock, only people in those dreadful Sunday papers ever seem to marry struggling newspaper reporters."

Peter looked both exasperated and helpless. What an ignorant old bat she was, and what an unspeakable snob with her drivel about position! As if it mattered a hoot what sort of position you had if you loved each other. But manifestly that was a point he couldn't make clear to her. He'd never guessed he'd be let in for a fracas like this. He'd have to soothe her along a bit, but hanged if he was going to let her bully him into being any office boy for old man Manton just because she thought it more of a credit to their social position! As if he himself were a tile to be flopped around in a human Mah Jongg game. Patiently he resumed the attack, but with a touch of resentment.

"But as I explained before, I am not a newspaper reporter. And even if I were, what's wrong with struggling? Some of our best people have done time at it. I have no doubt that you and Mr. Manton struggled a bit with your freighters."

Malice edged Peter's voice. The early struggles of the Mantons were San Francisco history. It was even hinted that Mrs. Europa had developed her unique manner in the conduct of a boarding house.

"That is exactly why I do not wish Dorothy to repeat my unfortunate experience," she snapped. "I intend that she shall enjoy all the advantages in her own home which she has had with us."

"But I'm not exactly asking her to live in poverty. It's just like this, Mrs. Manton. I do appreciate your offer, but I still don't think you understand my side of the question. For me there's a bigger future in the writing game than there would be in shipping. I'm rather proud of our name, you know. Of course I'm not as keen on sweaty toil as the governor was. But even then I manage to grind out a neat bit in odd moments and—well, I rather hate to give up the only thing that's apt to place any laurels on my brow and take something that will make a fool of me. And really, writing pays better than you think. If things break even I'll be getting three hundred in a couple of months."

"Three hundred a week?"

"Oh, no; three hundred a month. But that's a pretty good salary. Of course I know it's much less than she's been living on, but—wouldn't it be enough, Snibs?"

He turned an appealing glance to the young person in the deepest corner of the huge plum-colored davenport. Snibs—born Dorothy Eloise Margaret—was neither huge nor plum-colored. But she was her mother's daughter, and you never can tell—a fact with which Peter was shortly to reckon. Her hair was pale gold, instead of red, and extremely tousled. Her eyes, large and drooping sleepily

at the corners, were of a soft and helpless blue. Her wide mouth was delicately scarlet, even without the rouge. Given a chance, her nose freckled. Also, given a chance, there's no telling what the rest of her would do. Under that beguiling infantile face there was a chin—a chin which made you suddenly remember that folks called her father Stick-'Em-Up Manton. But few bothered to look at Snibs' chin. The rest of her was à la mode. She gave the fashionable effect of looking as if she lived on boiled water and dog biscuit, and acting as if she could digest a dynamo. In answer to Pete's question she said nothing; merely wiggled.

Not that she was embarrassed. "Embarrassment" was a word which did not occur in the code of Miss Manton's generation. That was old stuff. There was no old stuff in Snibs' gang. Live-wires, every one of them, with quadruple gold plating. And the livest and the goldenest was Snibs, who led them all. Her wit and beauty and daredeviltry accounted partly for that leadership; her papa's thirty freighters accounted for it even more. Which fact Snibs knew perfectly well. She had no illusions whatever about how much leading you can do without a penny, and she had every intention of making her head pay for her heels through life. In other words, Snibs was the girl you know, and not the lovely apparition you read about. Spoiled, outrageously. Rude. Selfish. Mercenary. Silly. Bright, but without aim. And utterly adorable.

Now why, being all this, why she should have wanted aimless, happy-go-lucky Peter with the dreamy eyes, passes understanding. Why does any woman want any man? Did you ever see any match yet that seemed perfectly reasonable? Then why protest because this one seems more violently insane than most of them? At any rate, if there was anyone on earth who could afford to do violently insane things it was Snibs Manton, born Dorothy Eloise Margaret. She wanted Peter. That was enough reason for having him. She wanted him as she had wanted many other things since she was born—for no reason save that she wanted him. And she intended to get him, just as she had gotten those other things. Was she crazy about him? She wouldn't have confessed it. Being crazy about a man was also old stuff. But she thought it would be a lark to marry Peter and give parties together where mother wouldn't be everlastingly snooping around. Mother was awful. Particularly awful in the way she was butting into this engagement of theirs and trying to boss—as usual. But, of course, if she had her mind on Peter being in dad's office, Peter might as well agree. He was making rather a ridiculous fuss over it. Just listen to him! The old thing was solemn as a boiled owl.

The old thing was. "Wouldn't it be enough to live on, Snibs?" he reiterated. "Three hundred—that's a good deal. We could step a bit on that and I could go on with my work."

"Step? Huh! You couldn't even limp on that, Pete," she gurgled. "Why, my new cape cost two hundred dollars. And that was only an old sport thing. That doesn't leave much over for stepping."

"But you don't have to wear two-hundred-dollar capes."

"You're missing the entire point of the argument," crunched her mamma. "It isn't what Dorothy can manage to do without ——."

"But maybe Pete isn't planning to have me do without, mother. He's just told us what he could earn. Of course you and dad would help us along."

"Oh, yes, exactly," assented Pete with great haste and enthusiasm. "Of course I'd be reasonable. I wouldn't dream of forbidding Snibs to take any little allowance for her own pleasure which you might wish to give her."

"Wouldn't you!" Mrs. Europa Manton erupted into violent speech. Not for nothing had she dealt with hall-room boarders in the past! "Wouldn't you! Let me tell you, Dorothy, and you, too, Mr. Harrock, that I have a few things to say in this matter. If my daughter marries a newspaper reporter she will live on a newspaper reporter's salary. And she won't live here. You might just as well understand that now as later. Moreover, I'll tell you frankly that you're not the kind of a young man I would have chosen for my daughter, whatever your profession. Not at all. But I would overlook that fact if you would try to improve your position in life. Your idea of dragging a delicate, guarded young girl into poverty ——"

"Aw, mother, don't talk like a movie title!"

"Be still, Dorothy! Your idea is simply preposterous. You are suggesting that she live in the atmosphere and on the wages of a servant girl."

"But if you and dad help out ——"

"Your father and I will not help out. Not if Mr. Harrock continues his work as a reporter. If he will do as I have asked, we will gladly see that you both have an easy time of it. I fail to see how anything could be more generous. As for you, Dorothy, you are certainly acting very queerly. Why you should want to throw yourself at a young man who won't prove himself worthy of you! But you may make up your mind that unless he does, I wash my hands of the whole affair. I'm only asking him to do what any man ought to be glad to do for the woman he loves."

She paused to pant. From the depths of his overstuffed chair Mr. Manton chewed on a nonexistent cigar and surveyed Peter with that gaze wherewith he was wont to inspect the lines of a possible ship purchase. Stick-'Em-Up knew rotten wood, though it be concealed under ever so many coatings of paint. Also he had discovered a seaworthy vessel in many a hull discarded by others as a derelict. But as yet his gaze registered no decisive judgment on this craft.

And now Peter seemed at last to awake. She really meant it, after all! He'd have to give up his writing, give up being himself, stop planning for the books he was going to do some day, go back on the dreams his old man had laid for him, and turn himself into an office clerk—or he couldn't have Snibs. And Snibs agreed to it! To Snibs it was a perfectly reasonable proposition; she expected it of him! Never before had it occurred to him to analyze what Snibs might or might not expect of him. She had walked into his life and appropriated him, as it were. And he had laid his heart in her hand as trustfully and joyfully as though they both were six and that heart a piece of taffy. She wanted him. He was hers. Even now, faced with this tremendous demand, this devastating demand, he could feel no different. She wanted him. He was hers. After all, how could a real man feel different? Wasn't this the way any regular fellow would act for the woman he loved? That was civilization, chivalry. The old lady was right. He'd be a cad to drag Snibs into any other sort of life. But still—some girls did. With a last flicker of hope he put it up to her:

"Snibs, do you really want me to do it? Wouldn't you be satisfied—just off alone with me—living on what I could earn? Oh, I suppose I'm a swine to ask it, but—but, if you want me to chuck the Express I'll do it, Snibs."

"Well, you might, Peteski," she drawled with an engaging lift of those soft and helpless blue eyes.

For just a second Peter seemed to steady himself, then "All right," he grinned, "bring on your ships—and watch me be a credit to the family." If in that last phrase he revenged himself by satire no one knew it.

Environment is a great thing. The plans you make in the midst of mulberry velvet are apt to change their complexion when you're ducking under a dangling load of steel rails, the rusted side of an ocean tramp heaving into the blue above you, the sizzling bottom of a flat car blistering your feet, and the saltiness of the sea and your own sweat harsh on your lips. Let it be stated in all fairness that no one had intended that Peter's sweat should be harsh on his lips or that he should be within hailing distance of rusted ocean tramps or dangling loads of steel. He had been slated for a nice easy office job as port superintendent of the Manton Line, in which he was merely supposed to look important and warm a chair while someone else did the superintending. From this job he would speedily advance to an importance in San Francisco financial circles which would qualify him to be publicly accepted by the Manton family.

There was nothing fiendish or abnormal about such an offer. Mrs. Manton happened to have a personal dislike for newspaper workers, so their conversation seemed to have hinged on that point. But it wasn't really the craft that mattered, it was the principle of the thing. You were supposed to do something, all American men were supposed to do something, it didn't much matter what, to make good in the eyes of their lady loves. Peter knew that as well as anyone. He didn't try to analyze the situation, didn't accuse America of being the most sentimental nation on earth, or realize that Mrs. Manton, in common with most bullies, doted on sentiment and would have her pound of human heart meat at whatever cost. And surely she wasn't asking a great price of Peter. He was fair enough to concede that. There hadn't been much of a writing career to give up. Only a few dreams. He had simply to acquiesce in a very conventional procedure and he'd sit pretty for the rest of his life. But there was the rub. You might say you'd acquiesce, and plan to acquiesce, and try your dog-gonedest to acquiesce. But when it came right down to doing it, damned if you could!

For three model months Peter had served for his Snibs in the office of Manton—three model months when his eyes grew narrower and narrower and his hair rumpled as though it would start a rebellion of its own. Every day it became worse. What kind of a life was this anyway? Down to work at ten, hanging around for three or four hours with everyone looking at him as though he were the office cat, then trotted off by Snibs to an endless procession of teas, dances, receptions, weddings, races, week-ends. A fellow got fed up on it.

To make it worse the offices were continually crowded with a virile tide of old traders, captains, brokers, miners, surveyors and near-pirates

(Continued on Page 181)

"I Don't Know Why I Came Here. I Don't Know Why I Ever Did Anything. But I Know It Isn't Why I'm Staying Here Now"

The Ruhr After Seven Months

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN THE heart of the Ruhr Valley, and not far from where the vast Thyssen works sprawl like a grimy giant over the countryside, I saw a German flag floating at half-mast above the pit head of an abandoned coal mine. The Germans had unfurled it as a symbol of mourning over the French occupation of their richest productive area. But it had a larger significance to the beholder in mid-August, because it signified what then seemed to be the inevitable death of passive resistance.

Everybody knows why and how the French went into the Ruhr. What most people do not know are the concrete results of the adventure that has focused the interest of Europe and, for that matter, the whole economic world. This article therefore will try to explain what has happened since that historic January morning when French engineers, backed up by bayonets, set up shop in Essen

The effort to keep pace with developments in the Ruhr is as difficult a procedure as is the attempt to summarize Germany. For example, just at the time I begin this article the British note on reparations, repudiating the Ruhr occupation and calling for an impartial investigation of the German capacity to pay, explodes like a bombshell. It not only widened the gap between England and France but temporarily heartened the Germans to renewed opposition. On the other hand, there appeared no change in the adamantine French front. Yet anything may happen in a Europe still waging the bitter war of peace. Whatever the contingency, this paper, like its predecessor, which dealt with the mass of quicksilver, otherwise the German situation, may serve to indicate the approach to eventualities.

With the motive or the judgment that inspired the French to occupy the Ruhr we are not concerned. Whether the ultimate French goal is permanent control of the capital of German industry with its network of strategic railways and monster munitions machine, all to the end of a militaristic mastery of Europe, fails to enter this consideration.

Lessons Learned in Belgium

THE vital fact is that, having crossed the Ruhrbicon, as it were, France must stand or fall by the consequences. Has she gained or lost by the enterprise? What is the measure of that advantage or failure? Will it mean a final show-down in the vexed and tangled reparation issue?

In August I traversed the Ruhr from practically end to end. I talked with British and French officials and, what is more important, with representatives of the great mass of the people who, as always, are innocent bystanders and pay the overhead for misguided leadership.

Last year I saw that region a-hum with the impact of a colossal industry, its rivers and canals alive with the movement of incessant shipping, its rails vibrant with the roar of ceaseless trains. From innumerable smokestacks floated the smoky banners that proclaimed the preëminence of German production. Toil and traffic were the keynotes of a drama of mighty expansion

This year a near-paralysis hung like a pall over that once pulsating area. It was a spectacle of economic waste such as perhaps the world has never before seen save in actual war. The canals and rivers were lifeless; the rails were streaks of rust; most of the ovens, furnaces and mines were silent. Sullen resentment, punctuated at intervals by defiance, charged the atmosphere.

In 1922 you had a fairly contented people whose principal compensation was that they had work with which to occupy their hands, and food to appease their hunger. Now many of these hands were idle, food was scarce and high, and in a country flooded with worthless money they found themselves unable to get the actual bank notes with which to purchase their needed supplies. The one consolation was favorable weather. A misdirected patriotism, partly endowed, partly spontaneous, and masquerading as passive resistance, was beginning to weaken.

PHOTOS FROM KADEL & HERBERT, NEW YORK CITY

Miners Working With Instruments for Compressed Air. Above—Women Workers in a German Coal Mine Removing Loaded Lorries

In many respects the Ruhr was wartime France or Belgium all over again. You needed military passes; you ran the gantlet of sentries; the hand of martial control was everywhere.

The parallel with occupied Belgium became more impressive the farther I advanced into the occupied territory. Once more you had the feel of tension; the sense of surreptitious meeting; the thrill that the forbidden thing lurked just around the corner.

If you inquired for the whereabouts of a certain German labor leader you were told in a whisper that you could see him at a certain hour and in a certain secluded place. "Under cover" was the slogan. The curious psychological phenomenon of passive resistance was working in an extraordinary way to achieve its ill-advised results. Seven months of subsidized idleness had begun to lay a moral rust more deadly and destructive than the physical inaction fast becoming a habit.

Apropos of this reference to Belgium under German occupation is the remark made to me by an Englishman. In commenting on the Ruhr situation he said, "The Germans learned passive resistance from the Belgians."

Save for drastic reprisals for unwarranted sabotage, no man can visit the Ruhr region without realizing how tactful and considerate has been the administration of the French, more especially when you consider the provocation for their presence and the insinuating and irritating annoyances to which they have been subjected. Be that as it may, you got the sensation in towns like Bochum, Gelsenkirchen and Duisburg that you were walking on a powder magazine likely to let go at any moment. In fact, these towns have been the centers of bloody uprisings which have netted nothing but harsh repression for the populace. German passive resistance—*Passiver Widerstand* they call it—is like German mass attack in war in that it absolutely lacks intelligent initiative and discretion.

It is, in a word, the Prussian inflexibility so familiar to students of the tactics of Von Moltke and Hindenburg

The River

BEFORE we go on our journey through the Ruhr a few preliminaries are necessary to comprehend the state of affairs after more than half a year of occupation.

First get a picture of the Ruhr Valley, or more technically, the Ruhr Basin, in your mind. It has an approximate area of 1200 square miles with a population of over 4,000,000 and is perhaps the richest industrial region in the world. In the nature of its immense natural resources and their equally remarkable development, it is not unlike the territory bounded by Connellsville, Pennsylvania, Wheeling, West Virginia, Youngstown, Ohio, and New Castle, Pennsylvania, and embracing the Pittsburgh district. If you can visualize an alien army of 90,000 men camped in this region to control its production for the benefit of the country whose flag it flies, with customhouses at a score of strategic points, levying toll on every carload of freight on the Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, and other railroads, you can comprehend what has been going on in the Ruhr since the French occupation.

To a degree not equaled in the American area that I have just described, the Ruhr dominates German industry. Here the foundries and mills are literally astride the deposits of coal, for there are mines at the factory doors. Here the great feudal financial overlords, like Krupp, Stinnes, Thyssen, Haniel, Klocken and Wolff, reared the empires of their power. Here was—and is Germany's arsenal, while from the chemical works that stud the area emerged the poison gas that shocked all civilization. Here, in short, is the jugular vein of the German iron-and-steel structure. Puncture or even cramp it, and circulation ceases. This is what the French have done.

Through the Ruhr Basin flows the narrow river which gives the region its title. Rising in Westphalian Prussia, it flows southwest to the Rhine not far from Düsseldorf and forms the southern boundary of the Ruhr coal field. Although inconspicuous in appearance, this body of water will rank with the historic streams bound up in the history of the World War. Where the Marne, the Meuse and the Somme ran red with the blood of terrific physical conflict and became the Rivers of Valor, the Ruhr will always be known as the River of Resistance. Instead of witnessing the encounters of armed troops it has been the setting of continuous sabotage, reprisal, deportation, boycott, court-martial, and finally, a supreme battle of wills.

It is not necessary to clutter up this prelude with dull statistics about Ruhr production save to emphasize several vital points which will directly influence the ultimate results of French occupation. One is that 82 per cent of the German coal output, including the 2,000,000 tons necessary for reparation, comes from the Ruhr. When the Germans defaulted on this reparation coal the French regarded it as provocation for occupation. Despite the loss of the Saar and certain of the Silesian fields, the Germans still have a fair supply of coal.

But coal in industry needs the complement of ore. Before the war three-fourths of the German supply came from

Lorraine, where the Germans had reared a vast forge. As most people know, Lorraine and its earthly riches, including the German forge sitting atop the ore fields, passed into the possession of the French. The Germans thereupon reproduced an even bigger Lorraine forge in the Ruhr and adapted it to Swedish and Spanish ore, thus making themselves independent to a certain degree of the French supply

On the other hand, France is dependent upon Germany not only for coal but also for coke, and especially the kind that the Germans had used in that now lost Lorraine forge, which is vastly superior to the French article. French coal is not particularly well adapted for coking purposes, and besides, the French have never been able to rival Germany in mastering the chemistry of coal and coke. Hence when the German flow of reparation coke to France ceased, her industry felt the pinch acutely. When the French, as you will presently see, found themselves unable to operate the German coke ovens, the first serious come-back in the scheme of occupation developed. If you will henceforth keep this coke impasse in mind you will be focusing attention upon the principal French anxiety in the Ruhr. So much for one vital phase of occupation that is keeping the occupier awake at night.

Workmen Waiting in the Mine for the Lift to Take Them Up

Difficulties Underestimated

BUT it is a poor rule, whether with armed occupation or otherwise, that does not work both ways. This brings us to the second point to be projected. Though the output of the German industrial machine in the Ruhr is immense, most of it, in normal circumstances, goes elsewhere. For example, more than three-fourths of all the iron and steel consumed in the factories of unoccupied Germany arrives in semifinished form from the Ruhr mills. In short, the Ruhr consumes comparatively little of its product. Moreover, these factories in unoccupied Germany need not only the Ruhr steel but also the Ruhr coal. Since the occupation they have been buying coal at prohibitive prices from England, but this performance cannot be kept up indefinitely. The shoe begins to pinch the other foot.

The bottling up of coal and complete or semicomplete products within the confines of the Ruhr, with the attendant loss of trade—for the French permit no raw or finished materials to go in or out except for their own use or by the payment of a heavy duty, which the Germans refuse to pay—may force the German industrial barons to some kind of action. They must either surrender to French terms, face indefinite idleness in their Ruhr plant, which means eventual bankruptcy, or set up a whole new industrial world on the North Sea and import all their coal and ore from England, Sweden, Spain and Czecho-Slovakia. Thus occupation in August presented a sort of fifty-fifty proposition, with both sides losing all the time.

Now we come to the revelation which explains many things, and especially the impasse to which I have just referred. At the root of most failures, whether human, political or commercial, you usually find a dangerous optimism. It is largely responsible for the troubles of the world. Take the World War. Everybody thought it would end in a few months, but it proved to be a long-drawn agony of sacrifice and suffering which racked the very resources of civilization.

So in a way with the Ruhr adventure. The French looked to an easy victory. They did not count upon a certain element of German patriotism which, combined with financial subsidy, made for passive resistance. Indeed, certain high French officers remained on their trains during the first few days of the occupation, convinced that an immediate German surrender would enable them to return to France with the least possible discomfort. Instead, they went bang up against a stone wall. German stubbornness, like German mass attack, is without intelligence or resiliency.

After seven months of occupation every ton of coal and coke that has passed from Germany to France has cost almost its weight in francs. Moreover, at the time I write, and partly as a result of the economic failure of occupation, the French franc is at the lowest point in its history. These are the plain dispassionate facts.

Having counted on an easy victory the French found themselves without a definite economic program the moment they ran afoul of stubborn resistance. Right here you get the fundamental difference—and it is necessary to any elucidation of the Ruhr enterprise and its consequences—between the work of the French Army and the work of the engineers who accompanied that army. The soldiers, as always, did their job unerringly and with a precision of detail that left nothing to be desired. The engineers on the other hand found themselves baffled from the start, and to a large degree they have continued in the murk ever since.

In the first place, few of them had any knowledge of the German language. Working out a chart of industrial organization with the aid of a dictionary does not make for progress. Then, too—and again we must deal in uncompromising facts—the average French engineer lacks the vision to comprehend the kind of vast and interlocking industrial scheme that obtains in the Ruhr. It is precisely as if you turned the control and operation of a much magnified United States Steel Corporation over to a group of men most of whom could not speak or understand English and who had previously been isolated cogs in comparatively small plants. This is what the French are up against in the Ruhr.

They lack the technical key with which to unlock the magic store of riches. It means that though the Frenchman is a magnificent soldier and a keen politician he lacks economic vision and organizing power. Equipped with these qualities the Ruhr would cease to be an increasingly acute problem.

Backing up these technical and temperamental deficiencies is France's pathetic lack of man power. If she had the miners, for example, she could possibly operate both mines and coke ovens, but with her human ranks sadly depleted by the war and with hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men under arms, she can make no further drain upon her personnel. But I have yet to find a Frenchman not a socialist or communist who advocates retirement from the Ruhr, save only when the adequate guaranties are forthcoming. On the other hand, I found various evidences of yielding in the German ranks.

The First Real Breach

THE Ruhr undertaking at this writing therefore may be said to exist in two phases. The first, which ended in August, was the political. By this I mean that it dealt with the immediate repression of passive resistance as expressed in sabotage and sniping, the reorganization and partial operation of the railways, and clearing up the débris, so to speak, deposited by the first stage of German interference. It rounded out its cycle with the grudging German realization that the French will would be imposed at any cost It found the French operating sufficient trains to meet all their needs and to transport what reserves of coal and coke were available. Furthermore, 12,000 Germans had been persuaded to work for the French Railroad Control, or *Régie* as it is called, which is perhaps the most significant happening to be chronicled. This is the first real breach to be made in the wall of opposition.

The second phase may be termed the economic. Having imposed her will and, save for sporadic instances, broken down sabotage, the task of France henceforth must be the technical exploitation of the vast treasure house she has occupied. Can she do it? Here you will have the real test, because the reserves of coal and coke which have been drawn on since January to meet urgent French needs are dwindling fast. French industry no less urgently continues to need these materials. The Ruhr venture now becomes a contest between French ability to exploit the resources at her command, and a corresponding German ability to withstand the progressive loss embodied first in the isolation of the Ruhr, and second in the shrinkage of trade resulting from that isolation.

With these preliminaries disposed of, we can take a look at the Ruhr at first hand In ordinary circumstances I should have gone straight from Berlin to Essen. This trip in August was out of the question because throughout

(Continued on Page 74)

A Miners' Cloakroom. The Clothes are Guarded Against Theft by Means of Putting Them Up on Different Ropes

SLOW VISIBILITY

By Frederic F. Van de Water

ILLUSTRATED BY L. EVANS PARCELL

The Three Reeled and Stamped Across the Room, Almost Overturning the Lamp on the Center Table

ON A CERTAIN otherwise auspicious May morning Rance Hotaling returned to Washington Corners, a sailor, home from the seas that had raged moderately about the Pelham Bay Naval Training School.

The motor truck that six times a week when mountain roads were passable carried mail, merchandise and an occasional passenger up the steep grades to Washington Corners from the railway station of Altair, twelve miles down the valley, returned Rance to his own people.

A majority of these had assembled on the steps of Isaiah Bordenfield's general store and the porch of the Eagle House when the hiccuping, mud-splashed vehicle drew up at the curb. This gathering was not a tribute to a returning hero. It was established custom. No one had expected Rance.

His arrival caused a sensation, but no enthusiasm whatever. Rather, the citizens stared at him and, turning their heads, read duplication of their own dismay and resignation on neighboring faces. Their mingled emotions crystallized into stern disapproval when Constable David Proeper, uncle to Rance, stepped forward and shook his nephew's hand.

The perverse fondness of Constable Proeper for his disreputable kinsman had been, in the days before the war, an enduring scandal to Washington Corners. Now, his drooping mustaches and his generous bulk giving him the appearance of a nervous walrus, the community's sole peace officer was reviving dormant indignation by extending placative greeting to the town's most eminent peace disturber.

No one laughed at the bizarre spectacle of Rance Hotaling in bell-mouthed trousers and blue blouse. Even the flat pancake hat, tipped back from a gaunt face whose stubbly beard proclaimed emancipation from navy regulations, inspired no one to grin. No one dared.

"Rance-boy," quavered Constable Dave, "welcome home. Glad to get back, ain't ye?"

"Yeh," Rance replied, looking bleakly over Dave's head at the spectators.

After a minute he pulled his fist from Proeper's grip and continued to stare.

"Come on home with me, Rance," the constable stammered. "I got all your things there."

"Yeh?" returned Rance.

"Cal's got the farm," Dave babbled on. "Yore pa left it to him by will, Rance-boy. He cut you off with nothin'."

"Yeh?" Rance reiterated, his narrow gray eyes still searching the crowd.

He took from his blouse pocket the familiar blue smokin'-and-chewin' package of the mountain region and thrust a generous pinch into his cheek. His face was impassive. Constable Dave, half his tale of disaster released, wavered between relief and dread of what was still to come.

"Where's Sally?" Rance demanded at last, turning suddenly upon the constable.

"I was just comin' to that, Rance-boy," Proeper blurted with the haste and trepidation of one forced to walk through a lion's den. "I was just goin' to tell ye. Sally's got married, Rance."

"Yeh?" his nephew responded once more.

He stopped chewing, and the muscles of his tanned jowl swelled.

Constable Dave plunged desperately ahead.

"Sally's yore sister now, Rance-boy. Cal and her's been teamed up for three weeks. I thought mebby they'd wrote you. You see, Rance-boy, when Cal got the farm ——"

"That there is my farm," Rance interrupted. "I'm the oldest, ain't I?" His eyelids twitched and flickered.

"Sure you're the oldest, Rance-boy," Constable Dave agreed, taking a discreet step backward; "but the old man, yore pa, lef' it by will to Cal, like I told you."

"And Sally was my girl, wasn't she?" Rance demanded again.

The sullen interrogation drove Proeper to apology.

"It wasn't no fault of mine, Rance-boy. Honest. She done it in spite of her pa. Sence her maw passed away she's done as she pleased. Cal kep' comin' round ——"

"Hell!" Rance blazed. "Where's my clothes?"

"Up to my house, Rance. There ain't no use cryin' over spilt ——"

"Come on," Hotaling commanded, and stalked away.

Dave obeyed meekly, followed by the disapproving eyes of Washington Corners. Then the city fathers sighed in concert and spoke to one another of compensation, unconsciously plagiarizing from the earlier thoughts of Mr. Emerson.

War, they agreed, was undoubtedly a terrible thing, even when it was thousands of miles away, but as compensation for meatless and sugarless days, it had chased Rance Hotaling into the Naval Reserves. And now, when the blessings of peace had descended upon the community, Rance had returned as their mitigation. Washington Corners sighed again and went home to dinner and premonitions of disaster.

The harsh ranges, rising gray and green about the shabby hamlet, held back the railways facing New York State from a region that had changed little in a half century. The folk of the region of which Washington Corners was metropolis lived, withdrawn from the outside world and fearing the Hotaling family, as their fathers had done before them.

Local legend spoke of the iniquitous youth of Adriance Hotaling, father of Cal and Rance Hotaling. More sinadowy myths dealt with the prowess of ancestral Hotalings, raiders, partisans and Indian fighters of the old frontier. Cal, by some trick of heredity, was mild and industrious, but Rance was the avatar of his godless forbears. He had two heavy fists and the gift of using them; a rifle and a greater ability with that. Other Hotalings were thus gifted, but Rance had, in addition, a fiendish imagination which he utilized in contriving retribution for those who crossed him.

The aged Adriance Hotaling, brought by years to a measure of remorse and respectability, had endured the misdeeds of his elder son with forbearance, leavened with reluctant admiration. But at length these virtues vanished along with his patience. He made a will; secretly, for he feared his elder son. This left his property to the mild Calvin, and cited Rance as a wastrel and a ne'er-do-well. Having set his house in order, Adriance, the elder, gave up the ghost. No upheaval followed the publication of the testament, for Rance had hurried away to the wars a month before his father's demise.

Dusk was coming down charitably upon Washington Corners. Its compassionate hand had softened the stiff outlines of the houses, concealed their crying need of paint and given Main Street, with its ruts and mire holes, the appearance of a reasonably smooth thoroughfare.

Constable David Proeper, balanced precariously on the edge of the municipal horse trough, lit the municipal street lamp in the center of the square, came back to earth with a grunt, and trudged across to where Justice of the Peace Bordenfield stood at his gate, watching the crimson lees of the sunset drain away behind the slaty peaks.

"Well, Dave," Bordenfield remarked resignedly, "he's back!"

"Yes, squire," Proeper nodded, "but he's a changed man. He's come back peaceable, squire, and we had all our worry for nothin'. He's a changed man, squire."

"He could stand a lot of changin'," Bordenfield commented grimly. "Didn't he carry on like tunket about Sally?"

"Mild as a lamb," Constable Dave rhapsodized. "Not a hard word. He did kind of take on with me because I hadn't cleaned his rifle since I used it last, but he's come back peaceful. That's what navy discipline does for 'em. I didn't fight the Spanish War without learnin' that."

At 8:30 that night Rance Hotaling refuted his uncle and celebrated his return to the piping ways of peace by entering his ancestral home and driving Calvin and his wife therefrom at the point of his rifle. Then he set fire to the dwelling and disappeared.

The tale of outrage, babbled by the evicted Cal and confirmed by the scarlet glow that climbed the sky, gave the younger Hotaling the sympathy of Washington Corners—and little more. The villagers shook their heads, conceded regretfully that the days of storm and stress were over and that normalcy had returned, and looked to Constable Dave to do his duty this time, with no real expectation that he would.

They were not pleasantly disappointed.

By nine o'clock gray ashes were beginning to smother the embers of the home of the Hotalings, and Constable Proeper was reporting to Justice of the Peace Bordenfield that he couldn't find Rance nowheres. He hitched up his belt, sagging with the weight of an ancient revolver, blinked mildly at the trio who had heard his report, and added that he did have a couple of likely clews.

His audience was not impressed. In the Bordenfield parlor, which was also Washington Corners' court of justice, Cal and Sally Hotaling looked dumbly from the man-hunting Dave to Justice of the Peace Isaiah, seated in the chair of judgment behind a desk crowned by a green-shaded lamp.

Cal's pale blue eyes were reddened. He had wept, less from bereavement than from impotent wrath. His slack mouth, shadowed by a stubbly beard, unshorn since the preceding Sabbath, twitched and grimaced. His hands were never quiet. They clutched at each other on his blue-overalled lap, ran through his straw-colored hair, pressed themselves against his uneasy mouth as though to keep it still. Once he reached out and took his wife's hand. She did not return the pressure, and in a minute he released it. He glared at Constable Dave. "You're scared of Rance," he accused; "you don't dast 'rest him."

His wife moved sharply in her chair and then looked from her father to her husband with estimating eyes. She was lithe and full bosomed, with the early-maturing, early-withering grace of the hill women. She pushed a strand of dark hair back from her sallow face and spoke quietly.

"Who does dast?"

No one answered. Constable Dave, embarrassed by the reproachful eyes of Cal, muttered something valiant and departed. Cal cleared his throat.

"Sally," he recited, "was gettin' the table cleared and I'd been out to the barn, when I seen someone comin' up the road —"

"Yes, yes," Bordenfield interrupted. "You told me all that before twice."

He rose and began to search the directory hanging beneath the wall telephone. Cal also left his seat.

"Ain't no use in you settin' up all night, Sally. You go to bed. I'll be 'long later."

"There's a room upstairs you can have," Bordenfield remarked, lifting his head from the book.

"We got a room engaged over to the Eagle House," Cal replied with a trace of pride. "You go 'long, Sally. I'll set up for a while. I ain't sleepy somehow."

He accompanied her to the door and patted her arm clumsily as she went out. She did not turn her head. Bordenfield ground the telephone crank.

Sergeant Croasdale, on office duty in the barracks of Troop H, New York State Troopers, clapped a palm over the telephone mouthpiece and shouted toward the doorway: "Shut up that racket!"

In the room across the hall, four booted-and-spurred choristers, in gray black-striped riding breeches, gray flannel shirts and purple neckties, broke off in the middle of a particularly atrocious chord as abruptly as though a phonograph needle had been lifted from a record. Croasdale, receiver to ear, began to fill in a blank on the desk before him. Once or twice he interrupted with questions.

"We'll attend to it right away," he promised, and swung around in the swivel chair to stare at a map of H Troop's territory on the wall behind him. The label impaled by a red-topped tack thrust into the dot that stood for Glenwark Mills, informed him that Trooper Daniel Delaney, mounted, was spending the night there.

"Rance Hotaling," Croasdale informed Delaney by telephone ten minutes later, "is back home again."

"Oh, hell!" Dan answered before asking for details.

At 9:45 the trooper was struggling by lantern light with the girth of his outraged mount, Harrigan, in the stable of the Colonial House. The shadows, lurching across the ceiling in concert with his effort, were less fantastic than his language. Even the hostler, inured to such matters and sleepy in the bargain, was moved to astonished admiration. Dan was talking about Rance Hotaling.

Thrice Rance had been arrested by the troopers, New York State's rural mounted police. He had been indicted, first time, for felonious assault. The jury, being not only his peers but his neighbors as well, had seen fit to disagree. When, a few days later, the haystacks of five of the jurors had gone up in flames, it was believed that these five had held out for conviction.

When brought to trial for arson, Rance was judged not guilty five minutes after the jurors received the case. Ten days after this vindication the prize bull of the foreman of the grand jury that had indicted Rance died of Paris-green poisoning. When the gray riders of the state police captured Rance a third time, no indictment was returned.

On the night of Rance Hotaling's return from the war Trooper Daniel Delaney rode out of Glenwark Mills to arrest him again. At quarter of one the next morning Sergeant Duff, on night duty in the barracks office, responded to the shrill of the telephone.

"Trooper Delaney speaking," said a far-away voice, "on that Hotaling case. I arrested Rance. He escaped while I was arraigning him before Judge Bordenfield."

"He what?"

"He got away." The voice seemed to be muffled by the drone of the wire. "He escaped. Calvin Hotaling's dead. Rance shot him."

"Are you hurt?" Duff shouted.

"Not much," Daniel Delaney replied, and pitched to the floor of the Bordenfield parlor, overturning a vase of dried pampas plumes but adding little to the disorder of the room thereby.

Obtaining no response to his further queries, Sergeant Duff abandoned the telephone, knocked upon Captain Dover's door, and reported. Electric gongs on the three floors of the barracks banged and clattered. In the dormitories men struggled into their uniforms and belted on their guns. In the office Captain Dover relieved a spirit surcharged by the telephone operator's persistent reply that Washington Corners, 4-3 Party W, did not answer, by snapping at the lean men in gray as they came trooping in.

"Sergeant Duff in command. Troopers Snyder, Tarleton, Laidlaw, Richter, Evans, McGovern, Horne. Carbines. Break out extra ammunition. Rance Hotaling murdered his brother Cal at Washington Corners. Escaped. Delaney shot. Pile into those flivvers. On the jump!"

Two cars rolled out of the barrack yard ten minutes later and went roaring northward through the night.

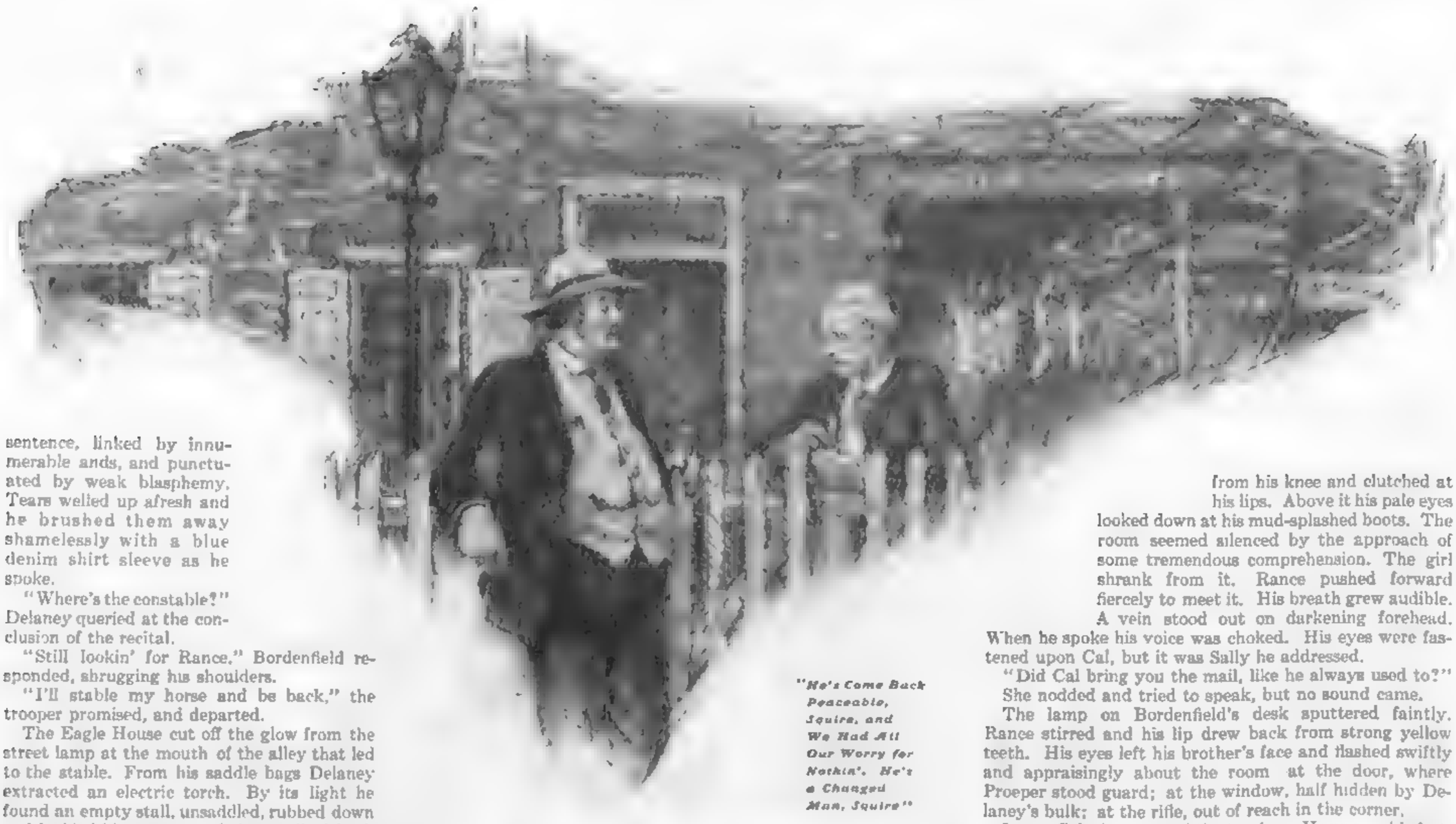
Delaney had ridden hard for an hour when the deepening ruts of the mountain road had made Harrigan swerve and stumble. His rider then had slackened the rein and had let the space-eating canter drop to a slow trot.

The road ended in a square where Washington Corners' sole street lamp poured its feeble radiance upon the chipped concrete horse trough and the deserted porch of the Eagle House with its frieze of near-beer signs. Another light shone through from a lower window of the Bordenfield house.

In the parlor Delaney found the overalled Cal, still keeping hopeless vigil, chair tipped back against the wall. The light of a bracket lamp above his head dealt cruelly with his vague face and forlorn figure. Behind the other light, on the desk, Isaiah Bordenfield nodded.

Primed by a single question from the slouch-hatted horseman in gray, Cal brought his chair down upon four legs and told once more the story of outrage; all in a single

He Crept Forward, Breathing Warily Through Open Mouth. The Figure Crouched and Searched the Alley for Another Missile



"He's Come Back Peaceable, Squire, and We Had All Our Worry for Nothin'. He's a Changed Man, Squire"

sentence, linked by innumerable ands, and punctuated by weak blasphemy. Tears welled up afresh and he brushed them away shamelessly with a blue denim shirt sleeve as he spoke.

"Where's the constable?" Delaney queried at the conclusion of the recital.

"Still lookin' for Rance," Bordenfield responded, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'll stable my horse and be back," the trooper promised, and departed.

The Eagle House cut off the glow from the street lamp at the mouth of the alley that led to the stable. From his saddle bags Delaney extracted an electric torch. By its light he found an empty stall, unsaddled, rubbed down and bedded his mount, and then walked back toward the street, choosing the dew-soaked grass in preference to the mud of the roadway.

All at once he was aware of something stirring where the black wall of the hotel cut across the lighted street beyond. Delaney halted. The shadow moved suddenly and he heard the sharp clink of a pebble on glass. He crept forward, breathing warily through open mouth. The figure crouched and searched the alley for another missile. As it straightened up the trooper spoke:

"Don't move."

There was a harsh sound of inhaled breath as the man stiffened. For a minute both stood rigid. Then, against the light, the trooper could see the other move one arm cautiously toward something he carried in the crook of the other.

"Don't do it, Rance," he counseled. "You'll stop something you didn't start."

From above came the sound of a window opening softly. Delaney stepped out from the building wall toward his captive.

"Drop the rifle," he ordered. "Hands over your head. Turn around. So!" He recovered the weapon from the grass and dug the muzzle of his revolver into the other's back. "Now, march," he commanded cheerfully.

He half pushed his captive out of the shadow into the light of the square. It was Hotaling, no longer in uniform, but clad in the overalls and flannel shirt of the region.

"Maybe I didn't tell you," Delaney pursued, "but you're under arrest."

Rance gave no sign he had heard. He stood rigid, his hands still high above his head.

"Got 'im, did ye?" a voice demanded at Delaney's elbow. It was Constable Proeper, revolver in hand and a little out of breath. With him was his daughter, a shawl about her shoulders, her dark hair streaming. Rance half turned at the constable's voice. The woman gasped.

"Take this gun," the trooper commanded, thrusting the rifle into Proeper's hands, "till I see what this baby carries."

As he patted Rance's body with expert hands, Sally muttered quickly to her father. He shook his head.

"Gosh!" he marveled mildly as Delaney turned. "You boys is fast workers! I didn't know there was one of you in twenty miles."

"Well, there was," the trooper replied. "If we'd known Rance was due home we'd all have been right here. You can take 'em down now, Rance, and march ahead of us over to Judge Bordenfield's. No funny business, mind."

His revolver muzzle shepherded the prisoner across the street. Behind him came Constable Dave and his daughter. She was talking to her father in a low, hurried voice.

Proeper quickened his pace as they climbed the porch steps and opened the door.

"Well, judge," he trumpeted, "we 'rested him, just like I said we would!"

Bordenfield glared over his spectacles at Rance, who returned the stare insolently, slouched across the room and sat down, uninvited, before the desk. Cal had scrambled to his feet as his brother entered, white terror on his face. Now he slumped again into the chair below the bracket lamp, muttering and trembling. Constable Proeper set the heavy rifle down in a corner and took up position by the door, puffing triumphantly through his drooping mustache. His daughter stood near him, and shook the dark hair back from her pallid face.

"Who 'rested him?" Bordenfield demanded.

Constable Dave shifted his weight from foot to foot uneasily.

"We kind of collaborated," Delaney grinned.

The justice of the peace scuffled through the papers on his desk, selected one, adjusted his spectacles and cleared his throat. Then, curiosity overcoming him, he spoke, not in the sonorous voice of the law but in a tone of mild inquiry: "Whatever did you do it for, Rance?"

The prisoner had been staring at his brother with unwinking, oppressive eyes.

They did not leave Cal when he answered harshly, "I got a right to do what I like with mine. That was my house. He stole it from me—or him and her did. I'm the oldest. And he stole her from me too."

The girl shuddered and turned so that he could not see her face. She fastened her teeth upon her trembling lower lip. A dark flush stained her sallow skin.

"Your pa left Cal the farm by will, legal and proper," Bordenfield said severely. "It was hisn."

"And he left him Sally, too, I s'pose?" Rance sneered.

The girl twisted herself about and spoke passionately:

"A lot you cared, Rance Hotaling! You went away and was goin' to write ——"

Calvin interrupted, his voice high and hysterical. His hands struggled desperately, like tethered wild things.

"Don't pay no 'tention to him, Sally. He's a liar and a jailbird, that's what he is. Don't you even speak to him!"

She ignored her husband. Her eyes shone hot in her flushed face.

"You was goin' to write, and you was away eight months, and you never did. You never even told me where you was. A lot you cared, Rance Hotaling!"

"Shut up!" Cal almost shrieked. "Don't speak to him."

"You're a dirty little liar!" Rance said with a scornful grin. "I wrote you four-five times; and I sent you picter postcards, too; and you married him and stole my farm."

Bordenfield rapped on his desk.

"That's enough," he commanded. "This ain't the place for family squabbles. And it don't do any good to lie, Sally. You know he did write to you. I saw the letters myself, and I read—I mean, I saw—the postcards too."

The woman, for the first time, looked squarely at her husband. He did not meet her gaze. One hand crept up from his knee and clutched at his lips. Above it his pale eyes looked down at his mud-splashed boots. The room seemed silenced by the approach of some tremendous comprehension. The girl shrank from it. Rance pushed forward fiercely to meet it. His breath grew audible. A vein stood out on darkening forehead. When he spoke his voice was choked. His eyes were fastened upon Cal, but it was Sally he addressed.

"Did Cal bring you the mail, like he always used to?"

She nodded and tried to speak, but no sound came.

The lamp on Bordenfield's desk sputtered faintly. Rance stirred and his lip drew back from strong yellow teeth. His eyes left his brother's face and flashed swiftly and appraisingly about the room at the door, where Proeper stood guard; at the window, half hidden by Delaney's bulk; at the rifle, out of reach in the corner.

It was Cal who snapped the tension. He was on his feet, his face dusky and twitching, his voice shrill.

"It's a lie!" he shrieked. "It's a lie! You burned my house, Rance—my house—but you can't get her with lies. She's mine, and she'll help send you to jail. She will ——"

"Shut up, you!" Delaney shouted, turning on Cal. "Sit down!"

The man gulped and started to obey. But even as he did Rance moved. He shot up from his chair like a released spring, and caught the lamp from Bordenfield's desk. For a second's fraction he held it high above his head, then flung it with a snarl toward Cal. His aim was true. It struck the bracket lamp above his brother's head. Darkness came with a mighty crash and a tinkling downpour of broken glass.

The woman screamed. Feet pounded across the floor. Constable Proeper yelped in terror.

"Stand still!" Delaney bellowed, drawing his gun. "Stand still, all of you! I'm going to shoot at the first sound I hear."

The blackness was sibilant with heavy breathing. Then came the scratch and hiss of a lighting match. The flame kindled in Delaney's hand, struck responsive fire from the revolver in his right fist and, spreading, raised the white face of Calvin Hotaling out of the gloom.

From the direction of the door another flame sprang toward it, and the walls seemed to bulge at the heavy concussion of the rifle shot. The match flew through the darkness in an arc of diminishing fire and Daniel Delaney spun around and fell across the desk. It gave way and went to the floor beneath him with a splintering crash.

Calvin wailed in terror and the thunder of the rifle spoke a second time. A chair overturned. Groping awkwardly with his left hand, for his right arm and shoulder were numb and helpless, Delaney sought for the gun he had dropped as he fell. At length his fingers closed on it. He fired toward the door and, scrambling up, charged in the direction of his shot, tripped over a chair and fell again.

Out of the darkness the voice of Calvin spoke in a tone of immense surprise.

"I'm shot," he announced, and began to hiccup.

For a moment there was no other sound in the inky room, reeking with the acrid powder smoke. The hiccuping ceased.

An instant later Delaney said in a matter-of-fact voice, "Light up, please, judge."

Again silence. Then the quavering confession of Bordenfield: "I dassent."

"It's all right," Delaney replied bitterly. "He's gone."

The light in Bordenfield's shaking hand wavered on a welter of overturned and broken furniture. It revealed a gray form entangled in the wreck of a chair. This was Delaney. In one corner lay a huddle in blue overalls that was no longer Calvin Hotaling. A portly figure was dragging itself erect by the door jamb and was blinking through

(Continued on Page 59)

The Revenge of Weeping River

By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

NOON was a very bad time for Mr. Lem Calkins to call upon the city editor; for noon, as the world is beginning to understand, is the time when five-o'clock editions go to press. Mr. Calkins, however, did not know this, nor care. He had come upon a serious errand. He gripped with one sunburned and knotty hand the railing that protected these metropolitan journalists from mere visitors, and he settled more firmly upon his head a hat that apparently had been purchased before the war—and had been through it. While he waited, Lem snuffled ominously. He had a large and flattish nose and a long chin, which gave him, at times, a foolish aspect, and at others, as now, a formidable one. His vacant and angry face surmounted a form fully six feet four inches in height.

A small but fearless office boy at length approached him and inquired, "What yu want?"

Mr. Calkins' tongue would not move. To state briefly what he wanted, to describe succinctly the obloquy, cruelty, imprisonment and monetary loss that he had suffered during a day and a night in the city was beyond him—and it was largely the fault of The Press. The police had told him so.

Consequently he had already visited the office of the owner, Mr. George Remington Liddell; but having been refused permission to recite his wrongs, he was now here at the railing.

"You want to see the city editor?"

Lem nodded and snuffled.

"What about?"

Dumb rage and shuffling of feet. The boy produced a card and a stubby pencil. Taking off his hat, as though to simplify the process of writing, the rustic visitor slowly and generously traced the words:

"Mr. Lem Calkins, Weeping River. Business, personal."

This statement was placed before Sinclair, the city editor, who, although distracted by many things, paused for a moment and whistled to himself. The name of Calkins was not unfamiliar. Was not Lem Calkins the name of the man upon whom Little Ed Moore, the Javert of the staff, had fixed the guilt of having held up the pay-roll messenger of Brown's Emporium? Indeed, yes; only yesterday Lem Calkins was first-page stuff. Today, however, he was no more than third page, if that; for a police judge had dismissed the charge of robbery and had merely fined Lem three dollars and costs on his general appearance.

Sinclair knew what to do about these Samsonlike victims of Little Ed's crime drive. He called an idle reporter, and saying, "You see him, Tom," turned his back. The reporter tightened his belt, winked at a comrade and went to meet Mr. Calkins.

There was no row. The reporter discovered the gentle and reasonable spirit underlying the visitor's brawn, and to this soul of Lem, rather than to the long and formidable chin, he made numerous promises. Ten minutes later, when Sinclair asked, "Get rid of the guy?" his deputy answered, "Bet you!"

"Write a fifty-word skin-back," ordered Sinclair.

And this was all, except that, by some oversight, the little item telling about the release of the dread Lem Calkins was left out of the paper. This oversight did not seem important at the time. Little Ed Moore made another brilliant discovery next day, and The Press continued its intrepid assault upon the world of crime. Lem Calkins, returning to Weeping River, was as completely forgotten in The Press office as the village itself had been forgotten in the march of Mid-Western civilization.

II

AN AIRPLANE view of Weeping River would depict a row of store buildings, most of them with weatherbeaten planks across the window spaces, and a railroad track between whose ties grass grew in summer, and a hotel with a veranda wide enough for the outstretched legs of Mr. Calkins and others. The railroad ran two trains a day. Several of the stores kept open the year round. The bridge over the river which crept sluggishly by the town, perspiring rather than weeping, had the sign: Cross at Your Own Risk.

Motor parties frequently passed through Weeping River, for it was on the highway to Middleville; and to accommodate them there was a garage, in which, by the way, Mr. Lem Calkins had the post consisting of holding a rubber tube and saying, "Back up a bit," and "How many gallons?"

The motorists, having inquired, "What town is this?" or, if ladies were in the party, remarking, "Lovely quaint old place," passed quickly on. Once, in 1920, such a party ate a meal in the hotel.

But Weeping River had one very distinct institution. It occupied a small brick building next door to one of the year-round stores, and its sign read:

WEEPING RIVER GAZETTE
CLEANEST NEWSPAPER IN RIVER COUNTY
JAMES HOWARD FLYNN, PROPRIETOR
JOB PRINTING

A neat little office, this. Through a window could be seen a shiny foot press and clean type cases; and also there could be seen, on most days, the dapper person of young

Continued on Page 161

The Highly Respected Garage Hand Moved Through the Crowd Like a Fighting Tower in Ancient Warfare

THE LONE LADY IN BLACK AND THE ROMAN-NOSED BABY

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"A Whisper—With a Punch," He Told Her. "A Knock-Out for This Peters Boy From the Women"

THIS is the inside story of the lone lady in black and the Roman-nosed baby, which is told to one another in confidence by the public nurses of Chibosh, that marvelous metropolis that was governed by a press agent; of the Roman-nosed baby and the whisper—the huge devastating whisper which was set loose in that vast population by Michael F. Melody, that press agent, in haste, in an hour of great personal peril.

He was, when he released it, in very great personal danger indeed. Ever since his meeting with the two mysterious women with the card catalogue—and their threat to send him back to a Federal prison if he did not aid them to elect another candidate mayor—he had conducted the publicity factory of Mayor Herman J. True with great care. And in the five weeks since the great milk-bath mystery had dropped so suddenly from the front pages and the minds of the people of Chibosh—while Mr. Melody advised secretly with these women—scarcely a publicity stunt worthy of the name had been pulled in the interests of the good, the common people and Herman J. True.

It was a natural condition which could not remain unseen, and—though terrifying—it was not unexpected to Mr. Melody when he was called upon the carpet by Chinese Meeghan, the great Oriental-faced power, who governed those who governed Chibosh.

"A sweet publicity agent you are," he was saying to Mr. Melody, bawling him out in that secret shabby room, up that old private flight of stairs, from which he governed the governors of Chibosh. "Anybody'd think, from the speeches and interviews you've been getting out the past month for that old dumb-bell, that you were making publicity against him instead of for him."

He had clearly, Mr. Melody saw, been watching the way the work of the Phantom Factory had been let down in those past few weeks—to satisfy those two women with the card catalogue who were out to elect John Henry Peters mayor. During all that time not one issue with a kick had been put out, not one new phantom organization formed, not one old one started shouting; and the interviews from Mayor True had all been on the defensive or worse.

But more than this—and what made it more noticeable—the weeks were now working on toward June, the time when Mr. Meeghan must use the great spontaneous forces of democracy to decide, in his private office, who would be nominated and elected the next mayor of Chibosh in the coming fall; and during all that time there had been a movement, quite evidently growing, toward the nomination of that youngish red-headed lawyer, John Henry Peters, who was so especially repugnant to Mr. Meeghan, on the ticket which would oppose his. Far from dropping his suit against Mayor True to prevent him from spending more money than the city had, this man had pushed it all the harder, and had even got a larger and larger following as he had done so.

"What's going on?" Mr. Meeghan was asking Mr. Melody, talking more than usual, for he was very angry. "Are you double-crossing us? It looks that way. Every line you've put out in the papers lately has been a knock for our own fathead and a boost for the other side, playing up this red-headed patriot in the public eye."

His voice was hoarse and his motionless face was more than usually menacing as he said this. And Mr. Melody, behind the calm blandness of his face and eyes, was very nervous. He might have known that sooner or later there would have to be a show-down with Silent Meeghan, who saw everything, and spoke of it when his time came.

"I even understand the women are out for him," he said, giving Mr. Melody a most disturbing look, with these most disturbing words of all.

Was it a hint—a suggestion—of yet hidden knowledge? Or a stab in the dark—one of Chinese Meeghan's wise conjectures? Mr. Melody, greatly worried behind his shallow and unreadable eyes, could only fear and wonder.

"You want to get busy, pull something right off now that'll start that redhead on the skids. Or you might find yourself all at once where you won't want to be—on a long vacation!" Meeghan said, dismissing Mr. Melody with the threat he least cared to hear.

"All right," he answered obediently; and passed down the secret dusty stairs thinking, his new light spring overcoat unbuttoned, the white flower in its lapel drooping, his yellow gloves still hidden in his pockets.

The time had come which Mr. Melody had feared. On the one hand, Chinese Meeghan would put him back in prison if he once discovered him, or if he did not do exactly what he wished of him; on the other hand, these devilish women, with their knowledge of the desire of the Federal authorities to find him, would no doubt notify them if he did not do the exact opposite. It seemed a desperate and impossible situation. Indeed, Mr. Melody would have left the city long ago had he not known it would be useless for him to do so; that the long arm of Chinese Meeghan would in that case almost certainly land him back in prison, if for nothing but keeping up the discipline of his government of the governors of Chibosh.

Still thinking of all this, Mr. Melody passed back to the second-class business building across the street from the city hall and sat, without the energy to remove either coat or hat, beneath the identical and tremendous Roman-nosed portraits of Mayor True, slumped down in his chair, still thinking.

The hint, or warning, of Chinese Meeghan—if it were a warning—concerning the women and this Peters kept ringing back into his ears. If there were any one place where he could operate—to convince Meeghan of his innocence—it would be there; some stunt with the women. But how? How?

The Phantom Factory lay silent about him; the sincere and virtuous campaign portraits of the mayor—the strong-faced, Roman-nosed mayor of the plain honest people of Chibosh looked down, apparently brooding with him over his great problem. Suddenly he stirred at last.

"Whispers!" he murmured to himself. "Whispers!"

Stiffening with hope, he yet remained silent some minutes longer.

"The only thing!" he assured himself at last.

Rising and now taking off his overcoat and hat, he called to his telephone operator.

"Get Dorna Dare over—right away," he directed her.

It was his last throw, his only chance. He couldn't come out with newspaper publicity where those two women politicians would see it and know that they were double-crossed.

And yet he must certainly get busy and clean up this man Peters for Chinese Meeghan right away.

There was only one thing left; a thing just the opposite of publicity—whispers. Whispers among the women.

II

DORNA DARE, the lady political adviser of the True administration and the Phantom Factory, sat around the corner of the desk from Mr. Melody, her thin face calmer than his own. A celebrated lady newspaper investigator, she was now also the closest personal counselor of Mayor and Mrs. True. A live wire, a natty dresser and a keen, active mind, Mr. Melody always called her in when he was working on the woman's vote.

"Listen," said Mr. Melody. "I've got to start something again. I'm out for something new."

"New publicity?" she asked him.

Her costly wrap fell back from her as she sat watching him. Her dark eyes shone hard and sharp as a bird's from beneath a small golden hat.

"No," Mr. Melody replied; "just the opposite."

"What?"

"A whisper—with a punch," he told her. "A knock-out for this Peters boy from the women."

They were getting to use them now more and more in politics—both local and national of course—these whispering campaigns about the candidates—since the women came into the voting. They've got to have their nominees all moral—the women voters; home family men, like Mayor True. And you can send a whisper through them all down the line, like a fire in an oil works, if you only get it started right.

"Where would you say to start it?" he asked her, and went over the different societies and conventions and what not where the real good whispering campaigns had been started from in the past. "You've got to spread it quick," he said. "The time is short."

"I know," said Dorna Dare, watching him, and not speaking yet.

"And you've got to get them red-hot."

"I know."

"And you've got to get them all."

"So you've got to wave the baby," said Dorna Dare, directly and positively.

"Sure," agreed Mr. Melody; "as much as possible."

That is what they all do now, of course, locally and nationally; that is the one sure thing they know about the women in politics. They all wave the baby if possible—in maternity bills and child-welfare bills in the legislatures or in whispering campaigns with the voters, and the women will always rise to it. They'll follow the baby anywhere, regardless of party or anything else, trampling down everything else before them. The baby is the women's flag in politics; it works fine always.

Dorna Dare, the woman-vote expert, sat tense, nervous, thinking, considering ways and means.

"Some place—some good live women's society to start your whisper from," she murmured half aloud.

"Yes," said Mr. Melody, getting out of her way, sitting back easy while she worked it out. All at once he saw her start, look up, speak.

"The Umja!" she said. "That's what you want!"

"Sure!" said Mr. Melody right away, taking his feet down from the desk and letting his chair legs down upon the floor. That was it of course—the Umja.

And she reminded him how the Morning Truth was working all that stuff, using that shorter term they all knew it by in all the newspaper offices and publicity factories—the Umja.

"It's got more kick with the women than all the sob stuff for years. It's got a double hold on them. It waves the baby, and at the same time brings in all that justice-for-women stuff that's been going so strong on the women's pages ever since the war," she said.

And she refreshed his memory on how the Morning Truth was cashing in on it, starting in with that series by that bitterly famous English author on Our Unmarried Mothers: Shall They Be Shot, Hanged or Given Justice? And coming in with the daily interviews from the women on the street as a follow-up.

"It's been a puller—a circulation builder—all over, since the war," she told him. "With every kind of paper. They all use it, from next to crocheting on the woman's pages of the religious weeklies to next-to-censored book advertising in the lead-your-own-life organs. It's got all the women of all kinds going. There's pull galore in the thing."

Mr. Melody nodded, thinking.

"The Umja, huh?" he said half aloud. There was the great come-back there, he knew that.

"And they're live wires in there—great advertisers," continued Dorna Dare in her hard, terse, nervous voice. "Why, you know that! You know how here just the other day we arranged to have Mayor True address them at the mayor's annual baby carnival, just here next week."

Mr. Melody nodded. Naturally, he would know it, having got up and made the programs for Mayor True's baby carnival from the beginning; ever since he and Dorna Dare had worked up the thing, staging Mayor and Mother True for the mothers' vote the last two years—waving the baby.

Mr. Melody sat silent, thinking, a new light coming into his eyes gradually.

"The Umja," he repeated, in a deep study.

"Look," said Dorna Dare, going on, seeing she had him with her. "Why isn't there something in this?"

Mr. Melody observed her closely.

"They're live wires in there," she repeated; "always working out into new territory. They're looking for a general counsel now." Mr. Melody looked up inquiringly. "To bring their justice suits."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Melody.

"Why can't we slip in Goldfish & Goldfish and let them slip in the whisper—some way, some ——"

She did not finish. Mr. Melody, with a look of sharp intelligence in his eyes, had interrupted her.

"I got a better one than that," he said. "You watch me!"

It was some little time after she had gone that he called his telephone operator.

"Get me Goldfish & Goldfish," he said; "both of them, in here, tomorrow morning."

III

GOLDFISH & GOLDFISH, father and son, sat regarding Mr. Melody over new cigars in the Phantom Factory of Mayor True.

"We've got to put out a prenomination whisper on this boy Peters," Mr. Melody was telling them.

"Sure, sure, positively," agreed the obliging Mr. A. Goldfish warmly. Mr. I. Goldfish, his son, contented himself with watching.

"A real live one, you understand," said Mr. Melody.

"We understand," said Mr. I. Goldfish, looking steadily from beneath his lowered eyebrows. "Didn't we put that one over in the last governorship campaign?"

"That one about his being the natural left-handed descendant of the Duke of Chichester?"

"That lost him the whole anti-English vote."

"And bust his whole campaign wide open."

"This one is for the women altogether," explained Mr. Melody.

"Sure, sure," said the older Mr. Goldfish, and recalled the convention of women that his last successful campaign whisper had started from.

"It's always the women," asserted the more taciturn younger Goldfish.

"In all these whispering campaigns," said his father. "You tell a few of them just before the convention—and tell them it's not ever to be mentioned."

"And before they adjourn they're passing resolutions on it—in executive session," said the son, continuing his statements.

"Have you picked out your convention, your society yet—to whisper with?" inquired Mr. A. Goldfish now.

"I have," said Mr. Melody.

"Which is it?"

"The Umja," replied Mr. Melody.

"What's that?" asked the older and less active-minded Mr. Goldfish interestedly.

(Continued on Page 62)

"Come Out Step Out of the Balloon!"
Said the Younger Mr. Goldfish Coldly.
"Let's Get Down to Business"

THE PACE THAT KILLS

By Katharine Dayton

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE J. Ellerby Dills are sailing for Europe next week. Not necessarily for pleasure dear me, no! or because Mrs. Dill needs new dresses, or because Mr. Dill needs drinks, or because—and this is usually their Grade-A excuse for doing something they want awfully to do it will be educational for the children. No, indeed; the J. Ellerby Dills are sailing for Europe next week simply and solely because they need a rest.

And why, you may ask, is a rest so imperative for the J. Ellerby Dills? We admit that a merely cursory glance would justify the question. It is self-evident that the Dills are what is known as comfortably off—that is, they have an income sufficiently large to cause Mr. Dill to remark, as regularly as the fiscal year rolls round, that it's a pretty state of things when a man has to give everything he has to the Government. It is beyond dispute that the Dills have their health, as the saying is, Mr. Dill being best described as a full-blooded man and Mrs. Dill anxiously tipping the bathroom scales every morning at one hundred and ninety-seven and a half pounds not even in her stocking feet; while Eloise is no thinner than the average débutante, and J. Ellerby Dill, Jr., would easily pick up if he'd cut out the more or less liquid diet college boys go in for nowadays. But above and beyond all this looms the fact that the Dills live in New York City. Now do you see why they're tired?

He Pauses Barely a Moment to Give a Good-by Peck on the Cheek to Mrs. Dill

Of course, we know that a great deal has been written, and even more has been said, about the strain of life in New York City, with the best minds of the country a unit in describing it as perfectly terrible; but to our notion Mr. Dill's Aunt Ella Cuddy, who has a positive genius for putting things in nutshells, has most aptly summed up the situation.

"New York," said Aunt Ella, when she returned to her home in Whamphatahassuc, Rhode Island, after a three weeks' visit with the Dills, "is a wonderful place to visit; but I'd hate to live there."

And it seems to us that the thing has never been more neatly put. Take, for instance, Mr. Dill. As he so often says, a business man in New York City is under a constant strain. It's simply rush, rush, rush, from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night.

Mr. Dill in a Whirlwind of Work

TO BEGIN with, in order to be *au courant* with the news of the day, he has to snatch a glimpse at the headlines in his morning newspaper while he hurries through his breakfast of grapefruit, cereal, scrambled eggs, sausage, toast and coffee. Naturally, training will tell in the long run; and after several years of this constant rush, rush, rush, Mr. Dill is able to assimilate, along with the salient points of the occupation by the French of two more towns in the Ruhr, the diagram of the Murdered Man's Love Nest in West Fifty-seventh Street and the Trunk in Which the Body Was Found, a pretty rough outline of What is Going On in the World of Sport, the daily disasters of Loony Louie—Mr. Dill's favorite comic strip—and the whimsical discovery—reprinted from the Cocoa, Florida, Clarion—of Merwin Clown, the columnist, that Mrs. Henn made a layer cake in Wyandotte, Oklahoma. And by the way, it's a funny thing about those daily columns. You wouldn't think New Yorkers would have time to read them, rushed as they are; yet all the New York papers seem to have them. Who do you suppose does read them, anyway?

But we digress. Poor Mr. Dill has scarcely time for a second cup of coffee and another round of hot buttered toast when his car is announced. Regretting bitterly that the exigencies of New York life allow him no opportunity to read President Coolidge's speeches, he pauses barely a moment to give a good-by peck on the cheek to Mrs. Dill—who, tired out, is having a tray in bed—before rushing off to the office.

It's another rush, rush, rush all the way downtown. And yet somehow or other the trip seems to take quite a while. First of all, so many of the streets are being dug up for repairs; or, if they're not being dug up just at that particular moment, they are filled with stray pieces of foreign matter such as sewer pipe or tar barrels or steam rollers ready to go into action immediately it is time for them to be dug up. Or there's a subway building, or a new theater, and an Italian gentleman with a red flag halts the Dill limousine for several minutes until a distant detonation signals him to release it. Yes, in spite of New York's mad pace it takes quite a while to get from place to place. Mr. Dill would get right out now and take a Subway, only he knows he'd have to wait twenty minutes at Chambers Street. All in all, it's about 9:45 when he reaches the office. Not much like slow old London, is it, where they don't get around till ten o'clock or so?

Mr. Dill, once at the office, is caught for fair in the swirl of the day. He rushes through his mail—which has been already opened for him, of course—and rings for Miss Mink. Miss Mink is one of the few New Yorkers who is never rushed. At least, she never appears so to Mr. Dill, for whenever his bell rings she is there to answer it. Perhaps it is because she has nothing to do all day except take care of Mr. Dill, or perhaps she lives in New Jersey. Lots of New Yorkers do. At any rate, her only work is to shield him from the all-encompassing strain of business life in New York. Besides watching over his grammar better than a mother could, and knowing how to spell such words as "pyorrhea," "formaldehyde," "decalcomania," and the like—to say nothing of guessing what Mr. Dill means when he pronounces them—her invaluable woman's intuition tells her at once that the Mr. Jones at that moment on the wire is Wilbur F. Jones, the man with whom Mr. Dill has been trying to get a golf date for a week, and not L. H. Jones of the Amalgamated Pipe and Vat Company, who is expected to call at any minute to find out whynell his last shipment of Bicarbonated Valvular Steel hasn't come yet. She sits patiently taking dictation while Mr. Dill paces the room like a caged lion—all part of the strain and rush of New York life, you see. He simply can't keep still.

"Take this, Miss Mink, if you please," he says. "'Bicarbonated Valvular Steel Company. Office of the president. Gentlemen: In re yrs. of the ult. inst. would say in reply ——' Strike that out, Miss Mink, please. 'Sirs: As per your letter of July ninth, would say that our Mr. Scutt will call on you—will call—would call—will be calling—will be able to call'—— Well, just strike that out, Miss Mink."

And so on and on and on. Unwanted telephone callers are told by Miss Mink without a quiver that Mr. Dill is out of town, and if they are hardy enough to call in person she tells them he is in conference—which more than likely he is. A surprising amount of Mr. Dill's days are spent in conference. Terribly taxing it is too. All the heads of departments meet in Mr. Dill's office to discuss, let us say, the really serious problem of the falling off of sales and corresponding loss of overhead in the more congested affiliated companies. The heads of departments have cigars in their mouths, and the majority of them have little pieces of paper on which they jot figures and memorandums which they will never in the world be able to read. Some of the more versatile ornament their papers with scroll designs, to say nothing of little men with hats and coats and buttons and everything. Indeed, Mr. Dill often says that he never would have dreamed he could draw so much as a straight line until he just started in out of a clear sky one day at a conference.

Putting the Con in Conference

THE conference starts usually by Mr. Dill, as president, asking to see the figures. Not the little informal ones they are all constantly jotting down, of course; but several pages of neatly typed ones that Mr. Dill couldn't possibly grasp until three weeks from the following Tuesday, but which he glances at very seriously for at least three seconds, shakes his head solemnly and pronounces very bad. The heads of departments then offer every known alibi from just plain depression down to the mark and leap year. The smoke gets considerably thicker, and the head of the Eastern sales department proposes a plan by which Bicarbonated Valvular Steel should be pushed in seaport towns with large industrial populations. The gross, the exports, the operating charges, good-will and increased consumption versus consolidation are discussed pro and con—with the con predominating—until the smoke gets so thick that somebody opens a window in back of Mr. Dill. It is then only a question of time before he feels the draft and declares the conference at an end, with the recommendation that the matter in hand be looked into further before a decision is reached and more comprehensive figures submitted by Mr. Kippy and Mr. Drumm at next Thursday's conference.

It is now one o'clock, and you'd think this had been work enough for anyone. But not for your New Yorker! No, sir-ree! Mr. Dill, tossed helplessly about like a cork in the maelstrom of New York's business life, cannot stop here. He must, he tells Miss Mink, meet a man for lunch.

Now, as everybody knows, if there is one thing more fatiguing than another to your New Yorker like Mr. Dill, it is meeting a man for lunch. It isn't as if it were just a case of meeting

(Continued on Page 101)

"'Would Say That Our Mr. Scutt Will Call on You—Would Call—Will be Calling—Will be Able to Call ——' Well, Just Strike That Out"

SIX ISLANDERS

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Beatrice Maude

I WRONGED her and she loved me. She fell over my right foot in the alley that led to the smoke room and said "Sorry!" with her voice lifting on the second syllable into a terrible, rural sound. I had been thinking her like a gaunt young chicken in the breath before her tumble; but now I saw that she was a female calf, and timidly tried to pet her while savagely I tried to recall whether one says "Soo, Bossy," or "Down, Rover!" Her brown hair was in tangles about her brown eyes, and her white and brown pinafore wagged while she made this noise. I had a foaming impression of green fields and hot air; someone should come to give her a handful of salt or a pail of bran and milk or a mother. Three members of a British royal commission stalked from the smoke room, and their focused glare threatened international alarms. I had wronged a woman and a race conjointly; I ran away.

Ten or eleven years from now some strapping English youth will find out Beatrice Maude's foible and will begin courtship by throwing her down on a lawn and awfully kicking her. Then she will be loyal to him for all time, as she was loyal to me for a season. On Sunday she pounced at me from behind a deck chair filled with an eminent actor and leaned on his ankles while she told me, "Divine service is at-half-past-eleven-in-the-lounge on C Deck, and I can sit beside you, can't I? Aunt Clare's most-frightfully-ill-this-morning-and ——"

Fifty-five thousand tons of steamship cavorted on a wave. Beatrice Maude shot along the planks and remotely concluded "Oo!" in a pool of sudden spray. A nurse collected and removed her.

Aunt Clare was taking her home from Sumatra, where it was "most-frightfully-hot," to grandpapa at Canterbury, where there is, she says, a "most-frightfully-big-cathedral." She was "most-frightfully-sorry" to leave daddy in Sumatra—he has something to do with rubber—but she was going to be most-frightfully-glad to see mummy and Squirrel and Ted and Baby and the new baby and Uncle Bill, who was most-frightfully-shot-in-the-leg in the war. However, it appeared that Squirrel—Cyril George Henry was the real favorite. He once threw a most-frightfully-enormous-stone at her and broke a front tooth. She threw an empty cigarette box along B Deck to illustrate Squirrel's vehemence and hit a famous cartoonist in the face. This made her thoughtful. She mentioned, "He rather looks like him, I think."

"Like whom, Beatrice Maude?"

"Like," said Beatrice Maude, "him!"

Her nurse murmured, "Now, Miss Beatrice, don't be fanciful! She has ideas, sir. . . . You 'aven't wrote your letter to your papa today, neither."

Beatrice Maude continued her stare at the cartoonist for a moment, and then rushed off to write to daddy in Sumatra. Her rushes were just those of a calf, and her head met a moving bulk in the doorway. She was thrown for an easy loss of three yards and her bawl loosened knots of strolling voyagers. But her new assailant was a woman, and her affections remained with me daily from noon to seven o'clock.

She offered to come and help me get up earlier and rather fiercely informed me, "You'll have to be-much-much-much-more-punctual when you come to-stop-at-the-castle after I'm married to him."

"Who is he, Beatrice Maude?"

"Oh!" said Beatrice Maude, roping some of her hair into a circle to be applied to my left ear. "Oh, it's not been announced yet!"

Her nurse—a sour woman, really—sniffed. "It's the illustryted pypers does it, sir," and took Beatrice Maude off to luncheon

But Beatrice had picked her bridesmaids, and, even if she was secretive about her oncoming husband, she was good enough to show me her list of these gentlewomen. Their portraits, grubbily hacked from The Sketch, The Queen and The Illustrated London News, were pasted alongside their printed titles. There seems no harm in mentioning that the Countess of Ancaster, Lady Diana Manners Cowper, Mrs. Asquith and Miss Elsie Janis are included. They are all to wear pink silk with most-frightfully-big hats. A Mr. Dempsey, who is a most-frightfully-good prize fighter, is to carry Beatrice Maude's train, because daddy once won ten pounds on him. Beatrice Maude stands about fifty inches, but the train is to be borne very high so as to show the pink lining. It will all be most-frightfully-jolly.

But "him" She was reluctant and yet firm. I should know about "him" in due course. I gathered that there was some objection to the match on the part of Beatrice Maude's mother, who thinks her too young for "him." Still, chewing some of her hair, Beatrice Maude reflected that one might as well marry someone quite mature. They tucked one in at night thoroughly and completely. Youths never knew the trick of it. Squirrel, for instance, was utterly helpless about helping one bathe. No, her hand was well promised. I should know his name at Southampton, and, meanwhile, where were the rest of the chocolates that we didn't eat yesterday?

She had a minor alliance with one of the pages who had accidentally walked on her foot as she mounted from luncheon in the elevator, and to this oaf she confided an

Continued on Page 118

The Woman Said "Ah!" in Just the Long Note of One Who Finds the Cat With its Head in the Cream Jug

THE PARK BENCH

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

A LITTLE city park. Low shrubbery and spaces of green grass sloping gently upward to the fantastic balconies of old Chinatown at the rear. In the foreground the modest monument to Stevenson, and near by a green park bench and a lone man sitting in the middle of it, coughing. It was the first of May.

The paroxysm ended, the man sat up, gasping. He was about twenty-five years of age, good-looking in spite of his terrible emaciation.

One could see at a glance that he was one of the vast army of hopeless pilgrims that come to the land of last hope. Upon one wasted finger he wore a scarab ring, green, with a tiny diamond in each eye.

Up the pathway came a big thickset man of about forty. A strong man, wearing an air of arrogant good health. Opposite the park bench he stopped and looked the invalid over.

"T. b.?" he asked bluntly.

The sick man nodded, stifling a cough.

The Man Was a Coward. He Could Indeed Have Killed the Sick Man With One Blow; Nevertheless Withrow Was Afraid

The eyes of the passer-by continued their inventory. They stopped at the scarab ring.

"Funny," he said. "Never saw a bug on a ring before."

"Present to me," explained the man on the bench. "It's an Egyptian idea. Means good luck."

"Does it work?" asked the big man, and grinned.

The young fellow understood and grinned back. "Look at me," he said.

The bold eyes of the stranger went back to the scarab, interested. From the ring they passed to the man's hands. "Why," he said, "you been workin' lately, anyway. Hands still full of old calluses."

"Yes," admitted the other. "All last summer."

"Looks like shovel calluses to me."

"You've an observing eye. I spent all last summer prospecting."

The big fellow was interested still more. "Hard rock or placer?" he inquired.

"Pocket."

The other sat down. "Say," he remarked, "I been doin' that all my life. I'm the best little pocket hunter that ever slung a muck stick. I'm tellin' you! Put me on the side of a hill and if there's a pocket anywheres above me—she's mine. Mighty hard work, pocket-huntin'. No job for a sick man. But me, I'm strong. Strong like a bull. Shovel and pick are just like knife and fork to me. Never get tired. Pan all day and never feel it. Did you find anything last summer?"

"I was on a splendid trace." The sick man's face flushed with animation. "I was too weak to work hard, though. It went slow and I had to get out when the snow started flying. Here." He brought out a little bottle, half full of fine gold particles. "There's a sample of my last pannings."

The big man took the bottle and rolled it between thick thumb and forefinger. The sight of raw gold excites many men. This one began to breathe heavily as he watched the tumbling yellow dust.

"Great!" he applauded. "Where'd you get it?"

Now in the West that question is a gross breach of prospectors' ethics. It is exactly as bad as asking your dinner guest what his income amounts to. The emaciated man smiled. "In the Coast Range," he replied, and the big fellow laughed boisterously.

"That was a freak, wasn't it!" he admitted. "Didn't mean it that way. Just thought I'd ask. Thought maybe you wouldn't be going back again, you know. Mountains are hell on a sick man."

"I'm going back," said the sick man quietly. The big fellow patted him gently upon the back.

"Attaboy!" he said heartily. "Maybe you gotta bum lung, but ain't a thing wrong with your nerve. Not a thing!"

The heart of the invalid warmed. It had been long since he had heard a friendly voice. Sick people shun company. "You see," he explained, "there's a little girl. We can't be married, of course, now. But I'm going to find that pocket and make a stake for her. I can die easier, knowing that I was able to make her comfortable for life."

"Attaboy!"

The expression was crude, but the tone was sympathetic. The hungry heart of the sick boy yearned to share its burden.

"I had just left college," he explained. "I was taking up mining engineering. But the first week in the field a rolling rock smashed my ribs. I got a cough. Came West, but grew steadily worse. I can't ever see her again; not ever! But I can work for her awhile yet. Not long, but maybe long enough."

There was a short silence.

"Say!" said the sympathetic stranger. "That's hell, pardner! It shore is!" His eyes dropped to the white hands, twisting in the boy's lap. "Did she give you the—the bug?"

The sick one nodded. And again there was silence. From the green scarab ring the man's regard traveled back to the little bottle of gold, which he continued to roll between heavy thumb and finger.

"Here!" he said. "I got a proposition to make to you. You take me on as workin' pardner, see? You furnish the prospect and I'll do the diggin', see? Split fifty-fifty. What say?"

Another spasm of coughing shook the emaciated figure. When it ended the younger man sat for some moments, thinking. The hum of the city came down Kearney Street. The smell of burnt gasoline floated across the park from the indifferent automobiles whirling past. In all the West he knew no one. He was a dying man struggling with the world. He nodded, and the big man thrust out a hairy paw.

"Shake, pardner!" he said heartily. "My name's Withrow, Jake Withrow. You got enough money to grubstake us for the season?"

The sick boy hesitated. "Just about," he said slowly. "But at the end of the summer, unless we find that pocket, I'll be broke. Sick and broke! Can't you split the expenses fifty-fifty too?"

Withrow grinned and shook his head. "Poker," he said succinctly. "I'm on the park bench too. Ain't it strange what fools some of us are? Me, I just can't hold onto money, once I get it. Gamble it away, give it away—anything to get rid of it, seems like. No, sir, if pork meat was fifteen cents a ton I couldn't buy a squeal!" He waited. The sick man looked across the street at the police-court habitués hurrying in and out of the Hall of Justice. He was doomed and the world had passed him by. He knew his extremity. He was aware that without the strength of such a man as sat beside him he never could drive on and reach the pocket which he was sure lay hidden on that far hillside in the Coast Range.

Finally he nodded again.

"All right," he said, "I'm game. I'll furnish the mine and the stake; you furnish the muscle. My name's Roberts."

II

IT SEEMED a splendid arrangement for both, when about the middle of May the partners drove their two laden donkeys up the long, crooked loneliness of Barrel Gulch and settled for the summer in the tiny cabin which Roberts had knocked together the season before. Roberts' donkeys were familiar with the place and stayed close to the cabin, feeding upon the abundant range grass. Withrow took up the quest for the pocket with boisterous enthusiasm, boasting profanely that he would drag it out of the hill inside of a month—sure. Day after day he would go tramping up the slope, returning in the evening to exhibit the result of the day's pannings—a small quantity of fine gold in the little round bottle which Roberts had first shown him on the park bench. Roberts had placed his entire stock of cash in a tin tobacco box which sat upon the mantel above the crude fireplace, and it represented a season's stay in the hills. That gone, they were through, automatically.

Time passed easily for the sick boy. Interested in mines and metallurgy, he had a constantly growing pile of rock specimens beside the door. Some of these he was able to test out, others he put carefully by for future experiment. This amused Withrow mightily.

"I'd use 'em to throw at the cussed jackasses," he chuckled. "That's all they're good for."

"They interest me," smiled Roberts.

Withrow watched him catching strange insects and filing them carefully away. Plants, too, he was continually pulling up and putting in a case. Withrow watched these

operations with the tolerant, half-contemptuous amusement of a grown man toward a child

"What you goin' to do with them?" he asked.

"I don't know," confessed Roberts.

Mechanically he was following the trend of his other life, putting by things which his reason told him he would not live to use. Withrow insisted upon the silliness of it.

"I'd spend my time herdin' them jackasses away from the poison weed, if I was you," he said, "instead of foolin' with rocks and weeds and bugs. If that little stake of yours in the tobacco box peters out, you can eat a jackass. But you can't eat a bug or a bunch of dried grass."

Roberts ignored his petulant complainings and went on collecting as before. From time to time Withrow renewed his inimical remarks, directing them mainly against the pile of specimen rocks growing higher and higher beside the door.

However, the first real sign of inharmony did not appear until nearly six weeks later, when Withrow came in one evening, sour and irritable.

"I wish I had a drink," he growled. "Hell of a grubstake you brought in! Not a drop of booze in the outfit."

Roberts was a sensitive man and the insult bit. Nevertheless he kept himself in hand. "Never mind," he said soothingly. "A good hot cup of coffee ——"

"Bellywash for ole maids and sick people," sneered Withrow, and sat down at the table. "Coffee! And me workin' all day like a slave, while you're settin' out on the washbench, baskin' in the sun and playin' with rocks! Admirin' the dear li'l' birds and ketchin' bugs! Got one on your ring, even! Say, it's a good thing we got at least one worker in this here camp!"

"It was your own proposition. Remember that!" Roberts reminded him, trembling with indignation. "You to furnish the muscle and I ——"

"I been furnishin' the muscle all right!" interrupted the other. "And I remember some other things, bo. I remember you was holdin' down a park bench with the rest of the bums when I come along and picked you up. A weak sister, that's what you was. What show would you have had developin' this pocket if I hadn't come along and took pity on you?"

A duller red covered the hectic spots on the sick boy's cheeks. Once more he controlled himself, yet could not let this pass entirely.

"You've only to walk down the trail and leave the lay if you don't like it," he suggested. "Nothing compels you to stay on."

Withrow's hairy mouth opened for an angry retort, but suddenly a thought seemed to strike him and a furtive look of cunning shot for an instant into his eyes and was gone. He grinned.

"Maybe you'd be glad if I did!" he said. "Wouldn't blame you. I'm a rough customer with my tongue now and then. Always was. But I ain't goin' to leave you in the middle of the season. No, sir; Big Jake Withrow never yet throwed down a pardner. I gotta stay and take care of you. I made a bargain and I'm goin' to stick to it. But say, I do wish I had a drink."

So it was patched up, and seemingly the thing was ended. Withrow continued to maintain an attitude of affability. Casually, it appeared that he regretted his bilious outburst and was trying to make amends. Nevertheless, Roberts could not rid himself of the uneasy feeling that he had had a peep into the other's real character, and he was disturbed. Frequently, while they sat smoking by the fireplace, he would find the man studying him surreptitiously, a hard, calculating look in his insolent eyes. On being surprised, Withrow would shift his gaze or cover the moment with a few words of optimism.

"She's gettin' better and better," he assured his partner one evening. "I know pocket sign. I bet you we dig out a washtubful of pure nuggets. May have to follow her plumb to the top of the mountain, but we'll find her, pardner. Big Jake Withrow's after her and she can't get away. May take us until fall, after all, though." He flicked a glance at his sick partner. It lasted but a moment, yet in it Roberts thought he detected that same look of calculating cunning. "May even take all next summer. You never can tell about pockets."

"Perhaps we had better stick up a location notice," suggested Roberts. "If it should happen to lie over all winter somebody might jump us. But if our location is recorded down below ——"

"Aw, what's the use!" Withrow dismissed the idea scornfully. "Me, I'll be here," he pointed out. "Of course you'll have to hit it up for down below if winter ketches us before we find the pocket, but I'll stick. Don't you worry none. Nobody's goin' to jump this claim while Big Jake Withrow's holdin' her down!"

"I'd feel safer if we had it located and recorded. It would be more businesslike too."

"Cost us several dollars and a hard trip out to Seelyville. We can't spare the money nor the time."

"There's another thing," insisted Roberts. "We have no partnership papers. In case of—of accidents or something, how is one partner's heirs to prove anything ——"

"Now, now—don't worry. I ain't We know it, and that's plenty. You just leave it to me. Leave it to your pardner and we'll pull out of here pretty soon with enough raw gold to swamp a tugboat!"

So the weeks ran into months and it was near the end of summer. Nothing happened to vary the dull monotony of their daily routine

Owing to the lassitude that possessed him, Roberts never essayed the hillside, but contented himself with short expeditions about the cabin and with studying his increasing store of rock specimens. Withrow now merely looked his disgust over these avocations.

"How is she looking today?" asked the boy one evening while his partner was washing up.

Withrow did not reply, but took the little bottle from his pocket and handed it to his partner. Roberts glanced at it merely. *(Continued on Page 110)*

"I'd Spend My Time Herdin' Them Jackasses Away From the Poison Weed, if I Was You," He Said, "Instead of Foolin' With Rocks and Weeds and Bugs"

ALL IS CONFUSION

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THERE is no other country on earth in which the inquiring stranger encounters such a multitudinous variety of bewilderments as in India. Having consumed a fair-sized library on the subject; having wandered, somewhat thoughtfully, all up and down the main avenues of life in the vast and mysterious empire; and having talked with numerous interested and disinterested citizens, both British and Indian, I have about reached the conclusion that nobody understands India, or ever can.

Mohammedans at Prayer in the Jami Masjid or Cathedral Mosque at Agra

The British, who modernly rule the ancient domain of largely unmodernized humanities, and who have the unlimited complications of the Indian social organization to deal with, gave up trying to understand ages ago. At any rate, this is what a good many Englishmen have said to me. They have contented themselves with the exercise of a governmental authority which hitherto they have been careful to guard against the encroachments of Indian political development, as well as against all such entanglements as might result from a too intimate relationship of government with the manifold interests of the governed. And, as will presently appear, this is not a statement quite so ambiguous or so hopelessly involved as it may seem to be.

Benevolent Despotism

TO BE firm in the imposition of a benevolent despotism and to keep the natives in their place have been, from the British viewpoint, the fundamental requirements of the British position; and it cannot be denied that the policy based upon these twin necessities has operated in days gone by with conspicuous success. The main idea has been, however, that it was no business of the alien overlords to concern themselves with any of the merely spiritual influences which control all the really important currents in the life of the tremendous and extraordinary populace. Though in a way they have concerned themselves. They have concerned themselves considerably with the variously manifested religious fanaticism peculiar to the devotees of practically every faith that obtains in India, and have recognized the danger of even the slightest gesture of interference with such manifestations.

They have said to the people: "Go your religious ways in your own ways without fear even of special favor, but consent you to respect the edicts of the British Raj and to obey the civil laws."

And a good enough government thus detached alien government has proved to be for India's conglomerate and widely divided multimillions. A good enough government it might continue to be if it were not that modern events plus a somewhat extensive dissemination of modern education have turned the strong currents of Indian life into new channels that seem to be too broad and too deep for adequate control by the governmental riprap of a benevolent despotism.

A benevolent despotism! I think I should explain that in using the word "despotism" so frequently I am not intending to convey an idea of something to be regarded as specially reprehensible. I know the word is charged with the sense of arbitrariness and with a suggestion at least of tyranny, and it is therefore that I am careful to define the character of British despotism in India by adjective modification. I make use of the word because I can think of no other which so definitely emphasizes the absolutism of the system of government under which India has lived and more or less flourished for so many generations. But I do want to make plain my own conviction that, save in a few instances wherein the material interests of the British were involved, the benevolent intention in this system has always given it its main direction. And it has never interfered at any point, except for the maintenance of social decency and civic order, with the spiritual life of the people.

At Left—On the Ganges at Benares. A Moslem Mosque Standing Sentinel

A very interesting English critic of England's course in India quotes in one of his essays the lamentations of Job, and by so doing has placed me under an obligation in that he revealed to me a most picturesque and entertaining analogy.

When the delightfully and metrically melancholy man of many miseries was somewhat querulously but also somewhat majestically protesting against the raw deal that was being dealt to him in test of his spiritual integrity, he reverted with most emphatic emphasis to the days when God preserved him. "When the Almighty was yet with me," says he, "when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil.

"When I went out to the gate through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street!

"The young men saw me, and hid themselves: and the aged arose, and stood up.

"The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth.

"The nobles held their peace, and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me:

"Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

"I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

"I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame

"I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out."

I have always been exceedingly fond of old Job principally, perhaps, because of the forceful music of his utterance—but I like him best when he rises in his wrath to claim consideration for the worthiness of the life he had lived in the service of God and man; I like the picture of the stubborn old patriarch laying down before his pestiferous and irritating friends the facts of his irreproachable record as a righteous and philanthropic capitalist and autocrat. He washed his steps with butter and the rock poured him out rivers of oil, but nevertheless he was godly and good. He delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless; he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy; he was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; and, moreover, he broke the jaws of the wicked and plucked out of their teeth the spoils of their wickedness.

Aims and Performances

YOU would think, of course, that any English critic of England quoting these passages would be doing so for purposes of defensive justification. But, no; his purpose is to depict an ideal neglected and, in most of its worthier aspects, as yet unrealized. In a sufficient number of its manifold phases, he discusses the tremendous problem that the British Empire has in India; he traces effects back to causes in a measured consideration of England's original aims and subsequent performances; he weighs Indian political aspirations against the peculiar necessities of an alien and universally responsible autocracy; then, after having quoted Job, he reaches the conclusion that though the deliverance of the poor and the perishing, even in such measure as it has been undertaken, plus the Pax Britannica under which all manner of princes and nobles are held in subservient quiescence, may constitute an adequate compensation for the unqualified submission and humble servitude of India's millions, it is not in line with England's own modern idealism that Englishmen should continue to be so deeply devoted to the butter and the oil in their relationship to India as to find it beyond their powers of compromise to reconcile this devotion with their really sincere but somewhat hampering desire to wear justice upon them as a robe and a diadem.

And a good thing perhaps that this lesson was the aim and end of the preachment, because otherwise some

counter critic who happened also to be familiar with the Scriptures might have quoted against the preacher with excellent effect the reproaches of Bildad and the rebukes of Zophar to the end that the British Raj, which in this reference is personified in Job, would be convicted of wholly unjustifiable, not to say pharisaical, self-glorification.

But to get back to the bewilderments: I had not been in India many days before I began to wish that I had not extended the time limit on my pledge to myself to settle down on my own hearthstone and spend the rest of my life embroidering doilies. I wondered why I had not been able from afar off to size up a situation that could not fail to plunge me into a maze of fatiguing and quite fruitless speculation, and I was reminded of the story—next to the oldest story in the world—of the cub reporter who was sent to cover a great railroad wreck. Shortly after arriving upon the scene, which he was supposed to describe in extensive detail, he rushed to the telegraph office and wired to his editor, "All is excitement; can send no more tonight!" I was sorely tempted to write "All is confusion" and let that suffice as my entire contribution to the voluminous discussion of Indian affairs.

Bathing Ghats at Benares With the Dominating Mosque in the Background

Hard Words Explained

THIS confusion begins to bemuse one's faculties almost immediately. At the end of my first article, I believe, I left myself standing on the balcony of the guest bungalow at Government House in Bombay, gazing out across a beautiful harbor at a beautiful many-domed and minaret-fringed city. And even then I was puzzled and perplexed and was nursing in my mind a budding resolution to induce his excellency the governor to call off all other engagements for a brief interval one day for the purpose of sitting down with me in a secluded spot and telling me in more or less inviolable confidence all he knew about such generally incomprehensible items of human interest as swaraj, swadeshi, satyagraha, nonviolent noncoöperation, hartals, charkhas, khaddar, the Khilafat, the Reforms, dyarchy and the various persons and personages connected with the initiation and dissemination of the ideas embraced within these ever-recurring and locally inescapable terms.

To be sure, I knew enough about all these things—together with the persons and personages to be able at least to ask questions about them; but they were all tangled up in my mind in a mass of contradictions. They are all tangled up in reality in a mass of contradictions, and that is why the Indian situation continues to be more of an argument than a harmonious agreement.

Swaraj? Swaraj means and does not mean political independence. But whatever it does or does not mean, it is to be "within the Empire." That phrase is never to be lost sight of. What it really means is that the British are to hand over the reins of Indian government to the Indian politicians, then manfully consent to stand firm in the path of a very probable runaway. Swadeshi? That is not difficult. When you embrace the doctrine of swadeshi you resolve that you will not wear foreign-made fabrics of any kind. And it is a curious if merely incidental circumstance that you are not to be concerned with the embarrassing fact that your resolution hits New England as well as old, and Japan as well as the deeply detested white dominions and commonwealths of the empire. Satyagraha? Mr. Gandhi defines satyagra as soul force; and since Mr. Gandhi invented it, he ought to know. It means that you are to love away all opposition to your desire to scrap modern civilization and return to the simple delights of the Stone Age. Nonviolent noncooperation? This is a natural sequence of the satyagraha *motif* and appeals particularly to people who hate work and who are perfectly willing to love a living out of life if it doesn't call for too much of an effort. A hartal? A hartal is a one-day universal strike. One must admit that it requires some organization to put over a one-day universal strike in a population of 317,000,000. But it has been done—or nearly! The difficulty has been that the forces of law and order have usually found themselves inadequate against massed idle formations, that sporadic outbreaks of violence have ensued and that the main principle of satyagra!—love! love! love!—has failed ordinarily to operate.

Charkhas? The charkha is a hand spinning wheel, to describe which one must strain the true meaning of the word primitive. It was familiar to the Hindu households of the Vedic period and is the implement of industry which Mr. Gandhi sought to introduce into every modern home as well as every peasant hut in India by way of thumbing his nose at the mills of Manchester. Khaddar is the coarse cotton cloth woven on municipal hand looms from the somewhat lumpy thread spun by the devoted swarajists on the charkhas.

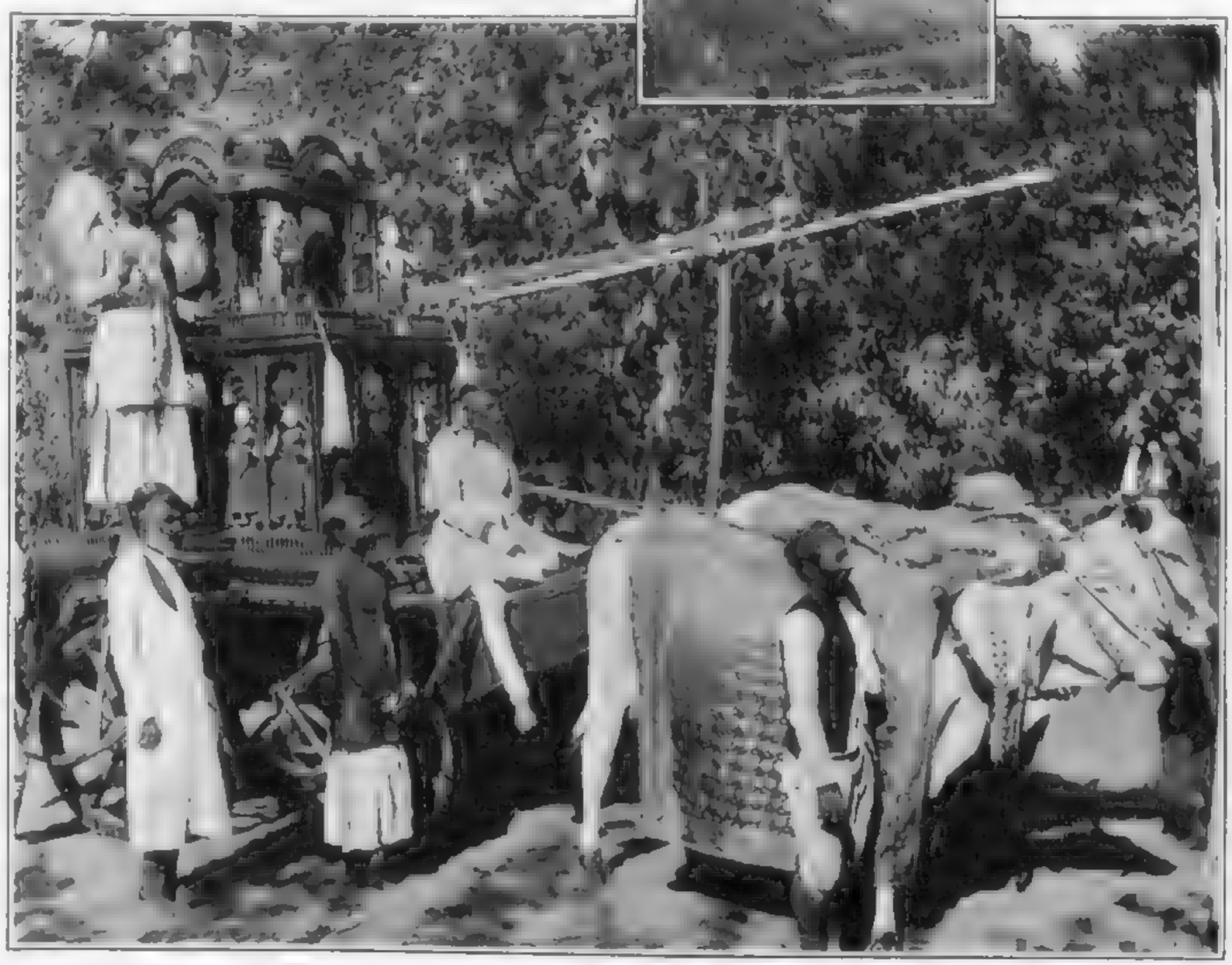
Other Catchwords

THE Khilafat? Well, that is something else again! One may not be light-minded in reference to the Khilafat. It is the spirit of Mohammed. It is the organized essence of that to which Emperor William thought he would appeal when he decided that by instigating a jehad, a holy war, he might be able to get his slightly overdone chestnuts out of the fire; it is that which the Turks have recently rallied to their support with what they must surely regard as fairly satisfactory results; it is that which Mr. Gandhi labeled "a sacred cause" and embraced with fervent enthusiasm in an endeavor to establish something in the nature of political unity between the two major and hopelessly antagonistic divisions of the Indian people.

The Reforms? They are what England is trying to do about it, and are expressed for the time being in what is known as a dyarchy.

Nothing could possibly have been hatched out of the Indian situation except a governmental anomaly.

(Continued on Page 50)



A God Carriage in a Hindu Religious Procession. Above—A Stately Bit of Architecture High Above the River Front at Benares

MY BOOK AND HEART

VI

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

NASHVILLE is the Jerusalem of Southern Methodism, not celestially speaking, but officially. It is the headquarters of the executive boards which control the affairs of the church at large. The secretaries of these various boards have their offices in the great publishing house on Broadway. What with the editors of a dozen periodicals, the producers of church propaganda, from posters and literature to be used in a drive for more funds, down to the leaflets and prayers sent out to be used in the various women's societies, the clerical population of Methodists is very large.

I do not know how it is now, but twenty years ago there were little islands of Methodists in this town entirely surrounded by the native population; suburbs no bigger than a man's hand, figuratively speaking, sacred to them. You might recognize these neighborhoods by the smallness and neatness of the cottages like good little homes in white pinafores.

Having written much about this church from first to last that was true, I may as well add this fact while I think about it: The salaries received by the workers are never excessive; quite the contrary. I have known widows who gave years of efficient service in some department who could not afford to buy a set of false teeth when they needed them. You must be saving of the very pins you used if you succeeded in buying one of these little homes, with two bunches of petunias in the front yard and a back yard large enough to keep a hen to produce the breakfast egg.

Early in the year 1902 we arrived in Nashville, and Lundy spent the last nine years of his life at his desk in the Methodist publishing house as assistant to Dr. John D. Hammond, who was secretary of the Board of Education. This was a blessed relief to both of us, like making a quiet haven after a stormy voyage. We rocked dangerously from time to time upon the incoming or outgoing tides in church politics, especially during the meetings of the general conferences every four years, when many officials and secretaries were in danger.

We continued to move frequently here and there in the neighborhood around the campus of the Vanderbilt University. I believe it is a Methodist instinct to move, and you cannot stop or abide permanently so long as you are actively connected in any capacity with this church. We started off in a sitting room and a hall bedroom of a house on West End Avenue. This place might have been mistaken for a boarding house, but it was more particularly one of the Jerusalem barracks of Methodism. It was filled with them of every degree, from clerks to a Western bishop and his wife. All diligent good people, living meekly according to the rules of our Discipline, which is a stringent book of laws on matters pertaining to Christian conduct. The only worldly amusement we had was a game called flinch, which was played with cards that had numbers, not aces or deuces or anything wicked on them. We did this open and aboveboard in the parlor, after dinner every evening, until somebody's conscience got the better of him. Then we gave up this game rather than cause our brother to offend. After that Lundy read poetry to me in the evenings, with the exception of those nights when he read Socrates' Apology, which must be done once in so often.

I suppose this would be called a dull life now, but it was meat and drink then to my growing mind. We had a sort of ritual made from all the great poets, and when you consider that these readings covered a period of nine years you will understand that it was a long ritual that we took in sections according to whatever mood we were in that evening. We chose Saul and the Grammarian's Funeral from Browning. Lundy used to work himself up to a fine passion over the latter poem, and I tried to be politely sympathetic. He would have read from Sidney Lanier's Marshes of Glynn by the hour; but I could never bear more than a short selection, because the note was so poignantly sweet and the imagery was too swift—every line an immortal picture of loveliness.

Lanier was the psalmist of the trees and all Nature in a sense that even Wordsworth could not approach. But he lacked the latter's stride in imagination. If it was a bad night and the wind was blowing, we used to get in something from Byron; big stuff like his apostrophe to the ocean. We frequently wound up with Intimations of Immortality as one ends his prayer with "Amen!" We took certain selections from Walt Whitman and left the rest out. But what we read of him was, I believe, the greatest lines of all. We read Edgar Allan Poe's Ulalume more frequently than any other poem, not because we understood it, or tried; but we felt it like the dark night of a great imagination set to music—sorrow made peaceful and terrible. We saved Keats' Ode on a Grecian Urn for very special occasions lest by repetition we might lose some of the motion, joy and freshness of that wonderful thing. Now sometimes I read it and think of Faith, whose life was finished in youth and loveliness, never to be changed or touched by time or sorrow. If one must have consolation for an immeasurable loss one can get it from strange sources never meant for consolation.

After it became apparent to Lundy that I might become a literary person, he was for reading Brownwell's essays, and Literary Studies by Walter Bagehot to me. But I was about that as I had been about learning my ABC's. I had a horror of pure literary criticism—all this time, mind you, I was reviewing books myself—lest these students of literature as a mere art should get some mental hold upon the wings and tail feathers of my own happy-go-lucky mind. When Lundy insisted that I must be well grounded in the art of literary criticism, and would go so far as to take down a volume of Walter Bagehot's works, I used to fling myself upon him and beg for a drop of Tennyson, a mere taste of In Memoriam or a few verses from Isaiah; anything rather than listen to the dissection of a masterpiece by way of finding out how it was put together, which would be the poor dead author's literary style. To me that seemed shocking, like the vandalism of ghouls.

I Have Seen Her Sigh and Lift Her Eyes Tragically as if She Called Upon High Heaven to Witness How Iniquitously Her Mother Had Spelled Such and Such a Word

This is a confession, not a boast. I am not made properly inside my mind. If I had submitted to Lundy's effort to teach me I should have done better work and more of it. I should have known how. Now always I must feel my way, go by sound and emotion to create a thought into the symbolism of words. But I also remember this: That it took me five years to convince Faith that she must forget every single thing she had learned in her English courses in two colleges before she would ever win the freedom to think in her own terms and get her own method of expression as a tree grows its own leaves; that a textbook on anything, from English to ethics, is only a manual of exercise by which one develops faculties and one's own power to think and reproduce thoughts in one's own personal words; and that any other use of a textbook is the same use a circus trainer makes of his whip or hot spike to force an animal to jump through a hoop.

Maybe this is the wrong kind of teaching, but after that Faith wrote Dora's letters in From Sunup to Sundown. They are as fresh and free and truthful as the happy heart of a good woman. I also remember that Lundy was not only a learned man; he had an original mind, brilliant and charming; but he never could accomplish himself in a book, though he had great ideas. I shall always believe this was because he had been enslaved by Goold Brown's Grammar of English Grammars and a frightful knowledge of how to scan, parse and construct a sentence in any one of three languages.

It may be that I inherited certain tendencies from a long line of male ancestors who lived and died in their cups; but what I wanted during the formative and growing

period of my creative powers was not accurate information, but a sort of rhythmic inebriation that set my own mind to singing and cavorting. I suppose I took to the intoxication of poetry and great prose as my forefathers took to strong drink. Still, it can be said of me that I have written a few sober thoughts, and that my ideas of God, life and love at least stagger in the right direction. I remember being so moved by the story of Guinevere in the Idylls of the King that I wrote The Son of Old Blood—not good, but one of the best short stories I have ever written, with no trace of Tennyson's great tragedy in it, but produced by the emotions his singing genius inspired.

If you have read Eve's Second Husband you must have discovered that the last chapters are written in a different key. In September of that year, 1910, Lundy passed away, before this story was finished. My power to think seemed to have gone with him. I used to sit at my desk with all these volumes of poetry from which we had taken our ritual, reading the same poems over and over. But it was not the same. I missed the cadence of Lundy's voice. I never again caught the lost notes by which my mind traveled in thinking as you march to a tune. There are said to be many passages in my earlier work that can be scanned. I do not know, never having scanned anything. But if they are there it was because in those years my imagination was dominated by the rhythmic measures of other men's minds.

I shall always contend that the best preparation for creative literary work is the reading of the Old Testament and the elder poets. Modern poetry merely pleases. The best of it is pretty, graceful and weak, if not actually decadent. All of it that I have read lacks the wide wing sweep of great poetry. For example, in composition Robert Louis Stevenson furnishes the best example. When Stevenson was a youngster, probably with no further plan than to pass the time according to some fine artistic instinct, he used to take a notebook and spend his days outside in the weather. He wrote pictures of what he saw. He sketched the beggar or the laird who passed him on the road. He wrote snatches of dialogue, maybe between two women or between a lad and an old man, without taking the trouble to introduce these characters. But it was so well done that the physical image, their minds and their station in life were perfectly clear to the reader. Then, without ending the dialogue, he dropped it; left those two people standing back there in the road behind him to follow the flight of a hawk across the moor or to set in a colored print of the purple heather blooming there. If the wind caught him, he put the wind in like any other traveler who overtook him that day. If the rain drenched him, every word on that page glistened like leaves after a summer shower. He had a collection of little green crisp verbs for this business

Maybe it was a bitter cold morning. Then all the former things of Nature stood up stiff and stark—dead grass, withered seed pods, the very ground spewed with hoarfrost. Thus he achieved a literary style with more active weather and natural colors than any other writer since Ossian's day. Every man is so clearly drawn that you feel his presence upon that printed page—and such men! Hearts burning, love and death meeting between them like warriors on a lonely road to fight it out. No conscience in Stevenson, the writer, no wasted powers in superfluous reflections to coach your moral instincts. He tells the tale gallantly, with all the spitting, sparkling truth of life in a raw, ill-tempered land.

It is no use to attend a school of journalism or take a correspondence course in short-story writing if you cannot produce an image and an interpretation of your neighbor stepping across your own doorsill. In that case you need not hope to create an imaginary character with the semblance of life, because you cannot do it. You are a dumbbell

But if you must write in spite of this limitation, a notion singularly persistent in people without the creative faculty, you should study the art of literary criticism. It is difficult, but usually mechanical, and can be learned. You may even become a current authority on such matters. This is a gratifying way of developing a sense of superiority over the few people in the world who really can write, and is practiced by many inferior persons. I practiced it myself for a number of years. With no more preparation than Puck had for wit and mischief, I wrote reviews of some of the best novels and many of the worst published in this country during that period. My method was to discuss a novel as one would discuss a certain set of people one met at dinner the evening before and never expected to meet again; I mean as ruthlessly and as freely as that. I may have mentioned the author's literary style, but this was not the main thing. The main thing with me was what kind of men and women he produced. If they were not proper persons I dealt as severely with them as we do with a brother in the church on trial for misconduct.

This was profitable experience for me, literally the only way I had of becoming acquainted with the different classes of people in society, these heroes and heroines on my desk from the four quarters of the world. But it must have given little satisfaction to the authors of these novels.

The only thing I can say for myself as a reviewer is that I could recognize a good thing when I read it. When Frank Norris wrote The Octopus I gave it a leader. A well-known critic was literary editor of a publication I wrote for at that time. He was disgusted. He wrote me that The Octopus was "as crass as green apples." Maybe it was, but I recognized the puppy legs of a great genius in it, and stuck to my guns. Shortly after this I wrote a review of Charles Kelsey Gaines' story, Gorgo, which I shall always contend is the best classical novel ever written by an American author. My review of it must have contained some merit, because nearly twenty years later I was invited by a Western university to be one of the judges to select the best essay written upon this novel by the students of various universities in the West. When you have done little good, and probably much harm, dear reader, it is natural to take credit for the good, as you would record a mitigating circumstance in a bad record, for I know now by my own sensibilities as an author that my work as a reviewer was frequently too smart to be kind or constructive. This is probably the reason why I have never patronized clipping bureaus. I can better spare the praise than endure the blame for my deeds done in ink. Let the heathen rage. I do not hear the noise. What they say of me or my work

(Continued on Page 127)

Lundy Was a Great Physician Who Could Not Heal Himself, But He Could be Trusted With the Most Delicate Spiritual Disorders of Other People

RÔLES

By ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XXII

A DISCREET cough at his elbow caused Hal to lift his shoulders impatiently and stride on rapidly without a glance. But Mrs. Attleby, fortunately unaware of what manner of woman he had supposed her to be, attacked him more directly.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Attleby in her penetrating voice. "Though I don't suppose you remember me."

Hal stopped and looked at her. She had witnessed his departure and Eva's from the shelter of a doorway across the street from the theater, and had at once hurried after Hal.

"Beautiful car of Miss Grahame's, isn't it?" said Mrs. Attleby chattily, quite as if she and Hal were old friends. "But I really don't believe you remember me."

"I'm sorry," he said; "but I'm afraid I don't."

"Mrs. Attleby!" she cried gayly, as if he would be overjoyed to hear it. "Miss Grahame introduced us once. I'm in the company, you know; and you're her young man. Oh, I've seen you often enough," she cried, "though I don't suppose you've ever noticed an old woman like me."

Hal stood silently, regarding her gravely, his hat in his hand, evidently waiting for her to finish her irrelevant chatter so that he might go on his way. But Mrs. Attleby was never abashed by indifference; in fact, she usually mistook it for shyness, and attempted to set at their ease people whom she bored. So she rattled on vivaciously:

"I can't remember your name, either, you know, though I never forget faces. Do you mind telling me again ——"

"Meredith," he replied unwillingly.

"Oh, yes! Miss Grahame calls you Hal. Such a cunning nickname, I think, for Henry. I don't like Henry. So plain, and so many people are named it. And of course Hen is even worse. But what I was going to ask you was if you'd mind my walking up to Fifth Avenue with you—you are going that way, aren't you? I thought so. I want to get the bus. I live uptown—and it's so late. And I'm foolishly old-fashioned, I know, but I do feel frightened when I'm out all alone so late at night. And they say all taxi drivers have once been murderers, or something of the sort. Do you think I'm too silly?"

"I shall be delighted to put you on the bus, Mrs. Attleby," replied Hal in a tone that belied his words; and at once set off with long strides towards Fifth Avenue, with Mrs. Attleby trotting somewhat breathlessly beside him, pouring out conversation in desperate haste, as if they were covering ground too fast for her supply of information.

"Have you seen the show lately, Mr. Meredith?" she panted. "But of course you must have, since its big success—or rather I should say Miss Grahame's success."

This slackened his pace a little. He even turned his handsome face three-quarters toward her.

"I don't think I know what you mean, Mrs. Attleby," he replied. "I thought Poor Clarinda was failing."

"Oh!" she shrieked staccato. "You don't mean to tell me—but surely you've heard! You don't mean to say that Miss Grahame hasn't told you ——"

"No."

"What modesty! Why, I never heard of such modesty! Really, I never did! Why, she's become almost a star, one might say, overnight. And you haven't even seen her picture in the papers! Or anything!"

"I never read the theatrical news. I was once an actor myself."

"Oh, you were! How interesting! But all actors read the theatrical news!"

"Not if they've become as disgusted with the stage as I."

"Disgusted! Disgusted, Mr. Meredith! You mean morally?"

"No, egotistically. You see, I wrote a play; and nothing can hurt one's vanity so much as having a play produced, I believe."

"Oh, quite so—if it's not successful. But you should see our little author now. He's taken a new lease on life. Positively! But I can't understand where you've been this last month not to know about Poor Clarinda. It's all been rewritten, you know; tremendously advertised and press-agented. And there are two stars—drawing cards, you know. But really it's Miss Grahame who's become the whole show."

"Eva?" he exclaimed, astonished. "But she can't act!"

"That's just what we all thought. But something happened. Something happened! After all, it was chiefly self-confidence she lacked, and —— But the house was sold out tonight! You ought to see the show again! You wouldn't know it! Oh, there comes my bus, I believe. Is that Number Five? Well, Mr. Meredith"—she held out her hand—"I've so enjoyed our little chat. I hope ——"

"But wait a minute, please, won't you?" he asked, detaining her. "There'll be another one along in a minute, if you don't mind. You see, Eva hasn't told me—I'm awfully glad—but ——"

His face was frankly puzzled, frankly questioning. Delighted, Mrs. Attleby let the bus—which she had never intended to take—go by.

"You are no more mystified than we all are!" she cried gayly.

"I didn't mean that there was any mystery about it," he said, frowning. "It isn't strange that a girl so beautiful as Eva should succeed."

Mrs. Attleby gave him a significant look.

"Quite so. A girl as beautiful as Miss Grahame—usually—succeeds—if she cares to."

"You Know What You Were Doing! You Know the Conventions Perfectly. You Did it to Humiliate Me"

He resented her manner, though he did not understand it as yet, and was sorry that he had detained her. Now it seemed to him a loathsome thing to have done—as if he were spying on Eva—picking her secrets out of someone else. Though why should she make success a secret? He was young enough passionately to desire to set himself right with Mrs. Attleby—convince her that he hadn't meant anything of the sort.

"I only thought it odd that Eva hadn't told me," he explained. "But, of course, I ——"

"You are absolutely right. I don't blame you a bit!" she cried heartily. "Any man in your place ——"

"But I'm afraid you don't understand, Mrs. Attleby—I'm not in any place. I haven't any—what they call rights over Miss Grahame. We are only friends, you know. And I didn't mean to question you about her, I assure you."

"You poor boy!" she exclaimed compassionately.

"Poor boy!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Beautiful car Miss Grahame has, isn't it?" remarked Mrs. Attleby with her genius for airily changing the subject. "And did you see her maid? I got her for Miss Grahame—a perfect treasure. The pearls she wears in the second act are real, you know—or did you? Everyone's talking about them."

Hal looked at her with an absolutely frozen face.

"I'm glad to hear of Miss Grahame's great success," he said. "Thank you so much for telling me, Mrs. Attleby. She deserves everything that is good and beautiful. Here comes your bus, Mrs. Attleby. Good-by."

"But that isn't mine! It doesn't go up Riverside. I'll have to wait for Number Five. Of course, you mustn't stand here with me, though. I'm sure you must be getting bored with an old woman like me. Well, it was a godsend to Mr. Carter. Everyone's saying it was Miss Grahame's money, really, that saved the show."

The surprise that leaped to his face was uncontrollable, though he held his tongue, glaring at her in mute misery.

"Of course that makes things ever so much nicer, if it was her own money!" cried Mrs. Attleby brightly. "Though it thickens the mystery, of course, too, in a way, because no one knew that she had money. But at any rate, no one can say—you know how people do gossip, how horrid they are. I've had to speak severely, myself, to several of the company who tried to insinuate—actually"—she broke into a laugh—"that it was Mr. Carter. That fat old thing!"

Hal's face was terrible. Even Mrs. Attleby shrank from it.

"Mrs. Attleby," he said in a choked low voice—"Mrs. Attleby —— Oh, how I wish you were a man!"

He turned and fled through the traffic, whistled and yelled at, with never a backward glance. When he had vanished down the side street, Mrs. Attleby calmly beckoned to a taxi whose driver did indeed look like a murderer—though not, in fact, so cruel a murderer as Mrs. Attleby.

The next night Hal saw Poor Clarinda, but he did not go backstage after the performance. And for many nights, while Gwynne wondered at his absence, her vanity intolerably piqued, Hal, unseen, watched her exit from the theater.

Sometimes she was followed by the author—a short, puffy little man—sometimes by one or another of the actors, and often she was pursued by the grateful Mr. Carter, who had never recovered, in spite of many rebuffs, from his delusion concerning her. But always she was whirled away in that chariot which was the symbol of those luxuries which Hal had wished for her and had not been able to give to her himself.

Each night he told himself that he would never come again to the theater—that the next morning he would go out to Wyoming, where he had been a cowboy on a dude ranch one summer. Each night Gwynne mentally rehearsed

the little scene of carefully cutting speeches that should punish Hal if he ever dared to show his face to her again.

Incredible—but in all her twenty-three years, with all the men who had made love to her, she had never known anything like that one moment on the stairs. Her pride bitterly revolted from the thought that she alone might have been swayed by that second of darkness and of casual contact with a stranger.

Oh, he should be punished for it! She who had always had so much power over men, and was herself so cold, would punish him.

But it is so very difficult to punish someone who neither calls nor writes nor telephones, and whose address you do not know.

XXIII

OLIVER'S house was set on a hill terraced with flower gardens; and in the month of May they were flaming bravely, for the spring had been early and warm. Below were level acres of grass shaded by fine old trees, and to the right one caught a glimpse of the river through waving foliage. While beyond, stretched out maplike, blue and green and unevenly patterned with white zigzags of road, was Midland—a toy city seen from this height, capped with white puffs of smoke, as the blue sky was dotted with white clouds

Coming out of the great, rambling, sprawling brick house which, with its many wings, had pleasantly outgrown its original architecture, Eva and Mrs. Oliver Sheldon, Sr., seated themselves on the upper terrace in the shade with their sewing.

They had become great friends during the long uneventful days since Eva had come to Midland so unwillingly. She marveled at her present feeling of peace and contentment.

All her fear and anxiety seemed to have miraculously vanished after she had discovered that she could evade Gwynne's friends and be left alone with Oliver and his mother—both so gentle, kind and considerate; so like old, trusted friends.

Mrs. Sheldon was exactly like the mother Eva had always wanted; like the mother in a play—almost theatrically perfect, with her fluffy snow-white hair, her delicate complexion unspoiled by time, her small, slender, upright figure and dignified manner. If Eva could have chosen from all the elder women in the world, Mrs. Sheldon would have been her ideal. She was fascinated by the beautiful hands that had kept so much of their youthful fineness and grace, the deep-blue eyes full of life and tenderness and wisdom; the finely cut nose, the proud chin, the sensitive mouth.

On the other hand, Eva liked Oliver particularly because he was not handsome. How she loathed good-looking men from her experiences with actors! How much she had suffered from their professional jealousy and unbearable egotism! Greek noses, marceled hair, cowlike eyes, charm in men she detested!

Oliver was tall and too thickset, square-shouldered, blunt-featured, and his hair was rather stubby. His eyes were no particular color. There wasn't anything in his appearance to excite comment. But there was such an atmosphere of splendid health and strength and cleanliness about him. His presence was masculine in the nicest way. It gave Eva a feeling of being protected, sheltered absolutely from every possible harm. He looked so solid. It made one want to be tired and lean on that broad, comfortable shoulder, smelling faintly of tweed and the very best tobacco. His hands were brown, square-fingered, with a firm, quick clasp—nothing lingering in their touch. How Eva hated soft, long, trailing fingers that crept at one's arm; beautiful eyes that glanced at you sideways, meaningly, flirtatiously! Flirtation was so cheap, so silly. Oliver's little-boy eyes looked at you directly, candidly. They were very clear. But sometimes they became steely, and plunged down into her eyes, and then her lids dropped involuntarily and she blushed for no reason.

Strange things happened, too, to her breathing sometimes. Her breath would go away too quickly, and come back when she wasn't expecting it; and tears always lay close to her eyelids, though she was so happy.

She woke up every morning trying to remember why she was so happy. But the memory had vanished with her dream—she could not grasp the escaping image, and yet she was happy all day. Sometimes she stood still in a garden path, the flowers all about her abandoning themselves to the sun, waiting, listening -for what? Expecting something; and the still, warm air, never stirring, not a murmur of breeze or a quiver of leaf, seemed waiting too.

But then those stupid tears! Her eyes would widen and fill with them at the most unexpected, inopportune, trivial moments. She lived in dread of their splashing over—of Oliver's seeing them. The ticking of the old clock in the great hall seemed to be measuring out the length of her happiness. The warm hours ran by like water. The clock's ticking was the falling of the drops of water—too fast. The day was over too soon. And then twilight—the soft, mysterious hour she loved, the hour she dreaded Tears would come then, she knew, and a nameless terror—terror of the relentless tide of life flowing away, ever onward and away; all the beauty of life, and all its briefness, epitomized in that one wistful hour.

Yesterday, just as Eva had always known that it would happen, Oliver found her in the garden at twilight; and as she looked at him the tears came to her eyes, just as she had feared. And he said, as she had known that he would say, "Do I make you so unhappy, Gwynne?"

And she could not answer—could not comfort him.

At the memory a bright tear squeezed itself from under Eva's protesting eyelids and splashed down on her sewing scissors. She wiped it away hastily, hoping that Mrs. Sheldon had not seen.

Mrs. Sheldon was much too well-bred to see anything she was not supposed to. But she had her own theory about Eva's increasing nervousness and varying moods. Mrs. Sheldon thought that it was all due to the loneliness and monotony of the weeks Gwynne had spent, with only an old and sad woman and a busy husband for companions; and that her daughter-in-law needed friends of her own age and youthful entertainment. So she said in her soft, small, gentle voice that never varied in pitch, "I am really distressed, Gwynne, at your giving up all your friends and parties for my sake. It is too sweet of you, but I really cannot allow it."

"I don't care about parties," said Eva; "and I haven't any friends—really."

"But, my dear child, how can you say that, when almost every hour in the day, ever since I've been here, you have refused invitations?"

This was true. Eva became frightened all over again when she remembered the many voices, as gayly insouciant as Gwynne's own, which had telephoned, inviting her to do things she did not know how to do—feminine voices and masculine voices; voices whose owners she did not know, but with whom she apparently was on terms of lifelong intimacy, asking her to golf, to ride, to play bridge. Her feeble excuse, first, of her own ill health—they laughed at that; Gwynne was never ill. And then the famous inspiration which had become her standard excuse, not only to telephoned invitations but to the even more terrifying formal ones which came in envelopes—"Oliver's mother she is here, you know—we are not going out at all on her account."

Eva felt guilty every time she remembered how grateful, how touched Oliver had been when he found out.

"How sweet of you, Gwynne," he had said, just as his mother was saying now.

Eva felt the shame of the honest person who, on doing a bad deed, is rewarded for a good one. Oliver and his mother were both so good, so truthful and sincere. It was horrible to deceive them. Eva suffered more keenly from it every day. At first her only anxiety had been for herself. Now, ten times worse, she was anxious for them. What would happen to their love, their pride, their faith in Gwynne, if they should ever find out? She, Eva, was making them happy—they told her so every day—only to add to their unhappiness when the disclosure came. But must it come? Only if she were selfish enough to ease her own soul by confession. Yet with every day the longing to confess grew more imperative.

She couldn't meet Oliver's honest eyes much longer. But had she the courage? No; she couldn't look into Oliver's eyes and tell him the truth, either.

So Eva was drifting, living from day to day—solving her problem in a truly feminine manner by leaving things to Fate, and picking up what crumbs of happiness she could; sometimes able to forget everything and be entirely content, at others stabbed by sharp pangs of conscience.

Mrs. Sheldon's voice reached her.

"I have been wondering, Gwynne," said Oliver's mother, taking small, dainty stitches in the handkerchief she was embroidering with her son's monogram—"I have been wondering when you are going to give me a party."

"A—party?" gasped Eva, quite taken by surprise.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sheldon, gently smiling. "I am going to be a troublesome guest and demand entertainment. Don't look so terrified. I don't mean an old-people's party. My friends can drop in at any time for tea and gossip. But I should like to meet the young people—your friends and Oliver's."

"But I didn't think you'd want ——"

"Dear child! I want you and Oliver to live in the present, not in the past with me." She was still smiling at Eva tenderly. She laid her hand on the girl's. "It would please me very much, Gwynne, to see youth and gayety again in this house. It has ceased to be sad for me now."

(Continued on Page 36)

"Oh! Why Did He Have to Come the Very Night I'm Playing My Worst? Take Down My Hair! What are You Standing There For?"

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 6, 1923

The Unknown Soldier

IN THE Valhalla of the nations lies the unknown soldier, symbol of those nameless millions whose dust is mingled with the dust of France and Flanders. But the politicians of Europe have already forgotten him and the cause for which he died. The "war to end war" is over and now they are talking of "the inevitable war."

Those who most insistently proclaim that war is inevitable are, first of all, the men who do or indorse the things that make it inevitable. For war is conceived in the stupidity of the few and made possible by the psychology of the mob. It masks greed, denies justice, and covers the blundering of statesmen in international affairs. Every question over which war has been waged for a century could have been settled by the use of common sense instead of bayonets. After every great military adventure the world, taking stock of itself, agrees to that. Then why not the inevitable conference and settlement before instead of after the slaughter?

At the time of the Armistice the militarists were thoroughly discredited. There was no talk then about the inevitability of war, but there was a great deal of talk about its utter damned foolishness. The armies of the world were demanding a lasting peace as the fruits of victory. The politicians were giving lip service, at least, to the same cause. But even while they talked peace they wove war into the fabric of the treaty.

Having done this, having thrown away their great opportunity, their successors declare that war is inevitable, and every parrot in the world repeats the cry. Heartened by the glad news, the militarists are emerging from their dugouts and getting ready for "the day."

We do not mean to say that there was deliberate intent to perpetuate the causes of war in the treaty. There was something far worse than that—shortsighted selfishness and incredible bone-headedness. With some splendid exceptions, the picked men who made the peace met on the plane of ward politicians scrambling for the spoils of victory. Even the League of Nations, that might have been an instrument for the world's salvation, was handcuffed to a treaty that discredited it.

As a quite natural sequence the old hate machines are being run out from under cover to harvest the abundant crop sown at Versailles and carefully cultivated ever since. It is true that battleships are being scrapped, but in the opinion of competent observers airplane carriers and airplanes would have scrapped the battleships, treaty or no treaty. The new fleets are for the air, not the water, and they are building fast.

Perhaps war is inevitable. It is rapidly being made so, but only because those whose duty it is to make it impossible are leading the world towards it through the stupidity of their policies. To cover insensate ambition, or greed, or blundering, it is always possible, temporarily at least, to inflame the minds of the people, to make them believe that their lands and lives are in danger from a nation that they have been taught to hate; and then to lead them on to violent action. But it would be just as easy by the same methods to teach tolerance and goodwill for a neighbor. Then when disputes arose the people could be led to an international court instead of to a battlefield.

The men and women who actually fight wars in the trenches, the fields and the factories do not want war. To assume anything else is to believe that men prefer famine to plenty; turmoil to security; death to life. But through their passions men can be dragged down to any depths. What then shall we say of those leaders who play on the emotions of their people to their undoing? If they would iterate, and the parrots would reiterate, that war is unthinkable; that international as well as national differences can be settled without bloodshed, we should be in a fair way to get rid of all this stuff and nonsense about "the inevitability of war."

Was there anything about the assassination at Sarajevo or even in the situation behind it to justify the slaughter of five million men? Was there anything about the murder of five Italian officers on the Albanian frontier, barbarous though it was, or even in the situation behind it, to justify Mussolini's recent ultimatum? Would the slaughter of a million Greeks and Italians in battle and the further prostration of both countries advantage either? Could any accessions of territory be worth the price? Are rulers and politicians who lead their people to battle over such things really thinking of the honor and welfare of their countries or of their own? Who gets the statues, the glory and the front-page stuff out of wars—the people or the politicians? Who sits snug and gets the money—the people or the profiteers? Whose fields are ruined, whose businesses wrecked, whose homes destroyed, whose women raped, whose lives ruthlessly sacrificed?

The people are always the Unknown Soldier.

Why is Europe willing to pay so much for war and so little for peace? She needs only to substitute economics for politics, cooperation for separation, to change the status of the League of Nations from that of a petty court to a great tribunal of justice. When she shows that she believes in her League of Nations and comes before it with her pressing problems, it can be our League of Nations too. But so long as there is a manifest disposition to ignore it in every question of the first importance; so long as there is this continued propaganda of hate, with its background of belief in the inevitability of war; so long, in short, as the League is not taken seriously by Europe, it cannot be taken seriously by America.

Many Americans who are most ardently for the League are insisting that some of our own laws cannot be enforced until there is a stronger sentiment behind them. That, of course, is the final and unanswerable argument against America's going into Europe. In the language of the race track, the League must be "meant." And that, too, is why disarmament below the point of self-defense would be as supreme an act of folly for us at this time as it would be for us to accept the propaganda of hate and the "inevitability of war" talk.

It would be a great thing if the politicians whose vicious planning and press work are keeping the world in its vicious circle could be rounded up in the front-line trenches during their next "inevitable war." A peace-loving people would shed no tears over a tablet to the Unknown Politician.

Readjustment in Wheat Acreage

THERE is lack of agreement on many points bearing on the wheat situation in the world, but there seems to be unanimity on one point. There are too many acres devoted to wheat growing at present, and with average crops the supply of wheat is in excess of demand. The war boom in wheat growing is still pretty much on. The world was told that wheat would win the war. Consumers were told to deny themselves bread. Apparently it has been taken for granted that wheat would win the peace. But in view of the price of wheat the victory of the wheat grower seems to be one of low returns. And the consumer no longer serves the interests of his country by self-denial in bread.

Wheat growers can hold fast until population and demand catch up to supply; or they can reduce supply to correspond to demand. The former would likely be a longer and more painful process than the latter. The real question is: Who shall reduce acreage? When the farmers of an area agree to cut down acreage some of them reason that since so many others are cutting down they do not need to do so, and plant as much as usual or more. This has been observed time and time again. A policy of reduction of acreage is agreed upon, and then some farmers try to beat the game by having a large acreage, to enjoy the supposed high price that is to follow crop reduction. Just now the several wheat-exporting countries seem to be playing something of the same game, unconsciously of course.

Argentina, Australia and India are not so much involved, since the wheat boom was not prominent in those countries. Acreage in Australia was not much enlarged, there was no expansion in Argentina, nor can India be charged with overextension in wheat. The wheat boom has been largely a North American performance.

Canada is a young country, still actively borrowing money for development, expanding in frontier wheat growing. We are passing out of the stage of frontier wheat growing into the wheat growing of crop rotation. The trend is not uniform, to be sure. Minnesota even during the past eight years has continued her evolution from frontier farming to diversified agriculture; but Kansas has been a backslider during this time. Texas, Oklahoma and Colorado have been leaders in the new splurge into frontier wheat growing, the war and boom splurge. In the census of 1910 wheat growing in the states of Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Montana and Idaho was reported on 2,493,936 acres; in the census of 1920 this had expanded to 11,285,625 acres. The hard difficulties in reduction of acreage are encountered in connection with frontier type of wheat growing because wheat is about the only egg in the farmer's basket, and diversification cannot be suddenly accomplished—even if permitted by soil, rainfall and climate—except at great expense, and sometimes not then.

Now if it comes to a show-down between the wheat farmers of Western Canada and those of the Western United States as to who shall take in a reef, there seems little doubt that we shall have to make most of the readjustment. Canada is conducting an active campaign for new farm settlers for her spring-wheat belt. She extends alluring offers to farmers in the United States. The land is cheap, the contracts of purchase and terms of payment are liberal, and give a long time for amortization. There is still a lot of good land in the prairie provinces, quite as good for wheat growing as much that is under cultivation, which is not the case in our prairie states. In other words, development is not so close to the marginal acre in Canada as in the United States. The labor costs are as high with them as with us, but other costs are notably lower. The farmer there has increase in land value to look forward to—no longer the case in this country, to the same extent at least. Mixed agriculture is easier in this country than in Western Canada at the present time. In the inevitable readjustment of acreage during the next few years it seems clear that we must take the leading part. It is time for our farmers to stop raising wheat for a speculative European demand, cease competing with lower-cost producers, and strike into diversified agriculture. Fortunately, according to all data, this is the best-paying form of farming. One of the injuries of the war lay in deflecting the American farmer from his program of rotation and diversification back into frontier tillage. A return to normalcy in this particular would be sound policy, technically and financially.

OUR INDUSTRIAL TOURISTS

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

IN THE early summer of this year the president of a manufacturing establishment in a small town in Pennsylvania called his star salesman into his office. Wasting no time in preliminaries he stated his trouble:

"For the first time in three years we are oversold. It is useless for you to stay on the road booking orders until we are in a position to deliver what we sell. We are shorthanded in the erecting shop. If you can get twenty-five men who are familiar with our class of work so that we can catch up with our orders we will at least talk about that New England trip you are so anxious to make a killing on."

That evening the salesman boarded the night train for a large seaboard city whose industries during the war had trained thousands of shipbuilders and structural-iron workers along lines of manufacture similar to his own. In the smoker he read news items in the daily papers about the acute labor shortage prevailing in substantially every industrial center of the country. However, he knew of no better port to seek, for manufacturers in the smaller cities and communities whom he had interviewed on his selling trips had told him that they were up against the same conditions; that they were short of workers and had been forced to curtail their manufacturing schedules. He was convinced that his one best bet lay in the city to which he was traveling.

The following morning the manager of a public employment office located in that city mulled through his mail for the semimonthly salary check, dusted off his desk, brought his calendar up to date, adjusted his swivel chair, and squared away for the day's work. Number One on his list of callers was the salesman from upcountry, who, like his superior, quickly got down to brass tacks:

"I want twenty-five erectors for our tank shop. Here is a schedule of the rates we pay. I want to take the men with me tomorrow night. What can you do for me?"

The manager lit his pipe. He puffed on it for a moment, struck another match, and then reaching for the schedule of wages looked it over carefully.

"Those rates ought to interest them," he remarked. "They will if you can reach the right type. Let's draw up a help-wanted ad for tomorrow's papers and see what it brings. We have a lot of orders here for men in the same line which we are not able to fill, and as you want men in a hurry you will have to advertise. Also if you want twenty-five men to be on the job at your plant a week from today my advice to you is to hire not less than forty."

"Twenty-five or thirty at the outside is my limit," broke in the salesman; "that is all we have work for, and besides we can't take care of more than that number with our present housing facilities."

"All right; thirty it is," assented the employment official; "although I'd like to see you take more, because the few statistics we have here show that hardly 75 per cent of the men hired these days can be classed as workers. The remaining 25 per cent—well, they're not looking for work. They are what we call riders. However, you're the doctor; if you say thirty is your limit we'll go to it. Be here tomorrow when we open up and see what the tide brings in. Here's suggested copy for your advertisement."

The next morning the salesman was on the job bright and early. Elbowing his way through a crowd of three to four hundred men who lined the sidewalk and overran the steps of the building he braced the employment official:

"That ad of mine certainly pulled big. Labor shortage? How do the papers get that way?"

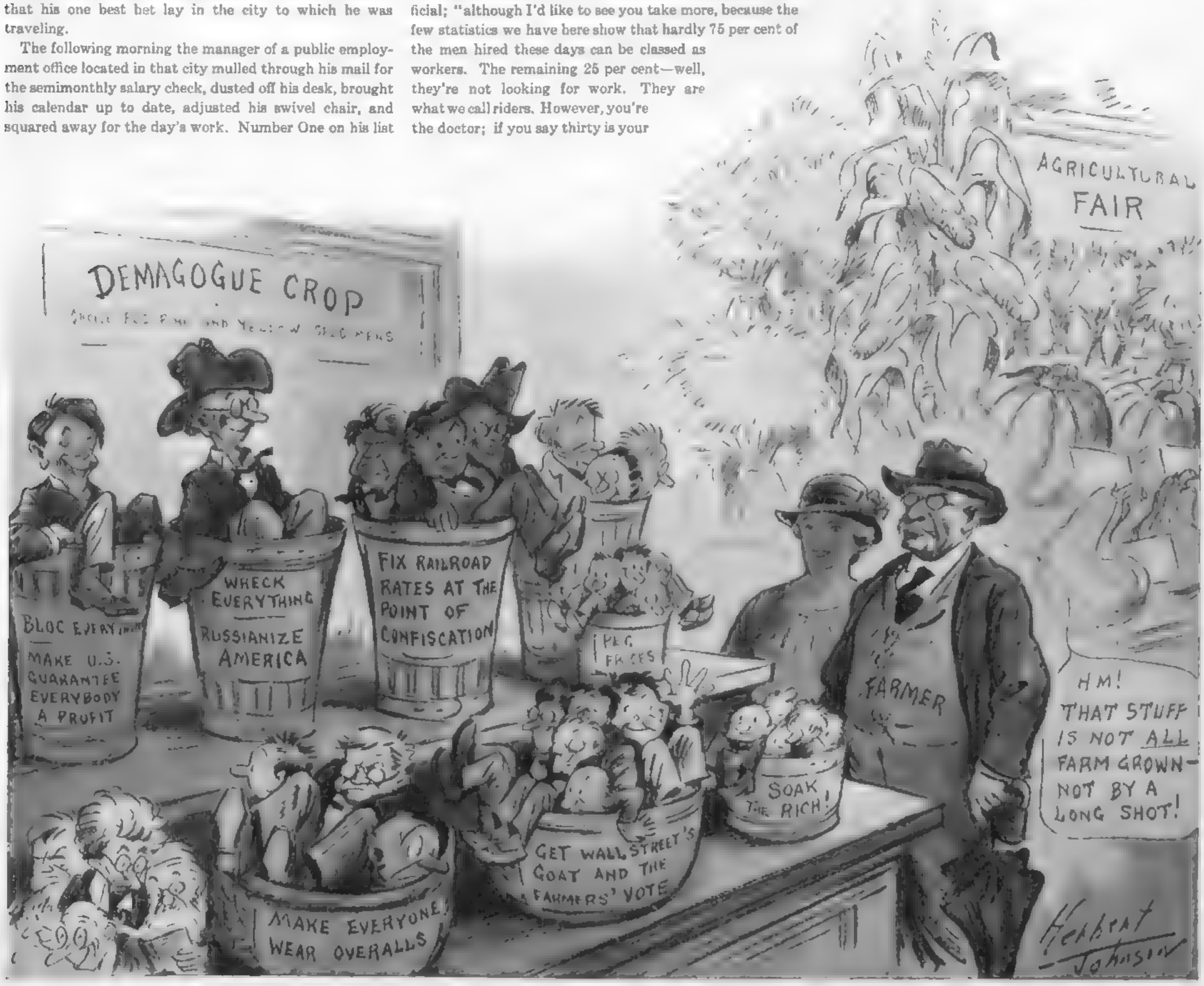
The official glanced out at the surging crowd. "Yes, it certainly pulled, but you had better put hobbles on those thirty men when you get them signed up," he observed.

Late in the afternoon the salesman breezed into the labor man's private office to say good-by

"I couldn't ask for better luck; they fell into my basket like ripe peaches. I have thirty men who have promised to take the night train with me. I'm going over to the station now to buy railroad tickets and send a wire to the old man."

Two days later the employment man found a long-distance-telephone memorandum on his desk requesting him to call at once his salesman visitor. In a moment or two a querulous voice came over the wire.

Continued on Page 169


DEMAGOGUE CROP
AGRICULTURAL FAIR
BLOC EVERYTHING
MAKE U.S. GUARANTEE EVERYBODY A PROFIT
WRECK EVERYTHING
RUSSIANIZE AMERICA
FIX RAILROAD RATES AT THE POINT OF CONFISCATION
PEG PRICES
FARMER
SOAK THE RICH!
HM! THAT STUFF IS NOT ALL FARM GROWN— NOT BY A LONG SHOT!
GET WALL STREET'S GOAT AND THE FARMERS' VOTE
MAKE EVERYONE WEAR OVERALLS
HERBERT JOHNSON

Grown in the Political Farm Field

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

As to Poets

From the Four Discourses of Samarqandi, Friend of Omar Khayyam, Addressed to Prince Abul Hasan

MY PRINCE, 'twere well for good report
To have a bard about thy court
Whose song may cheer the laggard days
And yield my lord his due of praise.
But when a bard is ill to hear,
I charge thee, lend him not thine ear
Nor pay him either silver, gold
Or brass—at least, if he be old,
For crows and owls are no whit worse
Than full-grown men who make bad verse,
And princely wealth is evilly spent
That gives to such encouragement.
For one long seized of man's estate
Who sings rude songs before thy gate
Unwitting how his numbers jar
Will never learn how bad they are.
Yet if thy bard be young, have grace
To bear with him a little space;
The fledgling nightingale must grow
Before he charms the rose; and though
Your stripling's rimes be somewhat rough,
In time he may do well enough! —*Arthur Guiterman.*

Six Characters in Search of an Author

Father an' Son

DOES your son skulk behind th' house or dodge in an alley when he sees you comin', or does he drop his playthings or leave his companions t' run down th' street t' meet you? Is he allus talkin' 'bout "my paw" t' his playmates, or does he refer t' you as "him"? Does your boy place his order fer a haircut, or a ball bat, or a snare drum, through his mother, or does he jump on your knee an' order direct? Is your son afraid o' you, an' how is your attitude toward your wife? Are you too great t' cut up with your son? Are you th' life an' sunshine o' some establishment an' played out when you git home, or are you th' director in a losin' concern, or have you got th' dyspepsia?

If your boy is afraid o' you, it's only a question o' time till he gits ont' you. Then he'll laugh, or tear out. Do you go home in th' evenin' an' go in th' kitchen with your watch in your hand? At th' evenin' meal do you make your little boy eat kale or spinach? Do you ever shove th' butter over where th' little feller kin reach it? Do you scowl an' bawl your son out when he timidly whispers t' his mother an' asks fer a second egg? Do you make him eat up ever'thing he bites into? Do you buy him shoes four sizes too large, an' tell him th' parade is all that ther' is t' a circus? Make a chum o' your boy. Show him th' difference between a jay bird an' a sparrow, an' how t' fly a kite. Make him like you so when he gits further along he'll wash th' car an' mow th' grass.

We wuz walkin' along th' street th' other day an' we came upon two little boys workin' on a pushmobile. Suddenly one o' them looked terrified an' said, "Beat it, quick! Here comes th' ole man!" An' they rushed panic-stricken up an alley. Lookin' down th' street we saw a little pompous feller comin' along wearin' a fierce collar an' carryin' a newspaper under his arm. His head wuz erect an' a firm chin glistened in th' evenin' sun. He looked like he'd jest put th' finishin' touches on a history o' th' universe, an' wuz all set fer a thick red steak an' a pot o' Java.

Sure enough, he turned in th' home on whose lawn th' little boys wuz playin'. Then I saw a woman hurriedly jump out of a porch swing an' scamper in th' house as he approached. He entered th' house with his chin higher 'n ever, an' through an open window we heard, in hard metallic tones, "Dinner not ready? You're a hell of a wife!"

We asked a feller who chanced t' pass, who lived in that home, an' he replied, "He's a credit man fer a dollar-down-an'-th'-rest-eventually furniture store, but I don't know his name."

—*Abe Martin*

Comment of a Country Editor

TALK of elevating the motion picture proceeds from two sources. Of these the most insistent is the producer of motion pictures. Other advocates of the elevation of the pictures are the superior folk who go into motion-picture theaters infrequently, if at all. The producer's obeisance to art is a build-up. He wishes to stamp his product with the insignia of class. It is the most subtle of all publicity. Reluctant money becomes insistent when its possessor can be led to believe the merchandise offered is exclusive. Superior folk wish to elevate the pictures because they believe they can, in that way, discharge a portion of the obligation to inferiority which destiny has imposed upon them. Nobody else cares anything about it.

The pictures are well enough in their way. They are keyed precisely to the tastes and intellectual requirements of a great majority of those who patronize them. The motion picture is a commercial proposition fitted to a human need. It provides entertainment at a price within the reach of all and makes it accessible to everybody. It is not art, and if it were art its clientele would be far too small to support it in the style to which it is accustomed. For the larger part, it gets its business from those whose social resources are limited. Its chief appeal lies in the fact that it affords temporary escape from the rigors of happy home life.

Broadly speaking, nobody who can afford a better car drives a flivver. Nobody whose social resources equal his needs leans heavily upon the motion-picture theater.

A great many sovereign remedies, social, moral and economic, have been

(Continued on Page 136)

"MAC YER FRIEND FRAE BUSTON MAKES ME WEARY HE THINKS HE KNOWS IT A'."
"HIST! HERE HE COMES NOW, JOCK, AN' HE'S IN A MIGHTY HURRY."
"HOOT, MON! WHITHER AWA?"
"TO THE CREEK, YOU CHUMP, TO DROWN THIS INCUMBRANCE."
"HE MAY KEN A POWERFU' LOT ABOUT BEANS AN' A THAT, BUT HIS IGNORANCE O THE WAYS O' NATURE IS MAIST AMAZIN'."

AND THAT'S THAT

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

It brings them home!

I hit a mile in Big League style
And round the bases roam.
Now Campbell's fame is just the same—
It always brings them home!

Every time it comes to the plate, Campbell's Tomato Soup makes a hit. It's such a popular soup that there are few who haven't eaten it. A soup the appetite remembers. A soup which tempts with its fragrant invitation. Every spoonful proves that there is one soup in a class by itself—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

What is the secret of this soup—so famous that just about everybody knows it and eats it! The kind of ripe, tempting tomatoes we use—only the juices and rich, meaty parts in a smooth puree! The way we blend them with country butter and tasty seasoning after a recipe no one knows but us! Taste its "difference"!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

RÔLES

(Continued from Page 31)

Eva pressed her hand. "I'm glad," she said.

"When my grief was new," said Mrs. Sheldon in a low tone, "I had my husband with me in my thoughts so constantly, so vividly, that it was as if he were still alive. But time took him away from me even more surely than death, and I rebelled against this. I was bitter. I said to myself, 'The saddest thing about grief is that it doesn't last.'"

"That—it doesn't last?"

"Yes. And so I came back here to renew my sorrow—that I might find him once more." She paused. "But I have found happiness here instead of sorrow," she said. "Happiness in seeing yours, dear—and Oliver's. Thank you for giving him so much. It's all I could ask for him, Gwynne—you and your love."

Tears started to Eva's eyes. She had turned pale.

"I don't deserve your thanks," she said. "If you knew ——"

"I know what you have done for Oliver; how miserable the wrong woman could have made him; how cruelly he might have been disillusioned. Because, you see, he grew up expecting so much—too much, perhaps—of life and love. He has told you, hasn't he, about his father and me—about our happiness?"

"Yes."

"There was never but one trouble between us," said Mrs. Sheldon simply. "We were too rich. If we only could have been poor together, in a little house, without servants. If I could have cooked for him, got tired for him. Oh, if I only could have given up something for my love! We used to try to run away from people and just be alone together. No use. If we went to the most out-of-the-way, unheard-of place, someone we knew or who knew about us was sure to be there. Friends and friends of one's friends, acquaintances and their acquaintances, servants and tradespeople and tourists—millions too many people in the world! We were never alone and we never had to do without anything. Our favorite story was one of O. Henry's—The Gift of the Wise Men."

"I know!" said Eva. "Isn't that the one about the girl who sells her beautiful hair so that she can buy her husband a watch chain for a Christmas present, and then finds that he has pawned his watch to buy a set of combs for her hair?"

"Yes—exactly. We were denied the most poignant moments of love—moments that only poor people can have. Gifts didn't mean anything, really, for we could each buy them without the least self-denial. There was only one thing that I could sacrifice for my husband."

She smiled whimsically.

"What was that?" asked Eva.

"My hatred of bridge. He loved it, and so I learned to play really well, and pretended to like it so successfully that he used to tell people I was a bridge fiend. I don't know what he gave up for my sake, because he was just as good an actor as I."

She laughed gently.

"See what you have done for me, Gwynne. I can talk about him again—even laugh! All the bitterness has gone out of my sorrow since I've come here. All my suffering has gone and yet I've found him again. Yes, it's just as if I had found my Oliver again in yours and myself in you."

Eva had risen. She was trembling, very white, and her voice shook.

"I can't bear it when you talk to me like that!" she cried. "Oh, I wouldn't hurt you for the world! But I don't deserve your love, your trust. And so I—I must tell you ——"

Her voice sank and died away. She could not force herself to go on, though her lips moved.

While she hesitated, struggling with herself, Mrs. Sheldon looking at her in surprise, almost in alarm, a voice broke in upon them.

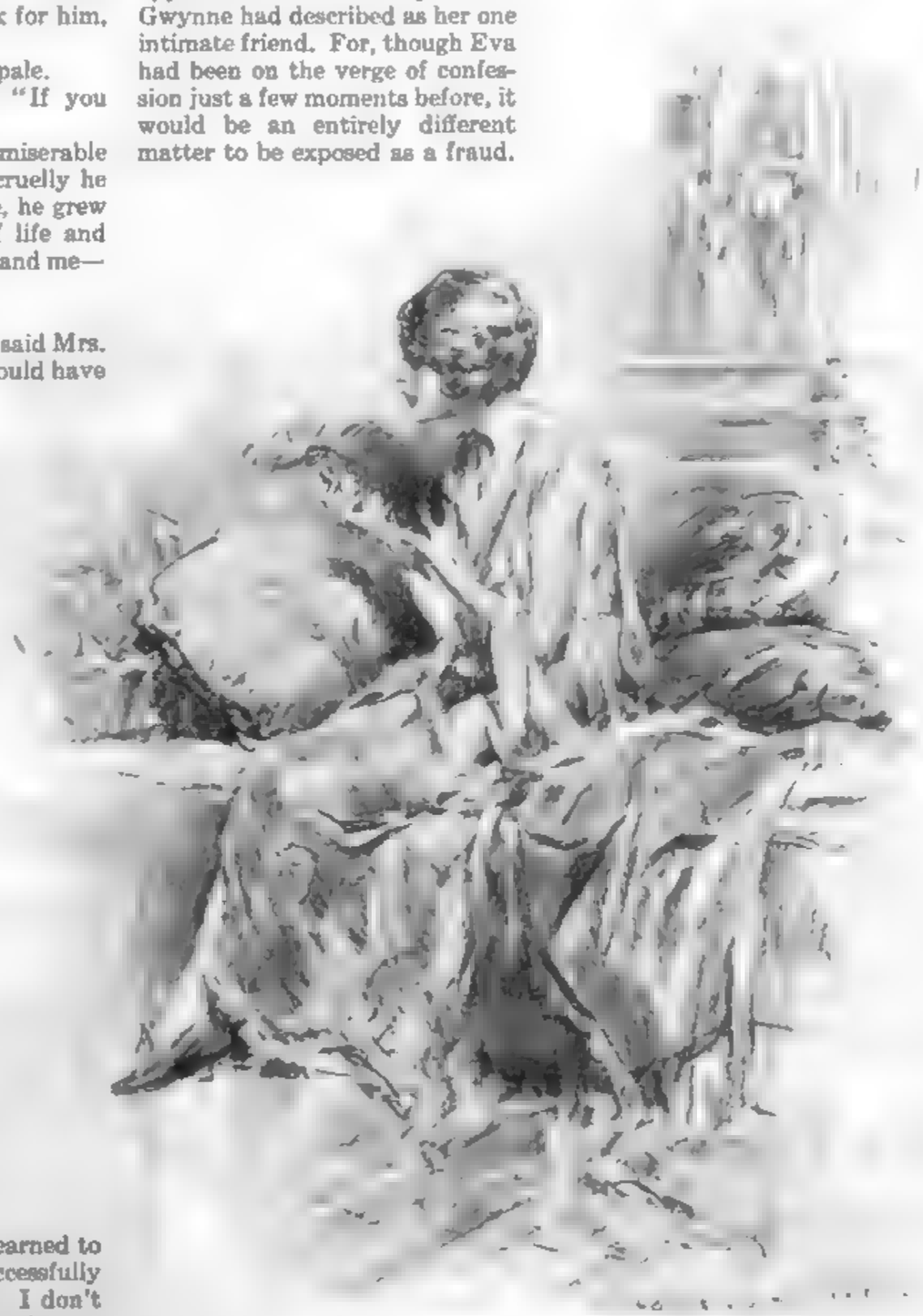
"Gwynne!" it called in gay excited tones. "Yoo-hoo! Gwynne!"

And there was the staccato of small quick feet on the stones of the terrace. Eva turned around sharply, and saw a tiny, overdressed gray-haired woman running toward her with outstretched arms. And the next moment she was smothered in lace and the odor of Aunt Fannie's favorite perfume.

XXIV

"DID you have a nice time at White Sulphur, Fannie?" asked Mrs. Sheldon when the greetings were over. "As good as anyone my age can have, I suppose," retorted Aunt Fannie. "I had a flirtation—sort of a flirtation with an admiral—retired, of course. He was deaf, but that didn't matter. He wouldn't have listened anyway. If deafness has to happen, it always ought to be to men, because they never pay the slightest attention to what anyone is saying. If you are young they only want to look at you; and if you're not they only want to make an audience of you. So they don't really need their ears. It's too ridiculous that women have the reputation of being talkers! I know I'm babbling myself, but it's the pent-up conversation of a month. Well, Gwynne, it's your turn now. How are you? And what do you know?"

She beamed fondly on her supposed niece, who remained silent, tongue-tied, simply petrified with fright at the appearance of the lady whom Gwynne had described as her one intimate friend. For, though Eva had been on the verge of confession just a few moments before, it would be an entirely different matter to be exposed as a fraud.



Alone in Her Room, Eva Graham Compared the Jewel-Set Miniature of Gwynne's Grandmother With a Small Faded Daguerreotype

She looked at Aunt Fannie piteously, while in her mind she tried to assemble all that she knew of Gwynne's personality into a tolerable imitation.

Fortunately, Aunt Fannie rarely waited for answers to her questions, usually preferring to supply them herself.

"You're looking pale!" she cried. "Why Gwynne! Is it true? Have you really been ill? I heard it; but of course I didn't believe it."

"Yes," said Eva faintly. "A little neuralgia."

"You've never had neuralgia! And what's all this I hear about your refusing to go out or to see anyone?"

"I have just been scolding dear Gwynne about that myself," said Mrs. Sheldon gently. "It's all on my account, you know."

"Your account!" exclaimed Aunt Fannie.

"Yes. The dear child thought that it might make me unhappy. But I've just told her that she's wrong, and that she must not give up anything for my sake."

"I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about!" gasped Aunt Fannie, completely bewildered. "Gwynne never gave up anything in her life!"

Eva, nervously flushing, spoke hurriedly in what she hoped was Gwynne's tone:

"Oh, dear! Is this silly old town gossiping about me again?"

Aunt Fannie shot a quick glance at her.

"You never minded it before," she said dryly. "But of course they are. What do you expect if you shut yourself up like an invalid or a nun or something? I heard all about it as soon as I stepped off the train."

"Gwynne has been so sweet to me, Fannie, you really mustn't scold her," said Mrs. Sheldon in a mollifying tone.

"Gwynne! Sweet?" Aunt Fannie almost shrieked.

Then, for the first time catching sight of the workbasket in Eva's lap, she gave another shriek.

"Gwynne! Sewing!"

"Really," said Eva in a bored tone, "have you nothing more exciting to talk about than me, Aunt Fannie? Whom did you see at White Sulphur?"

"Oh, everybody," replied Aunt Fannie in a voice that showed her lack of interest in that subject. Then, returning eagerly to the attack: "Tell me about New York," she demanded.

"New—New York!" stammered Eva nervously.

"We were only there a few hours, you know," said Mrs. Sheldon. "I wanted to come straight on to Midland. Wasn't it sweet of Gwynne to come all the way to New York with Oliver to meet me?"

Aunt Fannie, nobly repressing her surprise at this information, winked at Eva and changed the subject with an elaborate display of tact.

"Do you think green sandals are too young for me?" she asked, looking down complacently at her tiny feet.

"Certainly not, Aunt Fannie," responded Eva dutifully.

But Mrs. Sheldon's expression showed only too plainly, in spite of a polite struggle, that she thought green sandals and flesh-colored stockings vulgar.

"Oh, I don't care," cried Aunt Fannie defiantly. "I do hate to be old. I won't give up and be dignified yet. It's not as if I'd been a famous beauty like you, Isobel. People always say beauties hate getting old worse than plain women, but it's not true. It isn't worse to lose your looks than never to have had them at all! We plain women always go on hoping we shall be beauties some day. We buy new cold cream every year, and we think, 'Ah, after I've had that permanent wave!' Or, 'Wait until I get my face peeled!' We live on hope from year to year, all the time we are girls and young women, and then all at once—bang! We're in middle age! And there's no hope. And we haven't even memories to live on like you people."

"Why," cried Mrs. Sheldon, flushing delicately, "I'm sure I was never a beauty, Fannie!"

"Oh, yes, you were! And wasted yourself, just like Gwynne."

"Wasted myself?"

"Yes. I could shake Gwynne when I think—youth and beauty—and here she sits, wasting her sweetness on the desert air. Oh, what couldn't I do with your youth and beauty, Gwynne!"

"Why, Fannie, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I've been saying all afternoon—that I'm bored stiff because I'm middle-aged and plain; because I had to talk to old people, instead of to the girls and boys I'd really have enjoyed.

"What conversation old people have! Have you ever noticed? If it isn't reminiscences it's jokes! Then they cackle. No! I swear I'll never cackle if I get to be as old as Methuselah. Young people have repartee, old people anecdotes—canned humor!"

"But really, Fannie, I don't see what Gwynne has to do with all that. What fault have you to find with her?" ventured Mrs. Sheldon timidly.

"She never flirts!" cried Aunt Fannie dramatically. Then, pointing an accusing finger at Eva's blond loveliness, "With all that marvelous material—she never flirts!"

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Sheldon, the color deepening in her cheeks. "But I'm sure you don't want our dear Gwynne to—to flirt, Fannie."

"Of course I do—while she's young, while she can, while it's spring!" cried Aunt Fannie in a lyrical outburst.

"But Gwynne is a married woman!"

Aunt Fannie rolled her eyes to heaven.

"And most devoted to her husband," added Mrs. Sheldon triumphantly.

"What?"

"Oh, Aunt Fannie, please ——"

"Gwynne!" cried Aunt Fannie, round-eyed with astonishment. "Is that it? Does that explain the change in you? Can it be—are you, by any chance, falling in love with Oliver?"

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36

"Falling in love?" exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon indignantly. "What on earth do you mean, Fannie? A married woman doesn't fall in love with her own husband."

"The retort to that is too obvious," commented Aunt Fannie dryly.

Mrs. Sheldon looked at her in puzzled silence for a second, then ventured timidly, "But surely, Fannie, you know—you must know how devoted Gwynne and Oliver are."

She looked appealingly toward Eva, who took her hand.

"Aunt Fannie is only teasing you, mother," said Eva gently.

Mrs. Sheldon gave a little, soft, constrained laugh.

"Do forgive me for taking things so seriously, Fannie," she said. "I am old-fashioned, stupid, I know, about—about the subject of love. It always seemed a—very precious, almost sacred thing to me. But I know one should make fun of it now."

She rose with great dignity and held out her hand.

"I shall see you again soon, I hope, Fannie? I am going in now, if you and Gwynne will excuse me. I am sure you two must have a great deal to talk over together."

She stooped and kissed Eva's forehead and walked away with the light, firm step and the beautifully erect carriage that had been taught ladies in her day.

"What a cloyingly sweet person!" exclaimed Aunt Fannie as soon as Mrs. Sheldon was out of hearing. "Now for some real words instead of lady-lady talk. Good heavens, Gwynne, what's come over you? I never saw you so darn demure. And you don't mean to tell me you let her think you're crazy about Oliver!"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"Oliver wanted me to."

"Am I Rip Van Winkle, or whoever it was that overslept?" wailed Aunt Fannie. "You couldn't have changed more, Gwynne, if I had been away for a hundred years."

"Oh, no, really, Aunt Fannie. It's just that I'm fond of Oliver's mother, and she is too fine and delicate to hurt."

"I can't stand it!" wailed Aunt Fannie. "You are crazy or else I am. Which is it? Or is everybody out of their heads? That old fool of a Delia of yours—I really think you must pension her at last, Gwynne—she is getting too old and cranky. Why, she actually had the impudence to forbid me to come out here a while ago!"

"Delia forbade you?"

"Well, she didn't exactly say I shouldn't, but she distinctly tried to prevent me. She was hanging about in the hall when I came in, and I never saw anyone act so fluttered as if I were carrying a bomb or something.

"And what was she doing in the hall anyway? She's no business to be down there. Kindly imagine! She wanted Wilkins to announce me!"

"How—how absurd," murmured Eva faintly.

"Said you were nervous and mustn't be startled by anyone coming on you unexpectedly," said Aunt Fannie derisively. "That's why I shouted as I approached. 'Very well, Delia,' I said. 'I'll yell, but I won't be announced!'"

Eva forced a laugh. Aunt Fannie looked annoyed. She was accustomed to having her lightly flowing chatter greeted more spontaneously.

"Aren't you going to tell me a thing, Gwynne?" she demanded sharply.

"What—what do you want to know, Aunt Fannie?"

"Oh, do be interesting!" cried Aunt Fannie, stamping her foot. "Be yourself, as the youngsters say—and it's a wonderful expression. What's the mystery, anyhow, Gwynne?"

"Mystery?"

"Why didn't you want Isobel to know you'd been in New York? Does she actually think you went there just to meet her?"

"Yes. Oliver wanted me to—"

"Since when, may I ask, have you obeyed all Oliver's wishes?"

"Oh, Aunt Fannie, he's really been very good to me—very kind."

"I was right! You are falling in love with him."

Eva blushed hotly.

"I'm not!"

"Good heavens, it wouldn't be a crime! I'd be very glad. It might keep you here. And I can't tell you how I've missed you, Gwynne. I've been tempted to run to New York dozens of times to see you. But I thought I'd wait until —— Tell me"—she pushed her chair closer, looking over her shoulder, and speaking in a conspiratorial whisper—"tell me, Gwynne, what about the stage?"

"The stage? Oh, you mean my getting on the stage?"

"Yes, of course."

"I didn't."

"Not at all?" wailed Aunt Fannie.

"No."

"Good gracious, can nothing ever happen in this family? Everything fizzles out. Well, Gwynne, I must say I'm bitterly disappointed in you—when you know I have to look to you for all my thrills."

"But I didn't think you approved ——"

"I didn't. I don't. But that needn't keep me from enjoying it, need it? Did nothing happen? Surely someone insulted you at the very least!"

"No."

"Oh, Gwynne! Not even the tiniest insult?"

"No."

"And you've positively nothing exciting to tell me?"

"No."

"Then for heaven's sake, what were you doing in New York all that time?"

"Oh—nothing. I found I couldn't get a part, and so—oh, well, it was all very dull."

"I'm going home!" said Aunt Fannie indignantly. "You're as dull as your adventures—or the lack of them."

She rose and opened her fragile parasol vehemently. Her lacy skirts flounced about her small figure and her green feet twinkled on the stones. Then she turned.

"And I brought you a present too!" she cried reproachfully.

"A—present?"

"Good heavens, you haven't forgotten that tomorrow's your birthday!"

Aunt Fannie held out a white jewel case at arm's length, and announced dramatically, "The family emeralds. I got them out of the bank. I thought you might just as well have them before I die as after, and you always loved them so."

"Oh, but you mustn't ——"

"I meant to surprise you with them tomorrow," said Aunt Fannie. "But I shall punish you by giving them to you now. And I hope it heaps coals of fire on your head, besides taking all the edge off your birthday!"

She opened the box and, marching over to Eva, placed it on the arm of her chair.

A long chain of square-cut emeralds and small diamonds, and a pair of old-fashioned earrings with square-emerald pendants lay on the white-satin lining.

"Oh, but you mustn't give these beautiful things to me!" cried Eva.

"I want you to have them. I always meant you to, some day. So why not now when I can enjoy seeing you wear them? Emeralds are in style again, you know; and old-fashioned earrings too. The locket's underneath."

Aunt Fannie stooped over Eva, her quick fingers pushed the earrings and chain aside, and an old-fashioned gold locket, set with emeralds and diamonds, fell into Eva's lap. Eva picked up the pretty toy, and out of sheer nervousness, hardly realizing what she was doing, pressed the spring. Then all the color flowed away from her face. And she sprang to her feet, staring wildly at the miniature inside the locket, crying out involuntarily, "But that's my grandmother!"

Aunt Fannie stared at her.

"Of course it's your grandmother, Gwynne," she said.

XXV

ALONE, in her room, Eva Grahame compared the jewel-set miniature of Gwynne's grandmother with a small, faded daguerreotype in a shabby little black-leather case, which she took out of the bottom of her trunk where it had always accompanied her in her nomadic life.

Gwynne's grandmother wore a poke bonnet wreathed with pink roses, her gentle eyes were downcast, her fresh, rosy lips were demurely, even primly set. Eva's grandmother looked out proudly from her shabby frame with young, flashing defiance and courage; her lips pouted, her little, firm chin was flung up; her small finely shaped head was wreathed round and round with heavy braids of hair, her young, round figure was buttoned up tightly into a white satin basque, and a beautifully modeled, small hand held a papier-mâché dagger aloft in tragic pose. Yet in spite of all the differences in costume and in setting and in expression, the two fresh, fair faces were identical.

On the back of the daguerreotype, in faded ink, in a long, flowing handwriting like waving wheat—"To Romeo from his Juliet. Or, in other words, from Jerusha to her Jeremy." Jerusha had been Eva's grandmother, Jeremy her grandfather. That they had been great lovers, that there was something romantic and mysterious about them, Eva knew, nothing else. For neither her mother nor her grandmother had ever seemed inclined to talk of family history. Indeed, Eva had never been curious about it before. She had imagined her ancestors, if she thought of them at all, as a doomed race of strolling, homeless players, of whom she was the ultimate victim.

On the miniature there was no name to identify it, no mark to explain its curious likeness to the daguerreotype. The features of Eva's grandmother looked out at her, with different expressions from both frames.

But the most curious thing was this: That not only were the two pictured faces exactly alike but that Eva's features were a replica of theirs—Eva's, and, of course, Gwynne's.

XXVI

IT HAD been the custom ever since Gwynne was a child for Aunt Fannie to give her a birthday party. And so the next evening found Eva a most unwilling guest at her pseudo aunt's dinner table. She was more afraid of Aunt Fannie than ever since their first talk, in which Eva felt that she had not played her part successfully; but she could find no excuse for refusing her fondly urgent relative's invitation. However, she had won the point of having her birthday celebrated more quietly than usual, very much more quietly than Aunt Fannie liked, with a family party only—out of deference to Mrs. Sheldon.

There were only eight at the table, two of whom, at least, Eva was not afraid of—Oliver and his mother. She kept sending shy, appealing glances at both of them. It seemed to Eva that whenever her eyes met Oliver's frank, kind eyes, which warmed so quickly at her glance, she drew upon a secret fund of courage. That somehow he could and would protect her from the dangers lurking in Aunt Fannie's sharp tongue and quickly darting questions, and in the conversation of her dinner partner, who, it seemed, had known Gwynne since childhood, and was in fact a distant cousin.

This individual, bored and pale, with such shiningly groomed blond hair that he resembled a canary, languidly divided his duty between his food and Eva, as if both caused him equal martyrdom.

He poked at Aunt Fannie's truly wonderful food with a negligent fork, he chewed as if someone else were guilty of the vulgarity of the act, he took grudging sips of Aunt Fannie's pre-prohibition champagne as if it were cider; and he talked to Eva in much the same manner. Indeed, it was plainly apparent that Cousin Edmond would have disliked Cousin Gwynne heartily, if it had been in his nature to be hearty about anything.

Malicious mischief had caused Aunt Fannie to invite him, and to put him next to Gwynne. He hadn't been in Aunt Fannie's house—by invitation—for years; she detested him. But she knew that Gwynne shared her feeling, and she wanted to punish her niece for her queer, stupid, stiff behavior. Also, she hoped to rouse Gwynne by this counterirritant, something in the nature of a mustard plaster. There might be an amusing scene between insultingly languid Edmond and high-spirited—at least once high-spirited—Gwynne. But to Aunt Fannie's dismay and anger she saw Gwynne actually trying to ingratiate herself with the man. Answering him timidly, meekly. Humbly enduring his patronage.

"And what were you doing in New York for so long, Cousin Gwynne? May I ask? Or is that indiscreet?" he drawled, in his curiously penetrating soft voice. And he turned a sideling glance, as deliberately bored as a yawn, over the white shoulders and lovely bare arm beside him.

Eva wore the family emeralds—at Aunt Fannie's request—and a frock of white crêpe de chine, embroidered with bands of brilliant green silk mushrooms. She raised her very blue, candid eyes to Cousin Edmond's pale face.

"Oh, I was just shopping," she said lightly, gathering courage from Oliver's eyes, which were watching her. "Do you like this dress, Cousin Edmond?"

He disdained it with a glance.

"Stun-ning," he declared with resignation. "But does it take months to select a frock?"

"No, I have several," replied Eva, smiling across the table at Oliver.

His eyes flew to meet hers. Their glances merged quick and warm. Like a handclasp. Like an embrace.

Eva colored. Her eyes dropped.

Cousin Edmond, who, under his languid lids, observed everything, commented softly: "I say, Gwynne, isn't it fearfully bad form to flirt with your husband?"

"I? Flirting?" she stammered, deeply confused, deeply blushing. "Oh. But I wasn't!"

"My de-ar!" cried the dark, vivacious, full-breasted woman, in the late thirties, who was Cousin Edmond's wife. "Where! Oh, tell me *where* did you learn that simply en-chanting trick?"

"Trick?"

"Blushing like that! I've tried and *tried!*" exclaimed the lady, who always spoke in italics. "I simply can't do it. Nev-er could. No matter how hor-ribly I'm embarrassed. I read how to do it once, in some woman's magazine. You drop your handkerchief on purpose, and bend over quite suddenly to get it, and then you are supposed to come up all flushed and girlish. But it never worked for me. Nev-er! Some perfectly horrid man always picked up my handkerchief first, you see!"

Her husband shot an ironic glance at her.

"Chivalry is not dead," he murmured in a voice like a yawn.

"Oh, I know you are tired of all my little stories, Edmond," she retorted. "But I never heard of any wife, except Scheherazade, who could amuse her husband continually. How do you manage, Gwynne?"

"Do I?" asked Eva, and she could not help looking toward Oliver quickly; while, quite unbidden, a little secret smile dimpled the corner of her mouth.

"It's simply disgusting—Oliver's devotion!" cried Cousin Edmond's wife. "I haven't been able to make him look at me once all evening." She pouted. "I think you are appallingly rude, Oliver. Don't you know that I'm considered a fascinating woman?"

Reluctantly Oliver tore his eyes away from Eva and dutifully made the proper response. Eva was left alone, with a curious sinking feeling, and Cousin Edmond.

"Is it true, Gwynne, that you have resigned or been expelled from that frightful amateur dramatic society of yours—what was its absurd name? I hope so. I'm fearfully glad. I remember I sat through twelve or fifteen scenes of some poetic drama for your sake, you know—yes, it was all in blank verse, and I think your hair was hanging down, wasn't it? Tell me, is it true, what they say, that the club was only created as an excuse for your wonderful hair to hang down in public, Cousin Gwynne?"

"Which of your questions would you like me to answer first?" said Eva pleasantly.

"Those frightful bores in your club are simply furious at you now, dear child," he murmured.

"Really?"

"The whole town is dreadfully incensed," he declared with satisfaction. "I dare say, though, that that is exactly what you wanted."

"Why should I?"

"Well—it gives one a certain amount of notoriety to be hated."

"Ah!" said Aunt Fannie, on his other side. "Have you discovered that, dear Edmond?"

He looked at her blandly.

"But I am loved," he said. "At least by all the ladies, dear Aunt Fannie."

Then turning back to Eva: "Charming, family parties, aren't they?" he said. "What a brilliant idea of yours, Gwynne, to have one. Doesn't it stir one's better nature to look down a whole expanse of tablecloth and not be able to see one soul who is not a relation or relation-in-law?"

"I think both are nice," said Eva staunchly.

"Can the leopardess change her spots? And do you think I am nice? I, too, Gwynne?"

"I think—you could be if you wanted to."

"But you've never given me the slightest encouragement before."

Oliver shot a quick glance across the table. It was plain that he was only listening with one ear to his vivacious neighbor. Eva smiled at him shyly.

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

"I refuse," said Cousin Edmond, "I positively refuse to talk to any woman who looks at another man while I am speaking especially her husband. That is the deadliest insult, really. It is exactly as if you should begin a telephone conversation, Gwynne, while I was making love to you."

"I can't imagine your making love to anyone," said Eva honestly.

"I shall have to stimulate your imagination some day," he said in a weary voice. "But not here. Not over food. And surrounded by family! If you are so keenly interested in me, Gwynne, why did you refuse to see me in New York?"

"Did I?"

"Of course. We called, Claire and I. But Delia sent us away. Was it because I was with Claire? Would you have seen me if I had been alone? Ah, now I realize what Chekhov meant when he said—pardon a literary allusion, won't you, but it's quite all right this year if it's Russian—Chekhov said: 'Going to Paris with one's wife is like going to Tula with one's samovar.' Tula is where they make samovars, you know."

"Oh, I see," said Eva. "But suppose one really liked one's own samovar best?"

"Possibly at home. But not in Tula, where there are heaps of jolly, bright new ones"

"Then how do you account for people's fondness for antiques?"

"Oh, but it's always in other people's shops that they like to discover them."

"I am not like that," said Eva. "I love—what belongs to me."

At her own words, spoken lightly, a sudden, sharp pang seemed to contract her heart. She looked toward Oliver, and away again quickly. Cousin Edmond's eyelids flickered with displeasure.

"I am a most assiduous flirt," he announced languidly. "But I see that my talents are being wasted."

He turned toward Aunt Fannie.

"Tell me, dear Aunt Fannie," he said, "who is the ancient gentleman who is devoting himself to Mrs. Sheldon with such courtly gallantry—whenever he can spare a moment from his plate?"

"That is your Great-uncle Andrew, Edmond," replied Aunt Fannie dryly.

"Oh, really? How amusing! I have so many uncles and aunts that I really cannot remember all of them."

"How flattering of you to remember me!"

"But, of course, you are quite unforgetable, Aunt Fannie. You do such original things. Like this party, for example. I can't tell you how quaint it seems to look about at one's ancestors. And it is such an example to one—of what not to become. I have been away from Midland the greater part of my life—fortunately—so you will have to tell me all the interesting things about our family—for I can't believe that you and I don't belong to an interesting family. Is this gentleman, whom you say is my great-uncle, anyone of any particular importance?"

"Apart from the distinction of being your uncle?"

"Quite so."

"Well, poor Andrew is noted chiefly now for a great appetite, but, once, for a great love."

"Scandal? Do tell me. I adore family skeletons. And I never knew we had any. It raises us in rank, doesn't it, like a hereditary ghost? Listen, Gwynne, we have a skeleton. It is rattling away inside that very stout old boy at the other end of the table."

"It isn't a scandal at all," said Aunt Fannie. "He was only disappointed in love; and that, I believe, is considered most respectable. It was your grandmother's sister, Jerusha, you know, Gwynne. But I forgot. You are not interested in family history "

"Oh, but I am!" cried Eva Grahame. "Do tell me all about it!"

"There's really nothing more to tell," said Aunt Fannie. "She ran away and married someone else, and that is what kept poor Andrew a bachelor the rest of his life. At least, that is what he claims. But it is rather absurd to pretend that a broken heart could last over fifty years—especially with that appetite."

Eva looked toward the gentleman whom they were discussing, and he smiled at her; and then turned to Mrs. Sheldon with a sigh.

"Ah! How much Gwynne resembles Jerusha," he said. "Isn't it curious how much more like her great-aunt she is than like her grandmother?"

"But my dear Andrew, if she is like one she is exactly like the other."

"Isobel! I am disappointed in you. I thought you had more fineness of vision—more subtlety. Oh, of course, I know there were people who said they couldn't tell them apart; but good heavens, that was absurd. I'd have known Jerusha anywhere."

"Tell me," said Mrs. Sheldon gently. "Did you ever hear—could you ever find out what became of her?"

"Never," he said sadly. "It wasn't my place—I had no right. I couldn't follow her —— She starved in some garret with that fellow, no doubt. You know, I suppose, that her father refused to have anything more to do with her?"

"Yes. I'd heard."

"Poor Jerusha! I think, perhaps, she couldn't love me because I'd always loved her, because we grew up together. At any rate, I like to console my vanity by thinking that she could only be attracted by what was new and strange and—forbidden. If only her parents could have had sense enough not to forbid her that rascal!"

"Was he a rascal?"

"I really don't know. I really know nothing at all about him. I like to call him a rascal because he took Jerusha away from me."

"Yes, that is very natural."

"And yet—while I've always called him the worst names I could think of, Isobel—always, always I've been hoping they weren't true."

"Yes, dear Andrew. I understand."

"Isobel, I've waked up at night—many a night—years after it happened—yes, even after I was old—and thought of Jerusha—in want. Hungry perhaps. Nobody knows what I have suffered."

And valiantly he attacked the meringue glacé before him, and devoured six petits-fours in noble silence.

"Do look at Gwynne," Edmond was murmuring to Aunt Fannie. "She's gazing at Oliver again. Don't you think it is positively indecent to display one's happiness in that brazen manner? And how very curious that I should have heard a rumor, just the other day, that they were to be divorced "

"Who told you anything of the sort?"

"Really, Aunt Fannie, I am a man of honor. I never betray my accomplice in gossip. But, of course, you would know if there was anything in it. Perhaps they have reconsidered, and this is a second honeymoon? How insufferably boring."

"Dearest Gwynne!" Cousin Edmond's wife squeezed up close to Eva as they went into the drawing-room. "I am so glad you and Oliver have made it up."

"But Oliver and I never quarrel," replied Eva with a gleam of mischief.

Oliver heard his name, and came over to them.

"Are you talking about me, Gwynne?" he asked, his face lighting up with happiness.

He was leaning over her chair—and again their eyes met in that quick warm look that was like a handclasp.

"I say, Aunt Fannie," said Edmond in a worried tone, "I hope we are going to have a little bridge. It would be simply too ghastly to sit about and do family chit-chat—like a reunion at the old home farm."

"Of course we shall play bridge," replied Aunt Fannie. "Isobel is a perfect fiend, you know. I should never dare invite Isobel unless we were having bridge."

Mrs. Sheldon looked at Eva and smiled.

"Gwynne is rather an auction hound herself," said Cousin Edmond, cheering up. "I say, Gwynne, shall we take on Aunt Fannie and Oliver at—what? What do you play for, Oliver?"

"Anything you like."

"Oh, really? But that's very nice of you. I always win, you know. You don't mind, Aunt Fannie, my arranging the tables for you? It's too stupid to cut for partners. One usually gets one's wife."

"I feel flattered that you are including me at your table, Edmond," replied Aunt Fannie dryly.

"Oh, to play against! We aren't going to pivot. I hate that. Just as you've adapted yourself to one partner's mistakes, to have to learn a new set from another partner! Hideous! And don't let's have any of that nonsense about changing tables, either. It's too womanish. I like to play straight through an evening with one partner against the same two opponents."

"I thought this was Gwynne's party," murmured Aunt Fannie, *sotto voce*.

"Well!" cried Edmond in an injured tone. "Am I not arranging things so that Gwynne will have the best possible time?"

"I remember at children's parties," mused Aunt Fannie, "you always chose the games, Edmond, and it was always you who cut the cake—no matter whose birthday it was."

"But I have a flair for that sort of thing, Aunt Fannie. That's why we are invited everywhere, Claire and I. Because I can always be depended on to make a go of a party."

"Thanks so much for your efforts on my behalf."

"Oh, don't mention it. Come, Gwynne. Let's get at it."

Edmond was transformed, eager, quite a different creature from the blasé man of the dinner table.

Eva, who had been looking more and more frightened ever since the subject of bridge was introduced—for she didn't know the game at all—now protested timidly.

"But, Cousin Edmond, I—I really don't believe I shall play—if you don't mind."

"Not play!" he cried, astounded.

"No, I—I really don't think I want to—this evening."

"How perfectly grotesque! I thought you were mad about bridge. Besides, you've got to play."

"Of course you must, Gwynne!" exclaimed the outraged hostess. "It will break up the two tables—there are only eight of us."

"I—I'm sorry, Aunt Fannie," stammered Eva. "But really I—I can't."

"Can't! I never heard anything so absurd in all my life!" cried Aunt Fannie, quite at the end of her patience. "I really should like some explanation of your extraordinary behavior, Gwynne, ever since you've come home. Why are you giving up everything you've simply adored before? I hope you haven't got a new religion or something," exclaimed Aunt Fannie.

Eva, flushing deeply, raised troubled eyes to Oliver, who, though deeply perplexed, came immediately to her rescue.

"What is it, dear?" he asked. "Aren't you feeling well? Shall I take you home?"

"Oh—yes! Please," gasped Eva, seeing a way out.

"Really, Gwynne," said Aunt Fannie, in a low tone that trembled with anger, "accustomed as I am to your outrageously bad manners, this is quite the worst ——"

"But if Gwynne is ill, Aunt Fannie ——"

"That's ruder than ever! How dare she get ill in my house after one of my dinners? Besides, you are not ill, Gwynne."

"And even if you were," pronounced Cousin Edmond inflexibly, "you should have to play just the same. It's the unforgivable sin to break up a table at bridge. It's simply never done. Why, I've played when I had the most splitting headaches! Really, upon my word, I've winced with the pain, and yet I've stuck to it with grim courage, never once misleading my partner by wrong bids even when I was in the utmost torture. It's just one of the forms of social martyrdom," he added kindly, "like talking to someone you don't care for at dinner. Or concerts."

"Gwynne certainly does not have to play if she doesn't want to," said Oliver firmly, eying Edmond with great distaste. "Gwynne and mother and Cousin Andrew and I will sit out on the terrace and talk while the rest of you make up a table."

"But Isobel adores bridge!" cried Aunt Fannie.

"And that would leave me at the table with my wife," wailed Edmond.

"You don't have to be my partner, darling," said Claire sweetly, coming over to them

"But it's equally irritating to have you as an opponent. Your erratic bidding throws me off just as much one way as the other. When I count on your overbidding and double, then I find you've been underbidding, and vice versa. You are just as confusing to me as to your partner, you know."

"That's my subtle game," said Claire triumphantly. "It's the same thing as camouflage in war or protective coloring among animals."

"With the difference that you deceive your friends just as much as your enemies Bridge is the one game where you should tell the truth."

"I can't overcome my deceitful feminine nature," sighed Claire.

"Then play poker—do! Or hearts."

"I like hearts," said Eva hopefully. "Let's play that."

"What?"

(Continued on Page 42)

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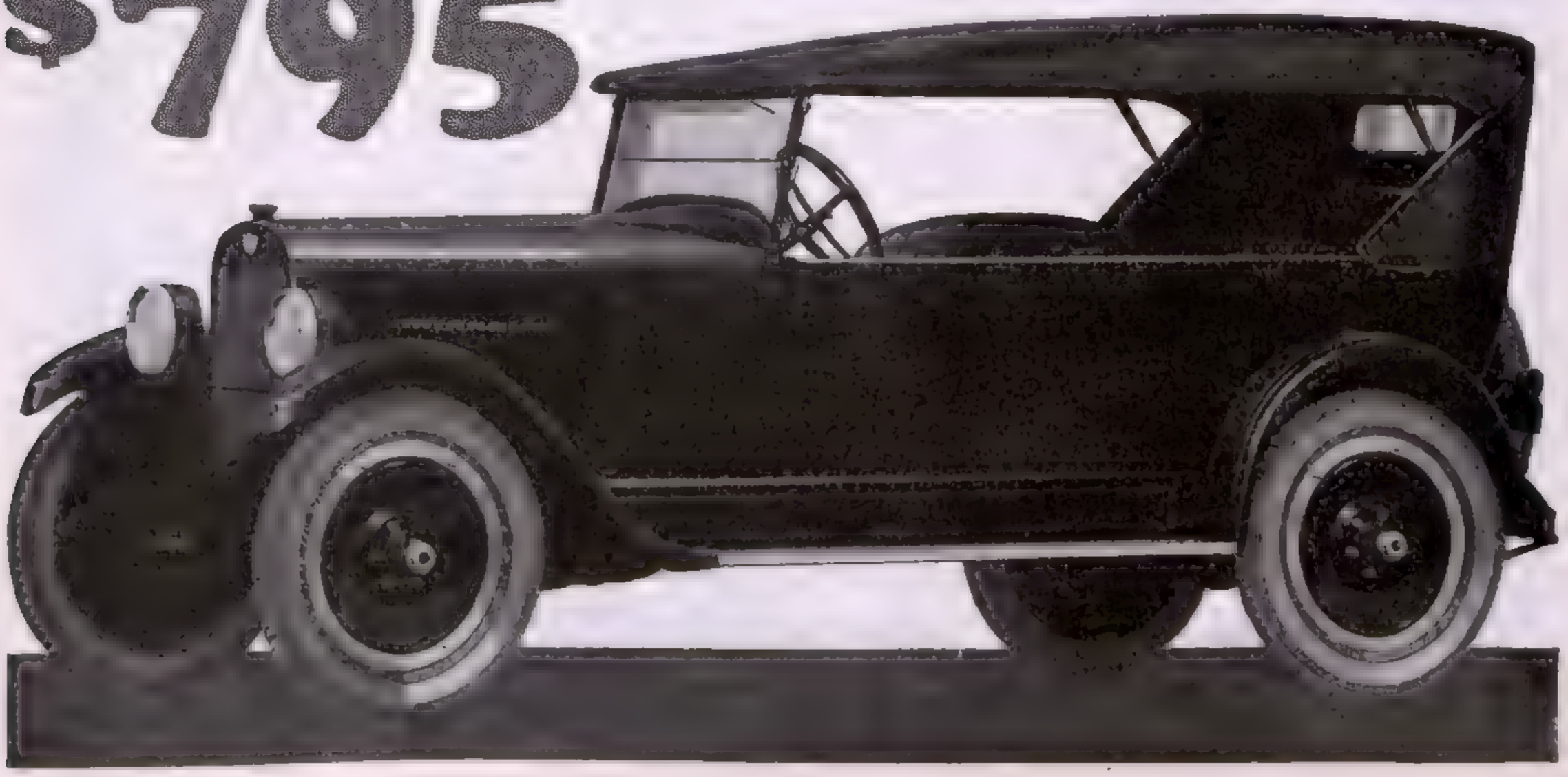

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Jim Henry
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THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 40)

Cousin Edmond groaned. "Haven't you a set of tiddledywinks, Aunt Fannie?"

"Are you trying to be funny, Gwynne?" asked Aunt Fannie, with dignified disapproval.

She settled herself firmly at a card table.

"Cut for deal, Gwynne," she commanded, deciding to ignore the child's idiosyncrasies. "Claire, dear, won't you get the others together for the second table? And perhaps it had better be put in the next room, so we shan't annoy one another by talking, as this is to be a very serious game, with no changing about."

She swept a deck of cards out fan-shaped before her, with a single expert motion.

"Cut," she repeated. "Sit down, Edmond. Well, Oliver, shall we trim them?"

"We haven't decided yet what we're to play for," said Cousin Edmond, delightedly bustling into his place. "Shall it be a family game of ten cents a point, or do you want to make it a little more interesting at fifty or a dollar?"

"But look here," Oliver protested, "Gwynne hasn't said yet that she feels well enough ——"

"Of course, if it's too steep for you, Oliver," Edmond murmured gently. "I know you play very seldom—let's make it five cents a point then—I don't mind playing just for fun."

"It isn't the stake," Oliver protested.

"Good!" cried Edmond. "A dollar then. Of all things I hate it's a poor loser."

"But, Gwynne ——"

"Oh, if you are thinking of—Gwynne!" said Cousin Edmond. His eyebrows went up. His face showed only too plainly that he accused Oliver of hiding behind Gwynne's skirts.

The color flew into Eva's cheeks. Her eyes flashed.

"I'll play!" she said, sitting down opposite Cousin Edmond.

Now Eva had played a few childish games at cards with her mother, and a little whist with her grandmother. She at least knew the run of the cards. But of auction bridge she knew nothing, beyond having seen people play it on trains. However, with the customary confidence of one who knows nothing at all of bridge, she hoped to catch on and pick it up in a little while. At any rate, no matter what happened to her, Oliver should not be insulted!

Aunt Fannie dealt, and as the cards slipped smoothly from her expert hand, Eva decided on her policy—the invariable policy of the novice at bridge—to lay low and refuse to bid until she had discovered the secrets of the game—a policy equally as effective as that of the ostrich in hiding its head.

"One no trump," announced Aunt Fannie.

"Double," drawled Cousin Edmond, giving Eva a slow smile from under his lowered lids.

"By," said Oliver tonelessly.

"I pass," said Eva complacently, feeling that all was going well.

Then the storm broke.

"Pass!" shrieked Cousin Edmond in a high falsetto. "Are you crazy? You can't go by, Gwynne! You've got to bid!"

"Aren't you talking across the board, Edmond?" inquired Oliver mildly. "Of course, I don't know much about the game, but ——"

"What is the matter with you, though, Gwynne?" exclaimed Aunt Fannie. "Didn't you hear your partner double a one bid?"

"Great grief!" cried Cousin Edmond, almost in hysterics. "I never dreamed you didn't know the conventions, Gwynne! Good Lord! to think I'd get such a partner. I'd always understood you were a first-rate player, Gwynne. Great heavens! It isn't fair! I shan't play with her all evening."

"You won't be allowed to have Gwynne all evening," said Oliver, in a very calm, cold voice. "She is my partner after this rubber. In the meantime, go ahead. Play."

"But we are not going to play at that ridiculous bid! It's impossible. It isn't fair. Is it fair, Aunt Fannie? What do you think we ought to do, Aunt Fannie? Throw down our hands and call it a misdeal, or have the bidding go around again and be done properly?"

"The bid is closed," said Oliver. "One no trump doubled. My hand goes down. And it's your play, Edmond."

"You surely don't mean to say that you are going to force me to play my hand at that preposterous bid?"

"Isn't that according to the rules? I thought you were a great stickler for form, Edmond."

"The rules—yes! If you are going to be petty enough to take advantage of a technicality. But Gwynne didn't bid according to the rules."

"I'm sure Gwynne didn't hear the double," said Aunt Fannie kindly, touched by the miserable and dismayed expression on Eva's face. "You mumble so, Edmond! We'll ignore the rules this time and call it a misdeal. But you've got to speak up after this. You didn't hear, did you, Gwynne?"

For a moment Eva hesitated, then she felt Oliver's honest eyes watching her. She turned her head and smiled at him.

"Yes, I heard," said Eva.

Then Edmond went into another fit of hysterics.

"You did it out of spite!" he whispered, turning purple. "I won't play! I refuse to play!" He rose, shaking.

"You knew what you were doing! You know the conventions perfectly. You did it to humiliate me—to have me beaten!"

Oliver's hand on his shoulder pressed him down into his chair.

"Be quiet. And play your hand," he said in a low tone.

"I won't play this hand!"

"Oh, yes, you will," said Oliver quietly, looking him in the eye.

He did. Aunt Fannie made four no trumps doubled—eighty points below the line, and two hundred and thirty above.

"Add one hundred and twenty-five for the interrupted rubber, Aunt Fannie," said Edmond in a venomous voice, "since I'm going home. Let me see, two hundred and thirty plus eighty plus one hundred and twenty-five makes four hundred and thirty-five. Shall I pay you, Oliver, since you are such a stickler for form? Four hundred and thirty-five—er—what were we playing for? Cent a point, wasn't it?"

"Nothing," said Oliver. "For fun!" he added, with a grin. "Must you go, Edmond? Well, good night. And don't disturb Claire. Gwynne and I will take her home."

"Charming time, Aunt Fannie," said Edmond in his voice of poisonous sweetness. "Simply delightful—like all family parties! Sorry Oliver won't allow me to pay. I always insist on paying, even when I've been double-crossed. I'm happy to say I'm not a poor loser."

"Shall we go out in the garden?" said Oliver. "There's a new moon tonight, I believe."

"Ah, can you still believe that, Oliver?" asked Aunt Fannie, smiling. She laid out the cards for solitaire. "Then you and Gwynne must see it by all means."

In the tiny high-walled garden, shut in from the ever-encroaching city, great masses of white phlox were breathing out their fragrance; larkspurs, hollyhocks, mignonette, all the old-fashioned flowers with their odors of spice. And just coming over the tops of the Lombardy poplars, which gently waved like Eastern fans against the powder-blue night sky, was the pale little crescent moon, the young moon, shy as a bride.

Eva and Oliver sat down on a bench on the terrace. From the French doors, behind them, a semicircle of light spread over the stones; and the voices of the bridge players floated out, gently monotonous as the night chirping of insects.

Eva's face was in shadow, but her hands lay silver in her lap. Oliver gently touched her fingers. She did not draw them away. Did not stir.

"I love you, Gwynne," said Oliver in a low voice that trembled.

And at that very moment, the real Gwynne was dashing up the iron stairs of the theater to make her quick change in the second act.

XXVII

"HURRY, Salusha!" cried Gwynne, bursting into the dressing room, her voice tense. "Burrage's out front tonight!"

"Mis-tah Burrage!" Salusha's voice and hands, too, shook with excitement.

"Good heavens! Don't begin dropping things!" waited Gwynne, at the make-up shelf, furiously powdering her nose; while, at the same time, she wiggled and kicked her way out of the black satin slippers she wore, and held out her feet to Salusha, who knelt before her.

"I mustn't be late for my entrance! They had to wait for me last night and invent lines. It's simply devilish to get there in so little time," she panted, as Salusha stripped off her black stockings and substituted gold ones.

"I never looked so horrible in all my life!" she wailed, staring desperately at her beautiful reflection in the mirror.

Salusha ran for the gold slippers.

"'Deed—Miss Grahame—ain' nev' look puttier," she gasped, cramming them onto Gwynne's feet.

"Use a shoehorn, you goose! And don't lie to me! I'm a wreck!"

She stood up, holding up her arms with a superb gesture.

"Pull, Salusha!" she ordered ringingly.

The dress came over her head. She sat down again and madly scrambled things about on the make-up shelf.

"Where's my rouge paw?" she cried in deep, tragic tones

"Hyuer 'tis!" called Salusha, pouncing on it.

Gwynne frantically scrubbed red on her cheeks, and as frantically scrubbed it off again, with a towel.

"Oh! Why did he have to come the very night I'm playing my worst? Take down my hair! What are you standing there for? Do keep your wits about you, Salusha! Oh, I never lost my nerve before —— Tear the hair net then! But I'm terribly rattled. You are pulling my hair out by the roots, Salusha! And it's all his fault."

"Mr. Burrage's fault, Miss Grahame?"

"No, idiot! Mr. Meredith's. Why did you let him in? Hadn't I given you positive orders never to let him in? Never!"

"Didn' le' 'im in," muttered Salusha, quickly brushing and coiling the golden hair. "He come in."

A mist swam between Gwynne's eyes and the mirror. And through the delicious faintness that swept over her at the memory, there stood out, sharply, like a picture she had seen, like the drama of other people, her meeting with Hal.

He had stayed away for weeks and weeks—why, she didn't know. And she had meant to punish him. Then he had appeared, that evening, just as the overture was beginning—stood in her doorway silently, looking at her with angry eyes. And she had sent Salusha downstairs because cutting words were rushing to her own lips. And she meant to punish him.

But when they were alone, she could not utter a word. And he, too, was silent. They only stood there staring at each other, gazing as if they would fill up their eyes forever with the sight of each other. And then—they were in each other's arms! How, she didn't know. Why, she didn't know. She, proud Gwynne, cold Gwynne, was in his arms. And out of the mist that enveloped them, she heard her own voice murmuring, faint and far away, "I thought—kisses didn't mean anything."

"To me?" he asked.

"To me," she answered.

Angrily shaking herself out of her dream, Gwynne rose from the mirror.

"Slip my dress on carefully, Salusha," she ordered. "Don't rumple my hair."

The cloth-of-gold dress went smoothly over her head and fell about her in long lovely lines, trailing on the floor. Gathering up her train, Gwynne cast a last glance in the mirror, and saw high color rising under rouge, blue eyes feverishly bright, a slim, tall girl as golden as a star.

Then faintly, from far below, she heard the speech that was the one before her cue. And like a shooting golden star she plunged swiftly downward, in headlong flight.

XXVIII

HAL MEREDITH was in the audience of Poor Clarinda, and, also, in most distinguished company; for next to him sat Mr. Burrage's invaluable aid, Mr. Olliphant, and next to him the great Mr. Burrage himself. But, after having sent round a note to Gwynne to inform her of this fact, Hal was no longer interested. Nor did he give his neighbors another glance. As a matter of fact, Hal didn't hear a word of the play. Even when Gwynne came on the stage, Hal did not actually see her as she appeared to the rest of the audience, nor hear her actual words. For his mind was creating and recreating the scene of an hour before—when he had gone to Eva's dressing room to tell her that he was leaving for Australia, and that he meant never to see her again.

Why he had decided on Australia was not quite clear to Hal, except that it seemed terribly far away and somehow manly and rugged; and perhaps, too, because Eva had once said that she hoped she'd never have to go on tour there. At any rate, he had meant to punish Eva. To wound her as cruelly—if that were possible—as she had been wounding him in the past weeks, when he had, nightly, watched her drive away from the theater in guilty splendor.

(Continued on Page 44)

SUN OILS

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TESTS show that of the total expense of operating a motor car or truck, 2% is for oil; while 22% goes for depreciation and 17% for repairs. The idea of trying to economize on oil is a joke. The place to economize is on the 22%; and on the 17%.

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Your motor will run smoother, give more power; need fewer repairs with Sunoco. Get from us or any Sunoco dealer our booklet, "What's Happening Inside Your Motor"; if you read it you'll know a lot about lubrication.

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Watch This Column

"Thundering Dawn" is appealing

UNIVERSAL has made a very remarkable picture in ***"Thundering Dawn,"*** with J. WARREN KERRIGAN, ANNA Q. NILSSON and THOMAS SANTSCHI in the leading roles. While there is a fine love-theme running through it, I am particularly impressed with the spectacular action in which the elements play an important part.

ANNA Q. NILSSON

J. WARREN KERRIGAN

"Thundering Dawn" is a straight, strong melodrama with excellent acting and thrilling situations, and to those who enjoy that sort of play, it will appeal irresistibly. The settings are elaborate and no expense has been spared in the detail. I think these three artists cover themselves with glory—likewise the rest of the cast. I recommend the picture to you. It is a Harry Garson production.

* * *

This play, together with ***"Merry Go Round,"*** which is a signal success—***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** Victor Hugo's immortal work, will prove to your satisfaction that "UNIVERSAL has the pictures." And if you require further proof, just remember ***"The Leather Pushers," "The Flirt," "Trifling With Honor," "The Shock,"*** and other UNIVERSAL pictures which have attracted universal applause.

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Do you know of any beautiful story that has never been screened? Do you recall any descriptive poem from which we might weave a romance, or any striking plot which might be picturized? If so, please write me a personal letter. I'll give the letter and subject my personal attention. Do you agree with me that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals?

Carl Laemmle

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(Continued from Page 42)

He knew that the more dignified course would be to go away without a word. But he couldn't do that. He had tried. He must see Eva once more; but, he told himself, it was only to see her suffer.

And then—what an ass he had made of himself! Not a word of reproach from him. Not a syllable of explanation from her. He had just fallen into her snare as weakly as any other vainglorious Samson. His head swam dizzily at the memory — Yes, he had made a perfect fool of himself. And he was heartily glad of it!

For all his uncomfortable moral convictions seemed to have melted and floated away like ice in the warmth of his happiness. Even his jealousy tortured him no more. Eva loved him. Of that he was sure. And that, for the moment at least, was enough. And he loved her—for the first time, he now perceived with surprise. Strange how he had always felt toward Eva before. He had been fond of her—yes. Wanted to protect her, comfort her, be kind to her—she had aroused, first of all, his pity. He had felt like a father toward Eva. He knew that she had been puzzled, even hurt by his coldness. And he had tried to explain it to her—and to himself.

"You see, Eva," he would say, "I think it's because I've been an actor, been in the theater so much. I've seen so much kissing I've kissed so many people—professionally, you know—that it—well, it's been cheapened and vulgarized for me. It doesn't mean love to me. It's no more than a handshake. Not so good. And so—I don't want to kiss you. Because it just doesn't signify anything wonderful. It just doesn't mean anything to me."

Sometimes he had loved Eva so tenderly that his heart ached. But she had always been a child to him—just a funny little girl who wanted to play with dolls at doll housekeeping. That was why he had wanted to break their engagement—because he didn't want, eventually, to break her dolls, to spoil her pretty game.

Then what had happened? His mind searched confusedly. He couldn't remember what had brought about the change, but something had changed. What was it? When? Oh, yes, that time when Eva had almost fallen on the stairs, in the dark. He had put out his arm to save her, and had held her pressed closely to him just for a second. And in that instant—suddenly, inexplicably—everything had changed. He had wanted dreadfully to kiss her then. But you could hardly break your engagement to a girl one minute and violently kiss her the next, could you?

He wondered now if that was why he had been so angry at what Mrs. Attleby had told him. Was that why he had believed it at all? Normally, he wouldn't have believed for a moment any gossip about Eva—his child, whom he wanted to protect. Yet he had believed it about the women he loved. But what did it matter now?

Eva was on the stage. But he did not see her as the audience saw her. She was raising her beautiful face to him—her eyes were closing—his arms went round her tight.

She was speaking. But he did not hear the words of the play.

"I thought kisses didn't mean anything," she murmured.

"To me?" he asked.

"To me," she answered.

Applause. Eva was going off the stage hurriedly. It must be the middle of the second act. His mind followed her. She is running up the stairs now. She is in her dressing room. He stands again in the door, looking at her angrily. She looks at him angrily, scornfully. Then again—again—they are clasped close in each other's arms—and the whole theater fades away in gray, dim vacuity and the world falls away and only the two lovers are left alone.

A vague buzzing recalled Hal to consciousness of his surroundings. Mr. Oliphant was moving impatiently in his seat, and all over the house were whispers and murmurs, slight movements, and then a furious outbreak of coughing. Something was going wrong on the stage. The actors were too obviously inventing lines, and the less experienced were showing their nervousness at some hitch in the play. Hal's mind snapped back quickly to reality. He ran rapidly over the act, which he knew almost by heart. Why, it was the time for Gwynne's entrance—her cue had been given and repeated and then repeated again amid a lot of extemporized dialogue with which the other actors were filling in the wait for her entrance. But still she did not appear.

And while Hal wondered, the curtain came slowly down.

Almost immediately the stage manager slipped out quietly before the curtain and held up his hand, and the surprised chattering among the audience died down. Hal, whose heart was beating thickly, had difficulty in hearing—he strained forward, but the blood seemed to beat directly in his ears.

"Crave your indulgence—for a few moments—play will continue—extremely sorry for unforeseen—with kind permission—Miss Grahame's understudy."

Hal shot upright like a piston rod, stumbled drunkenly over Mr. Olliphant's knees, trod heavily upon the august toes of Mr. Burrage without begging pardon and, flinging out with both arms as if making his way through dense underbrush, he staggered up the aisle; pushed violently past a startled usher and through a fire exit, and raced madly down the alley toward the stage door.

XXIX

IT WAS almost midnight when Aunt Fannie's guests began to take their departure, and not until then had Claire discovered her husband's absence.

"Why, where's Edmond?" she asked, without great interest.

"He went home some time ago," replied Aunt Fannie.

"Oh!" remarked Claire, without solicitude. "Too bad."

"We shall be delighted to take you home, Claire," said Oliver. "If you'll allow us."

"Allow you? Oh, my dear! How else should I get there? You don't suppose Edmond would ever be thoughtful enough to send back for me? Good night, dear Aunt Fannie—such a delightful evening. Thank you so much for not making me play at the table with Edmond. He always makes scenes at bridge. It's his one passion, you know, and he can't control it."

"So I've observed," remarked Aunt Fannie. "Well, Gwynne, what was Cousin Andrew whispering to you as he kissed your hand?—telling you that you are the reincarnation of his long-lost love, I suppose."

"Oh, yes!" replied Eva, looking mysteriously excited.

"One does get so bored hearing about the same love affair for fifty years!" exclaimed Aunt Fannie impatiently. "I do think people might fall in love at least once every five years—if only for the sake of their friends."

"But I was not bored by Cousin Andrew," said Eva. "I think he is sweet."

"Dear Gwynne has such a sympathetic nature," murmured Mrs. Sheldon.

"Well, Isobel! You are the first one to discover it."

"Whom did my Great-aunt Jerusha marry, Aunt Fannie?" asked Eva

"Good heavens, Gwynne! You've never been the least interested in family before."

"But I am interested now," persisted Eva gently. "Who was it? Do you know?"

"I was only a child at the time," said Aunt Fannie. "So I knew very little about it. It was an impossible person of some sort—an actor, I believe. At any rate, my grandfather would never allow her name to be mentioned again in his house. So none of us ever knew what became of Aunt Jerusha."

"Well!" said Eva indignantly. "I do think her own sister might have ——"

"Oh, my dear child! You ought to know your grandmother better than that. She was the sweetest, gentlest, most obedient creature. How I could be her daughter and you her granddaughter nobody has ever been able to imagine! She wouldn't have dreamed of disobeying her dear papa."

"I wonder have we any photographs of my Great-aunt Jerusha?" asked Eva timidly

"No, indeed. They were all destroyed when she ran away. Your great-grandfather was a regular tyrant. Everyone lived in perfect dread of him. But if you want to know what your Great-aunt Jerusha was like, simply look in the mirror or at your grandmother's miniature."

"Oh! Were they very much alike too?"

"Merely twins," said Aunt Fannie dryly. "I thought you knew that, Gwynne."

"I say, Gwynne dear," said Claire, coming up to Eva coaxingly and pressing her arm, "Oliver has said that you will take me home. Do you mind?"

"Of course not. I'm delighted. Do you want to go now?"

"No, that's just what I don't want to do—go home, I mean. Edmond is sure to be in a simply vile humor. It's no use telling me he had a headache—I know he has had a squabble. And I must always endure the aftermath of his bridge battles. So what can we do, Gwynne darling?"

"Will you come home—with us, Claire?"

"Oh, no! I couldn't. Edmond would make a scene about that too. Because he can't bear you, you know, darling. And he says he dislikes Oliver extremely because he is so manly."

Eva flushed hotly.

"Really, Claire!"

"Oh, don't misunderstand me, please, dearest. I am not saying one word against your precious Oliver. Edmond and I never agree in our tastes, you know. I think you are both too perfectly sweet and good. And I love good people. I really do. For a change, I mean. Now do think, Gwynne. Where can we go?"

"Go?"

"Why, yes. We must go somewhere. Since I can't go home. Couldn't we have an all-night party? And won't you come along, Aunt Fannie?"

"That depends on the party, thank you. If it's sufficiently amusing. What are you going to do?"

"But I don't know what we could do," faltered Eva, not at all pleased at the prospect.

"We could call up the Forsythes—they are never in bed at any hour—and get up a swimming party in their new pool. They'd simply love it. They are just the sort who are willing to be put to any inconvenience, if only someone will admire their possessions."

"Ugh!" shuddered Aunt Fannie. "Swimming party. Cold water."

"Oh, but no, Aunt Fannie. They have hot water pipes you can turn on."

"I hate athletics!" said Aunt Fannie. "Do think of something with a little more feminine charm, Claire."

"Besides," said Oliver, "mother ——"

"Oh, don't stop on my account, please!" protested Mrs. Sheldon. "You can send me home alone. I won't mind one bit—really, Oliver."

"How about going out to Merry Grove!" cried Claire, so impressed with the brilliancy of her idea that she clapped her hands.

"That vulgar, dreadful place!" exclaimed Aunt Fannie.

"I simply adore tough places," sang Claire enthusiastically. "Do take us, Oliver, and let us ride on the chute-the-chutes. I've never in my whole life ridden as many times as I liked on the chute-the-chutes. And do you know my idea of travel? It's the scenic railway. I'd ever so much rather than just going to stupid tourist places. It's such a wonderful thrill when you drop into those awful dips, and the breath goes right out of you. It's almost like falling in love for the first time all over again."

"It would be a pity to deprive you of the opportunity, Claire," said Oliver, laughing. "If you can recapture poetry so easily. But is the place still open?"

"Yes, until two."

"How do you know?" asked Aunt Fannie.

"I often go there."

"Not really!"

"Oh, yes. And eat corn on the cob too. It is such a relief from Edmond's refinement. And then there is dancing in the pavilion. But we ought to have another man."

"Too bad you didn't think of all this before the Parkhursts left," said Oliver.

"Oh, dear, I wouldn't have Eddie Parkhurst for worlds!" cried Claire. "Besides, you want bachelors on a party." Then, smiling doubtfully, "Couldn't I call up my beau?" she ventured.

Mrs. Sheldon looked dismayed and tried to repress the expression.

"Your beau?" inquired Aunt Fannie, with keen interest.

"Well, haven't I got to have someone to take me about?" cried Claire in an injured tone.

"Husbands never like anything but bridge or golf or meals. And I have such a nice beau, always on tap—because he's poor and glad to be invited."

"But look here, Claire," said Oliver. "I don't quite like the idea of ——"

"Oh, good gracious, Oliver! If you are going to be so moral! He's quite harmless. The poor thing. He does love parties. And he wouldn't get any unless I invited him."

"Are you sure Edmond ——"

"I don't flatter myself that Edmond's lack of interest in other women is due to his devotion to me. He's faithful to bridge, that's all. Besides, why should you bother

(Continued on Page 46)

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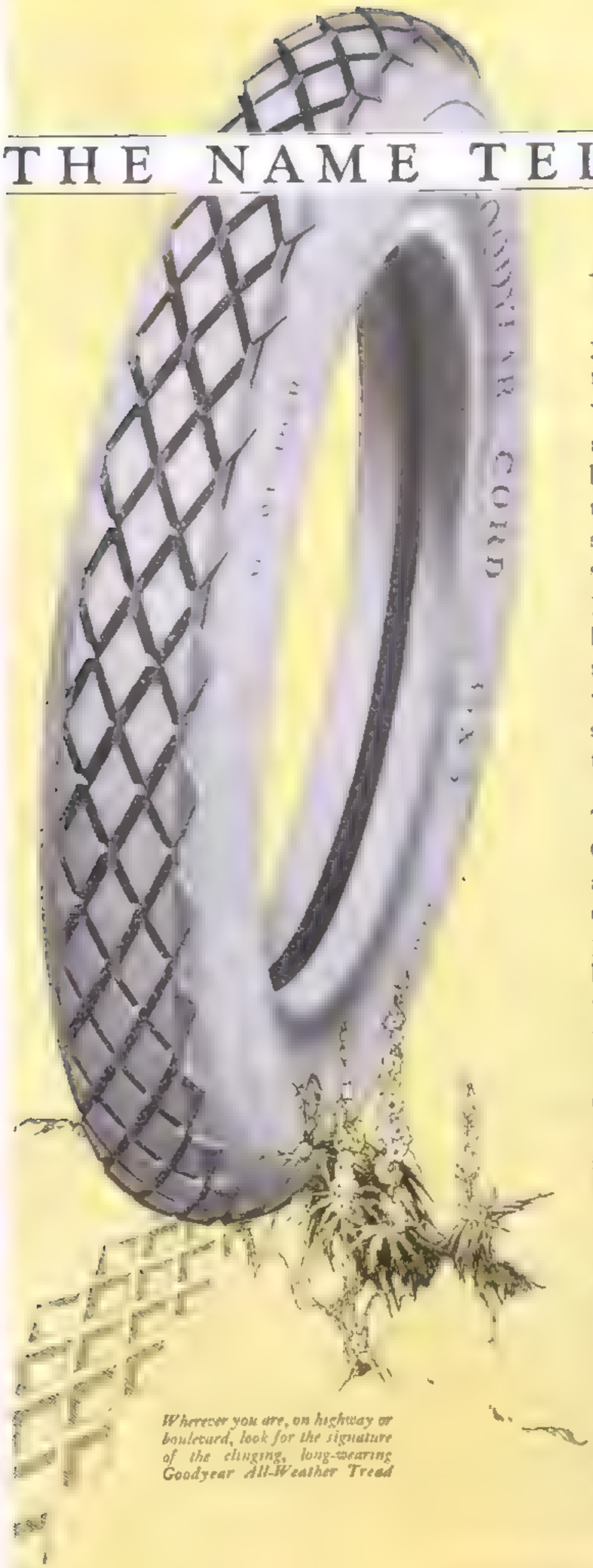

Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for the signature of the clinging, long-wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread

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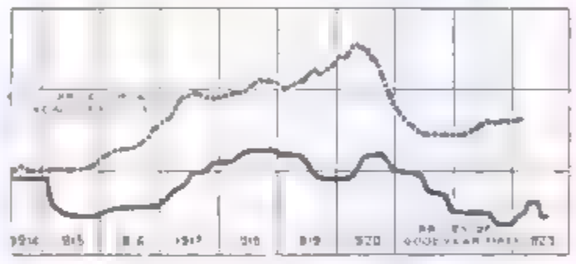

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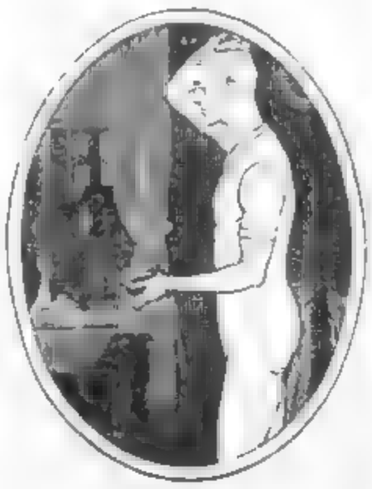

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WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York *Paris*

(Continued from Page 44)

about Edmond? Do say, Gwynne, that you want to go!"

"If you don't mind, Claire," said Eva shyly, "I'd really rather not."

"You are simply too selfish for words!" cried Claire wrathfully. "Both of you. Oh! I do think it makes people too fearfully dull to be happily married."

Oliver's face lighted up.

"Do you think we are happily married, Claire?"

"Insufferably so."

She gathered her wrap about her.

"I shall walk home," she announced vengefully.

"Wait a minute, Claire. I've thought of something," said Oliver kindly. "If you really must have a party, why not go on to the Mobleys' dance?"

"Oh, I'd love to!"

"But, Oliver," said Eva timidly, "didn't we refuse their invitation?"

"As if that mattered!" cried Claire. "I wasn't invited at all. But I never let a little thing like that stop me."

"The Mobleys aren't a bit formal, and they're awfully fond of you, Gwynne. They'll be glad to have you change your mind," said Oliver. "But if you don't want to go, of course ——"

"Why should Gwynne decide everything?" interrupted Aunt Fannie briskly. "I want to go. I love dancing! And it's high time Gwynne should come out of her shell and see people. Everyone will be there."

Eva, looking more and more frightened and confused, desperately searched her mind for an excuse.

"But I am sure," she began, "mother doesn't want ——"

"Now, Gwynne dearest," interrupted Mrs. Sheldon firmly, "how often must I tell you that you are not to let me interfere with your plans? I shall go as far as the Mobleys' with you, and then Tompkins can drive me home and come back for you when you like.

"It is too utterly absurd of you to think that you must go to bed just because an old woman is sleepy."

"Then it's all settled!" exclaimed Claire. "Gwynne darling, how perfectly sweet of you."

"But I—I haven't said I'd go yet," stammered Eva miserably, appalled at the idea of meeting a host of strangers who were supposed to be her friends, quite sure now at last she should be found out. And, for some reason which was not quite clear to herself, more dismayed at the prospect now than ever before.

Oliver moved quickly over to her side. She could not meet his clear eyes. Her own eyes dropped, and she blushed.

"Please go, Gwynne," he said in a low voice. "I want to dance with you."

"Well, I never heard a husband say that before in all my life!" cried Claire shrilly.

Oliver smiled, and wrapped Eva's ermine cloak about her.

His fingers just pressed her shoulders very lightly through the soft folds; and as he stooped over her, his cheek as if by accident brushed against her hair.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHAT HO THE DEMOCRATS!

(Continued from Page 7)

which there is no solution, the mystery that has no fathoming, the precipice over which they all must jump, not knowing whether there is a feather bed or a barbed-wire entanglement at the bottom. That is the hideous shape that always walks beside them, gibbering "light wines and beer," "strict enforcement," "liberal interpretation," "higher alcoholic content," "repeal the Volstead Law" in their affrighted ears.

They go into one of the great cities, into Chicago or New York or Boston or Philadelphia or St. Louis or San Francisco or Los Angeles or Kansas City—any one of them, or into any sizable center of population, and they are convinced that there is a strong popular demand for the liberalizing of the law. They travel up and down the Eastern and Western seaboards, and they feel secure in demanding a platform and formulating an issue along lines of repeal or greater privilege. It seems a sure sentiment, a majority desire. But they go into the country; they travel over the great agrarian stretches; they consider the fact that the women vote in the United States—and they pause. They know that the country vote, notwithstanding the great recent increase in urban population, still exceeds the city vote. And there are the women, the women. And the great force of the religious element.

The Pros and Cons

Losh, but it's a teaser, a tantalizer, a terror! They meet men who point out to them, it seems convincingly, that prohibition as such must inevitably defeat itself; that the iniquities of bootlegging, the poisonous hooch retailed and wholesaled, the flagrant disregard for the law and all its attendant crime and debauchery will presently cause so great a disgust with the theory and practice of legal prohibition that the whole work and workings will be swept away by the force of public demand.

They meet men who will point out to them that the exigencies of prohibition enforcement require a system of operation and procedure that no government can erect and stabilize in a short time; that we are a nation of a hundred and ten million people, and stretch more than three thousand miles across a continent; that these demonstrations of the initial effect of legal prohibition are now national demonstrations of local effects of prohibition when legalized in various states; that more than half the states had state prohibition before the adoption of the prohibition amendment; that, although it may be slowly, the United States Government will surely find a way to control the crime of prohibition evasion and defiance; that a portion of a people cannot flout a popular government indefinitely; that inevitably an outraged people will rise against the whole corrupt booze organization, lay and official, and sweep it out of existence; that prohibition is in the United States to stay.

The men of both these classes are earnest and sincere. They are neither prohibition fanatics and reformers nor booze drinking and dispensing citizens. What are the candidates and the politicians to do? It is all well enough for Al. Smith to be known as the governor who signed the repeal of the law providing for state enforcement of the Volstead Law in New York; all well enough for Edwards, of New Jersey, to say he favors the making of this country as wet as the Atlantic Ocean; all well enough for Oscar Underwood to have voted against the Volstead Law in the Senate; all well enough for Bryan to demand strict enforcement as a Democratic policy—all well enough for the individuals to have their predilections and their preferences; but what about the country?

What about the majority of the voters? What about the great mass of the people to whom the political appeal must be made? Is this country wet or dry politically? It is a political question, and will be the paramount question up to and until the nominations for the presidency have all been made. Those nominations must, politically, be given to the men who have the widest popular appeal, or whose selection seems most politic. Wherefore, will it be more politic to nominate a wet or a dry? And will it be more advantageous for the candidates to be wet candidates for the nomination or dry candidates for the nomination? Or should the candidate straddle, with one foot wet and the other foot dry, and his face turned two ways? Those are the paramount political questions confronting the aspirants for the Democratic presidential nomination, and there isn't one of them, known or unknown, white horse or dark, who is within a hemisphere of the right answers.

It may seem to those who are not acquainted with the undercurrents of national politics that there are other issues that will transcend the prohibition issue, and do, and other issues to which the candidates might more profitably devote themselves. That, in a popular sense, seems reasonable enough, but there is a wide difference between popular conception and political practice. As the campaigns go on it will be quite apparent that the candidates will devote themselves to other issues, and will seek to minimize the prohibition issue, but the politicians who will do the nominating, the men who will handle the convention, the men who will set up and control the state delegations, who in the final sense will have the say or at least direct the movement that will select some individual as nominee, will not, in their consultations and in their seekings for information, and in their plannings and procedures, minimize the prohibition issue.

The Two-Thirds Rule

It is, and will be, the most vital of all issues with them. It is the dominant thing in their thoughts. It is an intensely alive, vital, pressing question, and they are searching far and wide for the right answer. It will not mean much, except in an academic sense, how a candidate stands on world affairs. That stand can be arranged and composed by platform declarations; and all of them will be nearly enough alike in their statements of their positions to make the carpentering and joining of the candidate and the platform a simple job for the expert political mechanics who will have the matter in hand.

They all will talk about extravagance, and they all will demand reduced taxation. They will slosh around in their various ways on other questions that seem pressing. They will shed tears over the plight of the farmer, view with alarm such red menace as they may conjure for their lambastings, take their cautious stands on railroads, finance, tariff, and so on, nurse labor lovingly, but sitting astride the neck of each and every one of them will be that horrendous liquor demon demanding incessantly, "What are you going to do about me?"

Securing a Democratic presidential nomination is somewhat more of a task than having the stamp of approval put on a patriot by a Republican convention. The Democrats insist that their successful candidate shall obtain two-thirds of the votes of all the delegates, while the Republicans are content to allow their man to slide over with a bare majority. Both conventions hold about the same number of delegates—roughly about one thousand each, varying circumstances decreasing by a few or increasing by a few each four years. The Democratic convention is ordinarily a bit larger than the Republican, running somewhat in excess of a thousand, while the Republicans linger between nine hundred and a thousand.

A Killer of Ambitions

This Democratic two-thirds contingency is the main stumblingblock in the path of ambitious candidates. It not only requires much greater effort and manipulation to secure two-thirds than to get a majority, but it also, and this is the hard verse, makes combinations to prevent any one candidate from securing his nomination a simple political expedient.

For example, there were 1094 delegates in the San Francisco convention of 1920. That will be about the number in the forthcoming convention probably.

Thus, if a little group of delegate controllers, state bosses where the unit rule prevails, and so on, get together and rig up a combination whereby 365 delegates, or, say, 370 delegates for good number, pledge themselves to vote steadily and sturdily against any particular candidate, not as a bloc, maybe, for any particular man but not in any circumstances for that candidate, that candidate's dream of glory is thereby dissipated. That candidate is dished. We observed this maneuver in the San Francisco convention, when there was a combination both against McAdoo and against Palmer. We observed it in the long-drawn balloting at Baltimore in 1912, where Champ Clark had more than a majority of the votes in the convention for many ballots, but where he could not attain the required two-thirds. It is a killer of ambitions. It is a deadly blight for hopes and plans.

Though a two-thirds vote is a democratic institution on the face of it, the theory being that the candidate thus will be more of a popular choice than any mere majority candidate, it also is the most autocratic institution that exists in our politics, for this reason: It enables a few men, men with

(Continued on Page 48)

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Continued from Page 46

big delegations like those of the more populous states of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, to control the nomination absolutely, and dictate it; or even if the big fellows are not in agreement it gives a leverage to little fellows for bargaining trades, and all sorts of nondemocratic shenanigan.

That, furthermore, is why, with many Democrats shivering in their shoes over the nightmare of Henry Ford bulging into the forthcoming Democratic convention and hauling the nomination down for himself, the big Democratic bosses are taking the advertised advent of Henry with a marked and considerable calm. They are reasonably sure they can spike Henry. They feel certain that they can control the required one more than one-third against him to hold him in abeyance from June until Christmas if necessary. Of course if Henry sets all the Democratic prairies afire they may have their troubles. If Henry develops a nation-wide demand from the rank and file of the party the big bosses may be compelled to bow to that demand. But they are not afraid of that particularly; and in the ordinary course any designs Henry may have on the Democratic nomination will be neatly and effectively squelched, as the matter stands at the present writing. Unless the Democratic proletariat rises raucously for him Henry must run as an independent or not at all, and the rise must be raucid to an extremely hostile extent before these hard-boiled politicians will take heed of it.

Bosses, Not Bigots

It is not Henry alone, but McAdoo and Underwood and Smith and Cox and all the rest of the avowed candidates who must face this contingency. The only ones immune are the dark horses, the compromise chasers, the logical solutions—this all depending on the free-for-all race and the nondevelopment of any tremendous sentiment for any one man. McAdoo is leading in mid-August and if McAdoo, for example, as he may, shall come to the convention with almost enough—and McAdoo seems the proper man to the owners in fee of the one-third bloc—then, after a few ballots to salve the feelings of the other candidates and to give them their publicity and a run for their money, the one-third will be released from duress and the nomination of McAdoo ensue.

Contrary to general opinion the big bosses go to a convention of this sort with reasonably open minds. They all have their favorites, or favorite, to be sure, but they are not bigots. Supporting a candidate who does not win in a national convention is not particularly nourishing in a political sense to his supporters, but supporting a candidate who does win, especially if he wins through properly applied and skillfully manipulated support, has elements of nutriment, in case of a successful election, that are not to be despised. It is only the little fellow who dies in the last ditch. The big fellow gets out of the ditch at the propitious moment.

Contrary, further, to general opinion the big bosses are more concerned in nominating the man who seems to have the strongest popular support and appeal than they are in nominating their particular man. No person can bow more quickly, more obsequiously or more frequently to the inevitable than the big political boss. That's why he is a boss. And, strange as it may seem, the real big bosses—the real ones—are fully as much concerned in getting a good President for the country as they are in getting a good President for the party. A lot of people who do not know the real men in politics will scoff at that, but no matter. It's the truth. It is the small-fry politicians that discredit the game, albeit all the sins of the small ones are burdened upon the big ones.

Presidential politics is a continuous process. The plans for the next campaign begin on the morning after the presidential election—ordinarily, that is. Democratic plans did not begin quite so quickly after the 1920 election because the Democrats did not get back to a normal political basis for quite some time. If a man is walking along Broadway and the Woolworth Building falls on him he isn't appreciably interested in anything save what happened to him for a considerable period. He does not set about making plans for the prevention of further similar disasters until he discovers exactly what sort of disaster this one was

However, after a while the Democrats had figured it out, and then the candidates burgeoned on numerous limbs of Democracy; more or less discreetly, but obviously enough, at that. Mr. McAdoo moved from New York to Los Angeles. Governor Smith had pronounced stirrings under a faint, far call. Oscar Underwood got back from Europe and felt that he would be remiss if he did not give the people an opportunity to elevate him. James M. Cox developed a pronounced diathesis. And thus and so, while the New York World daily demanded that the next Democratic convention should be held in the metropolis. The political end of the Democracy, the end that still survives, showed signs of animation all along the line.

A Political Fetish

Thus, at the time of President Harding's death. At the moment of writing, the Democratic politicians, candidatorial and managerial, are not unanimous on the effect that the new political alignment brought about by the death of the President will have on them. They are figuring on it. All the candidates became candidates on the assumption, which was a correct assumption, barring the refusal of President Harding to run again, that the man they must oppose would be Harding. They had their plans fairly well laid. They knew what the points of attack were to be, and had docketed and briefed all weaknesses according to their views. A good deal of the attack was to be on Harding, not personally, but politically, as the titular head of the Republican Party, and as responsible for the administration that ended so tragically in San Francisco on the evening of August second; and on the Harding policies and Congress naturally.

Now, notwithstanding the announced intention of President Coolidge to carry out the Harding policies, they must await the event, because President Coolidge's statement, first off, was a generalization, and the exigencies of both the national and the international situations may cause changes that would leave the Democratic candidates shooting in the air in case they continued as they started. So they are of necessity, as this is written, marking time and watching and waiting to see what White House developments will be. At a later date, when those developments are apparent, it will be opportune to discuss the various attitudes and chances of the candidates. Now all that can fairly be said is that they are all good boys and members of the club.

Meantime aside from the broad national issues the Democrats are somewhat in dilemmas over various purely political phases of the candidacies of those who are out in front at present. Take Underwood, for example: Underwood comes from Alabama, and there is, and has been for sixty years, a political fetish that a Southerner cannot be elected to the Presidency. This sectional feeling has been nursed along ever since the close of the Civil War. To be sure Mr. Wilson was born in Virginia, but he lived in the North when he was elected, and had lived in the North for many years. And Mr. McAdoo was born in Georgia, but he, too, migrated North early in his career. With Underwood it is different. He was born in Kentucky and he lives in Alabama and is a senator from that state. Wherefore, what to do?

Rationally it is absurd to hold that after sixty years there is any inhibition on a Southerner's aspiring to the Presidency, or any calamity in his election. But politics, in such matters, is not rational. Politicians feverishly cling to fetishes. Not more than a dozen of them in this country but are obsessed with the idea of the potentiality of a racial vote, a class vote, a religious vote, a sectional vote, and notwithstanding repeated election proofs that racial votes and class votes and other similar votes rarely work out, and never to such an extent as the politicians predict and plan for, they are at this time discussing the availability of Underwood from this sectional viewpoint. He himself publicly alludes to it.

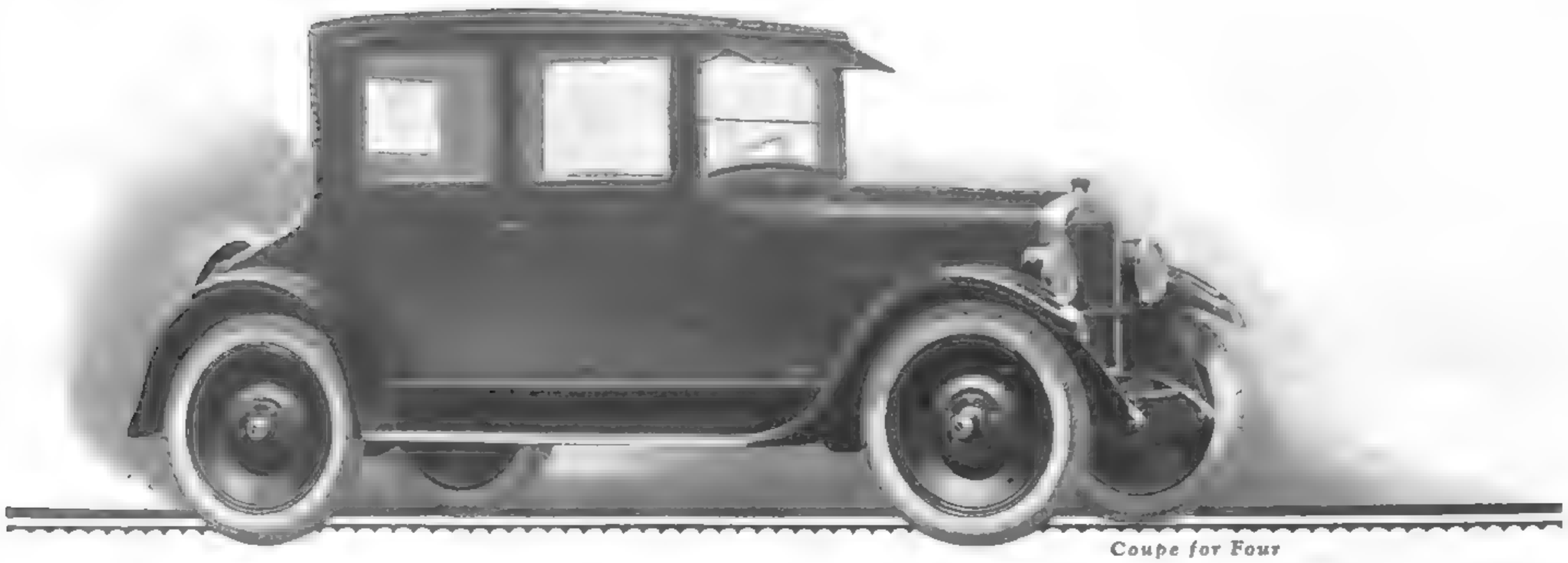
Added to this sectional problem there is the question of the convention city, and that is giving the Democratic politicians pause. As has been said, the New York World is conducting a campaign to have it in New York, "the greatest Democratic city in the country," and the World is a mighty engine of Democracy. The World is making an active, an intelligent and an effective campaign for the convention, which in all probability will be held in late June or early July, 1924, and will follow the Republican convention. Naturally the big fellows want to please the World, which has its journalistic heart set on this event. So also do the smaller fellows who make up the remainder of the Democratic National Committee, which will decide upon the convention city next December or January.

The Tammany Label

Enter another of our fell political fetishes: "Suppose we do go to New York," shiver the trepid politicians. "Suppose we do: then what would happen? The Republicans would brand the ticket as a Tammany ticket and as a Wall Street ticket, and then where would we be?" That's it. That is the fetish. The political belief is that anything coming out of New York politically just naturally must be controlled by Tammany and by the Money Demon that lurks in Wall Street in joint and nefarious partnership. And, of course, the Republicans would push that along.

Thus, it will be seen that even at this distance from the actual date of nomination the Democrats have their troubles, many and varied. And as time wears on, those troubles will increase. Of course some one of the present candidates, or some one yet in the murk, may show enough strength before the people to make his nomination imperative; but as it stands at present, with all candidates straining eyes and ears towards Washington to note what will happen under President Coolidge and through him, the chances are that none of the avowed candidates will go to the convention with a two-thirds. Then, probably, will ensue a ballot battle with the forces of each candidate dashing against the forces of each other candidate in the fervent effort to detach delegates therefrom. then will ensue the manipulations, maneuverings and machinations of the leaders; and then, it may be, will ensue some compromise candidate upon whom all unite, who at the present is looking into his mirror each morning and asking himself that cheering question, "Why not?" but who is not doing much more than holding himself in masterly readiness to heed the call, save, perhaps, directing the attention of the leaders, now and again, to his eminent fitness for the place, but all in a dignified and seemly manner

Rocky Broad River, Hickory Nut Gap, North Carolina



Coupe for Four

Quality Closed Cars at New Lower Prices

Sedan $1395 Coupe for Four $1345 Business Coupe $1195

The three new closed models of the True Blue Oakland have been built for those who desire *all* the comfort and luxury of a thoroughly high grade closed car, and the power, smoothness and quiet of a truly fine light six—but who are unwilling or unable to pay the high prices elsewhere prevailing.

In realizing its purpose to build quality closed cars at low prices, Oakland has utilized its wide experience and complete facilities, as well as the resources of General Motors, and the body building genius of Fisher. Your good business sense will prompt you to investigate fully these brand new models.

The Sedan

The Sedan is a roomy, full-bodied, four-door car of exceedingly pleasing lines. It is finished in rich blue and black, striped in red and upholstered in silk velours. Heater, windshield cleaner, unit instrument panel, and mechanical door-checks are only a few of the many features which are incorporated. Here you will find no compromise in quality or completeness, yet the price is only $1395 at the factory.

The Coupe for Four

This model, pictured above, is the naturally graceful coupe body at its best. Its spacious interior seats four in perfect comfort. The hand controls, as in all 1924 Oaklands, are conveniently grouped on the steering wheel. The finish, equipment and appointments are exactly like those on the Sedan. The price, $1345 at the factory, is unmatched anywhere for such value.

The Business Coupe

This unusually distinctive looking coupe is very popular with those who desire closed car comfort for not more than three. It is ideal for business, professional and personal use. Built by Fisher, it is of genuinely high grade closed car construction. The finish is rich blue and black with nickeled fittings. Its value is unapproached at $1195 f. o. b. factory.

The New Engine—Four-Wheel Brakes

Oakland closed cars receive, perhaps, the fullest benefit of the new 1924 Oakland chassis. The greater smoothness of Oakland's brand new engine lends to these closed cars a quietness rarely found save in the costliest. Oakland's new four-wheel brakes—sound, practical and simple—provide the ultimate measure of safety. Disc wheels are standard at no added cost.

The low prices speak for themselves but you must actually see and examine these new models to really appreciate how completely Oakland has broken down old precedents of closed car values.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

Oakland's "True Blue Travelers" are just completing their nation-wide demonstration. In the many thousands of miles covered, they have proved conclusively the high quality of the Brand New Oakland Six. They have shown also that Oakland's long-established 15,000-mile engine performance guarantee and the well-known Mileage Basis gauge of value apply even more fully to the True Blue Oakland

Touring Car, $945 Roadster, $945 Sport Touring, $1095 Sport Roadster, $1095
All prices Oakland f. o. b. factory

Brand New and True Blue

Oakland "6"

TRUSCON COPPER STEEL STANDARD BUILDINGS

Only $1.00 per Sq. Ft. for this Quality Building

An Example of Truscon Economy

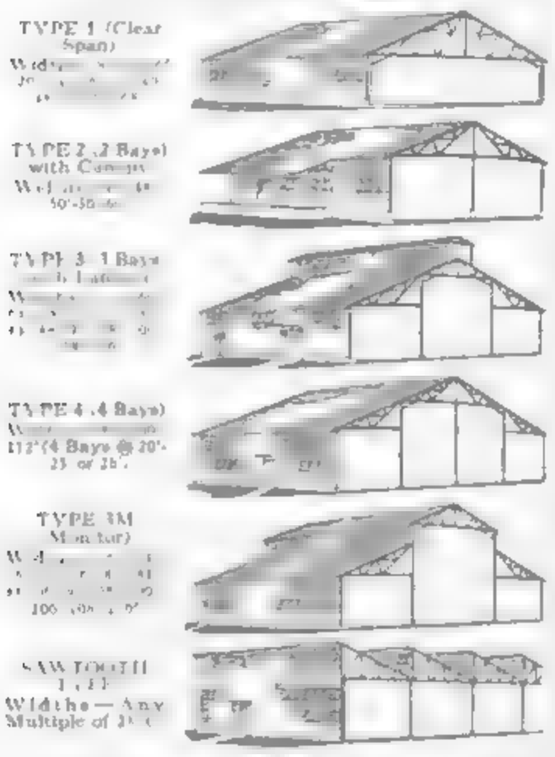
$5084 erects this Type 2 Truscon Copper Steel Standard Building, width 50', length 100', height to eaves, 10'9", shop coat of paint erected complete exclusive of floor, foundation, heating, lighting and equipment

Specifications:—Steel framing throughout. 33 Truscon Steel Windows, ventilated, 3'8" x 7'6¾", glazed complete; 2 Truscon Steel Doors, double sliding, 8 x 8 glazed sash, heavy and durable, complete with hardware. 3 ventilators in roof, rotary head type.

Any Building You Want With Similar Economy

Typical Truscon Standard Buildings

Lengths Multiples of 2'. Heights 8' to 21'. Any arrangement of doors and windows. Lanterns, canopies and lean-tos as desired.



The Truscon method gives you buildings of the above types, or other designs to meet your exact requirements; any width or size, any kind of roof, any arrangement of doors and windows, one story or two stories.

The Truscon Building is designed to provide the utmost value per dollar of cost. It consists of large standardized steel panels, doors, windows, etc., which are manufactured in enormous quantities and hence at lowest cost. We furnish you a building to meet your exact needs, deliver and erect it if desired, and give you a turnkey job. Thus your building cost includes but one overhead and one profit.

Erection is speedy and economical because of the large proportion of the work done in the shop by inexpensive machine methods. Order your building now—get quick action. We give you an exact completion date as well as an exact estimate of cost.

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Our printed matter, containing valuable building information for business executives, will be sent you without obligation. Get the facts. Write us or return coupon today.

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—U.S.A.

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Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for _____

Type _____ Length _____ Width _____ Height _____

Name _____

Address _____ (SP 10-6)

ALL IS CONFUSION

(Continued from Page 27)

Just how soon or how successfully this anomaly can be brought into line with common and established conceptions of one kind or another remains to be seen. In the meantime it is a most interesting freak, and promises to grow more interesting in the process of realizing itself for what or whatever it is.

On my way out to India I was reading on shipboard a very heavy volume on this subject—some seven hundred pages heavy—which was written by a friend of mine. Walking along the deck one day with this book under my arm, and with its gilded title—Dyarchy—shining forth to be easily read by anyone who might happen to glance at it, I was stopped by a fellow passenger, who said to me:

"I beg your pardon, but I just happened to catch the title of the book you are reading. Would you mind telling me what Dyarchy means?" My answer was:

"The author doesn't seem to know." And I am sure the author will forgive me when I assure him that at about page 526 that was still my painful impression. The latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary defines the word with uncompromising brevity as "An error for diarchy." And that made me laugh, because I thought it might turn out to be an error even for monarchy.

A Political Football

A dyarchical form of government—to accept the British spelling; and they have a right to spell it any way they like, since they are the only people on earth who are trying it out—could never be anything in this day and generation but exotic. It could never develop by natural processes within a body politic. It is a system artificially built up, and its benefits, if any, are benefits conferred. It presupposes the prior existence of a powerful governmental agency alien to its environment and under the necessity for maintaining itself and continuing to enforce its authority. It is a carefully measured concession conceding nothing of vital importance except in principle and guaranteeing nothing except its own potency to bemuse the general mind. Yet if there is a wise man on earth who could suggest a happier temporary medium between surrender to anarchy in India and the continuance of an unmodified benevolent despotism, held steady in the firm grasp of a mailed fist, that wise man should give England and that curious fifth of the human race with which England has to deal the benefit of his wisdom.

My resolution to interview the governor blossomed eventually into most entertaining realization, and I am convinced that his excellency withheld from me nothing of unimportance. Perhaps I should have violated his confidence immediately, with due regard for the news value of his utterances; but I shall come to that later on. In the meantime I have permitted myself to become interested in considerations involving the responsibilities for the present crisis of everybody from Queen Elizabeth to Mr. Montagu, with all the colleagues, predecessors and successors of Warren Hastings in between—to say nothing of American culpability in setting an example in the Philippine Islands of how the white man's burden should not be borne.

Which reminds me, in view of recent events and the many likenesses—minor, perhaps, but likenesses nevertheless—between the American position in the Philippines and the British position in India, that though the Filipino politicians may have an indisputable right to use Uncle Sam for a political football, and, for the delectation of the multitude, to kick and belabor him without regard to either his dignity or his sensibilities, they really should be careful not to loosen their grip on his Sam Browne belt. Since he has taken a leaf out of the book of Gandhi and decided upon a kind of noncooperation with the established and duly authorized—incidentally very liberal—order of government, I should like to remind Mr. Quezon of Mr. Gandhi's own expressed fear that such a course might possibly result in a too sudden and too definite change in the disposition of the sovereign power to go on carrying the weight of all the really important responsibilities. In his saner moments Mr. Gandhi is almost as inconsistent as Mr. Quezon himself, and Mr. Quezon will probably have no difficulty in remembering his consternation when Clark's scuttle amendment came very near getting by in the United States Congress.

In one of the native states of India where British domination is somewhat more manifest than it usually is in such areas, but where I was able to observe a more cheerful atmosphere and more evidence of general tranquillity than obtain in other quarters of the empire, I said one day to a native statesman, "You people seem to like the British."

He replied, with a hearty and wholesome laugh, "Oh, no, we don't! Not particularly. But we like them a whole lot better than we like our neighbors or each other."

And this impressed me as being rather an interesting glimpse of the actual basis of the whole Indian situation. Also, it will serve as a more or less adequate sum-up of the attitude of the average intelligent Filipino toward American sovereignty in his country, whatever Mr. Quezon and his colleagues may say about it. There are practically no Indians of any weight or informed intelligence who regard as in any way desirable a separation from the British Empire. The politicians enjoy the game of politics; they want the offices and as great a measure of control of Indian affairs as they can induce the British to surrender to them; but even the most politically minded—or patriotic, if you like—draw the line at an actual assumption on their own part of responsibility for the maintenance of law and order within the empire and the security of its borders against foreign aggression. I talked with no Indian in India who expressed a willingness to loosen the grip of his people on the Sam Browne belt of old John Bull.

There are differences, to be sure, as regards India and the Philippines, and they are differences which ought to fill any thoughtful Filipino with a disquieting sense of impending unsafety; the main difference being that the United States labors under no imperial necessity for continuing to maintain a sovereign connection with the Philippine Islands and might the more easily grow weary of the burden. It may have become highly desirable in the interest of American commerce for the United States to control a port on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, but it has been suggested that the port of Manila might be abandoned in favor of another—Zamboanga, for instance—in which such control could be more real and less hampered by political considerations.

A Population, Not a Nation

The United States is in honor bound to respect the fears and to requite the affections of those peoples in the islands who have found American overlordship not too irksome to be endured, and whose demand for its continuance is at least sincere, though it may not be so clamorous, nor so well organized, nor so handsomely supported by the inarticulate mass of taxpayers as the demand of the politicians for its discontinuance. It follows therefore that in recognizing this honor-involving obligation the United States must recognize the continuing right of the people of the great island of Mindanao to American protection. It is not at all unreasonable to imagine that we might surrender the Christian populations of Luzón, Panay, Cebú and other Christianized units of the archipelago to an out-and-out and wholly unfettered experiment in self-dependence, or dependence on overlords of their own choosing. It would be a good deal of an oligarchy, but that would be no fault of ours. The point is that the politicians and patriots would be exceeding their rights in demanding a surrender also of Mindanao, because that island is inhabited by a people quite as alien to Don Manuel Quezon—for exalted and personal example—as to President Coolidge.

Incidentally, the island of Mindanao offers finer possibilities for extensive development of all kinds than any other in the group, and has the further advantage of being very nearly a white man's land with a white man's climate. Its interesting Mohammedan inhabitants have a disturbing habit of running amuck every once in a while in an effort to pave a way to paradise with the bodies of dead Christians; but otherwise they are very attractive, and have demonstrated on a number of occasions their possession of a quite superior intelligence.

It is all a very interesting proposition, is it not? But really, if I am going to write about India, I must begin to keep my mind off the Philippines. It is just that we, too, have a colonial problem, an alien and discontented people to direct and protect, and the fact that we have may enable us the better and more sympathetically to understand the British position in the vast domain of Britain's most harassing difficulties.

The principal thing to be remembered always about India is that the government has not a nation to govern, but only a population; a population of some 317,000,000 volatile individuals, nearly all of whom are beginning latterly to prove by their acts and their actions that so far as their emotions are concerned they are tinder to the flint of almost any kind of emotional appeal, while in the mass, or in divided masses, they display all the qualities that are conducive to spontaneous combustion. I am not altogether clear and contented in my mind as regards the exact relationship between volatility and combustion; but one need not be too particular, and I do know that volatility is the quality of spontaneous evaporation, and that it is the term employed to express the idea of a free diffusion into the general atmosphere of any kind of gaseous element. Which is a happy thought! Volatility is the chief characteristic of professional politicians, agitators, parlor Bolsheviks, self-glorified reformers and other varieties of peoples' friends. Though—pausing to cogitate—one supposes that if it were not for the devoted services of a few such persons the world would stand still. Wouldn't it be restful!

The Shackles of Caste

The most important fact in the life of the population of India is caste, and it is an indisputable circumstance that the mind of the average Indian, even of the highest quality, both as to heredity and educational attainment, hardly ever rises above considerations of class privilege, the rules of caste and the laws of the social structure, which is supposed to have its foundations in the transcendental wisdom of the teachers of bygone ages who were the authors of the Hindu philosophy. This constitutes one of the chief bewilderments. The leaders clamor for swaraj, but however unintelligent some of them may seem to be along certain lines, none of them that I know or whose arguments I have followed has failed to recognize that the realization of political independence in its absolute form must be preceded by a living sense of national unity and self-dependence. In other words, nationalism and national consciousness, which are things the people of India have never experienced and cannot achieve.

The educated classes have achieved a certain consciousness of themselves as having political rights and rights of social equality with the foreigner, but this consciousness is not to be mistaken for real national consciousness. The Bengali continues to be a Bengali, the Rajput a Rajput, the Maratha a Maratha, and so on, while the rulers and the peoples of the native states—numbering 70,000,000, variously distributed—are as jealous of their partial isolation and limited independence as though they were not related to the rest of India in any way. This as to the conditions from a political viewpoint only; but the factions in India are not political factions; they are social and religious. The different communities have endeavored from time to time to get together, but every move they make in pursuit of this laudable purpose seems to have the effect of thrusting them further and further apart, and simply because getting together involves mutual sacrifices of certain sacred principles by which their daily lives are chiefly influenced.

Caste is a Hindu institution, and I am not forgetting that there are some 97,000,000 people in India who are not Hindus, and that, in particular, there are more than 67,000,000 Mohammedans—fanatic devotees of the most opinionated and uncompromising religion on earth. But, curiously enough, Hinduism in its social aspects and phases has set its seal upon every community and every individual in the empire. Not

(Continued on Page 52)

"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"

Haulers' Testimony Sets Value

These typical experiences of GMC users with the now famous GMC Two-Range Transmission give the final word of approval to this extraordinary advance in motor truck design. Representative of the opinion of thousands of haulers, they tell in terms of actual accomplishment how more road speed and greater pulling power, in the same truck, enable GMC trucks to go places and do work not otherwise possible.

We have used GMC 2-ton motor trucks continuously since 1915. These trucks have been used largely for long distance hauling. In November, 1922, we put into service a K-41 model, 2-ton capacity, and after six months of service with this truck we believe that this truck is the best motor truck ever built. We could give you many instances of hard pulling negotiated with this truck that we know would be physically impossible in any motor truck with only a 4-speed transmission. On a straight-away we are able to travel at 18 miles an hour without vibration or racing the engine and on solid tires.

—W. M. HAGEMAN,
Shelby, Ohio.

We were hauling cement with our Model K-41, two ton GMC, to the school house at Martinsburg, Indiana, located on the top of a hill, and is mighty mean to get to with a heavy load, for the grade is very steep and the road makes a sharp turn

A —— 2½-ton truck pulling the same load as the GMC quit and could not make the grade. After taking off about one-third of the load it could not do much better. They took off nearly half the original load before it could climb that hill.

As for my GMC, it went right along My driver put it in low-low and believe me, it simply walked up that steep grade as steady as though it were pulling on thegievel.

—C. E. BIERLEY & SON,
Pekin, Ind.

The wonderful performance of our fleet—the GMC trucks—which consists of one two-ton truck, two three and a half-ton trucks, and three five-ton trucks—urges me to express my pleasure in having them part of our equipment. I may state that the operating cost is amazingly low. The two-range transmission, removable cylinder walls and the accessibility for readjustment and displacement are features, to my mind, which go to make truck construction as near 100% as is possible

I have found the GMC to be all it is represented to be and answers our purpose thoroughly. We have had absolutely uninterrupted service, which, you will agree with me, is a broad statement to make.

—CRANE ICE CREAM CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Your Mr. F. C. Cameron, after several visits to Bristol, finally sold us our first GMC 2-ton truck in July, 1922, and the main reason for our considering the GMC was the two-range transmission and removable sleeve motor, and the fact that the City of Bristol, Va., has been operating a 3½ ton for over eight years. Since buying the first GMC last July we have since bought two more 2-tons. We could not ask any truck to give better service than we are getting from our GMC's. Our upkeep has been less than on any other truck we have ever operated.

—INTERSTATE TRANSFER CO.,
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GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY—*Pontiac, Michigan*
Division of General Motors Corporation

In the Dominion of Canada
General Motors Truck Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

GMC Truck Chassis list at the factory as follows: 1-Ton, $1295, 2-Ton, $2375; 3½-Ton, $3600; 5-Ton, $3950; Tax to be added.

General Motors Trucks

GMC

Just Suppose

Just suppose the wonder-house you intend to build is finished. And as you idly gaze out through your window not a solitary thing comes to mind which was overlooked or skimped or rudely cut from the plans. Then, the pleasure of living in that home will never be less than the anticipation.

To have it so is not difficult. Forethought and good judgment will often make up for the lack of a bottomless purse. Money is not saved by slighting the quality of small articles which serve you a lifetime without attention. The small articles on which all your doors depend for precision and quiet are worthy of the best quality. We speak of hinges. You have probably thought of the larger items.

McKINNEY HINGES have been made fine and true for more than fifty years. Their quality and pure designs are unquestioned. Your architect, contractor and builders' hardware merchant know these facts well. So we have devoted the pages of our booklet "*Suggestions for the* HOME BUILDER" to forethoughts on convenience whether hinges play a part or not. The booklet was designed to make your "Just Suppose" realities. Ask for the booklet by name.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Hinges and Butts

Garage hardware, door hangers and track, door bolts and latches, shelf brackets, window and screen hardware, steel door mats and wrought specialties.

even the domiciled British are free. They have resolved themselves into a kind of supercaste and are bound by somewhat rigid rules of their own.

The Mohammedans do not recognize caste in principle; but in practice they do, availing themselves of such advantages as the system has to offer and regulating their lives in a very large measure in accordance with the traditions of their Hindu forefathers. Hindus converted to Christianity cling tenaciously to the rules of caste in their everyday lives, unless they happen to be Christians of the tremendous depressed, or untouchable, class, who are converted en masse, in whole villages and towns, and principally by virtue of an assurance that by becoming Christians they will no longer be subjected to the tyrannies of caste, which affect them in a degree too extreme and too hideous to be described.

The Sikhs and the Jains are castes in themselves, subdivided into innumerable castes, and each with its base somewhere in the unfathomable depths of Hindu belief. Even the Parsis, that community of slightly more or less than 100,000 men and women, who are great men of business and splendid philanthropy and women of advanced culture, who are worshipers of the elements and who dispose of their dead by leaving them—prayerfully, to be sure, and with solemn ceremony—to the horrible voracity of the vultures that hover all the time over their fearful Towers of Silence—even the Parsis are influenced by caste prejudice and are opposed to any radical measures of reform designed to overcome the time-honored customs of the country of their adoption.

It is said that caste has the effect of dividing society into vertical sections and making impossible the establishment of the system we visualize in horizontal strata. This being true, it naturally follows that in each caste there is every possible variety of citizen—rich and poor; worthy and unworthy; educated and illiterate. But so far as caste privilege is concerned, caste brothers are all on a level and there are no distinctions. It is just that each man is confined within the limits of his caste; he may not marry his daughter to a man of another caste, nor may he break bread with any member of another caste. He is shut up in his vertical section of society, from which he cannot escape and into which no others may intrude.

This works considerable hardship at times, as one is able easily to realize. A man must marry his daughters; it is imperative; and the earlier the better; in their cradles often enough. This fact offers an excellent example of hardship. Some castes are very large and are characterized by a more or less general prosperity, and in these the difficulties are not so important. But there are others which consist of a few families only—one hundred or so—in which the problems are likely to multiply. Some families are poor while others are well-to-do; some are industrious and thrifty while others are worthless; some are slightly enlightened and recognize the ways of good citizenship within their community, while others are sunk in the Cimmerian dark of just nothing to think of at all.

Poverty-Stricken Brahmans

But a man must marry off his daughters. The better families naturally gravitate together, with the result that the degrees of consanguinity among them become too narrow and they eventually are compelled to reach out; though "reach down" would better express the idea. In his quest for sons-in-law the man is compelled to reach down into the classes beneath him in his own caste and be content with the best he may be able to secure. Never mind the daughters. In little matters of this kind they are supposed to receive no consideration whatsoever.

It is assumed by the average person that the Brahman caste, being the highest caste in India, is therefore the most opulent. But this is far from being true. The Brahman caste is the priestly caste; the sacred caste; the caste which created caste; to a large extent the educated caste; the caste before which all other castes bow down, and the caste which has dominated the masses in India from time immemorial, and that has imposed upon them a social tyranny that no foreign despotism could ever hope to equal. It is the Brahmans generally who are most strongly opposed to social reform, because social reform, however conservatively it may be instituted through the abolition of this, that or the other too glaring iniquity, means the eventual abolition of the caste system, and every slightest weakening of this system means the diminution by just so much of Brahman privilege and prestige. But, strangely enough, they have not universally taken advantage of their privilege and prestige for the purpose of acquiring wealth, though one supposes that they might have done so.

It was a surprise to me to learn that there are thousands upon thousands of Brahmans as bitterly poor as the poorest untouchable, and that in everyday life they are compelled to turn for a living to almost any kind of employment available. Nevertheless, from the lowest to the highest, they all wear the sacred thread, and nothing can deprive them of their halo of spiritual supremacy. The sacred thread is literally a string; just a common string—more often than not unspeakably dirty—that is worn about the neck, is never removed, and—delicate little item of interest—that has to be looped up over the ear when its wearer is performing any of the ordinary physical functions of daily life which might be regarded as polluting. A Brahman in my own employ in Agra told me this, and he went into details with a frank simplicity of language and an apparent innocence of mind that were somewhat unpleasantly startling, but at the same time exceedingly revealing to me in their unconscious revelation of the working processes of the Hindu mind.

This man was not the only lowly Brahman I ever encountered. In Bombay one day I hailed a passing gharri, and as I was climbing in I casually observed that its driver was just about the raggedest and dirtiest specimen of humanity I had ever laid eyes on. Where he sat hunched up in a miserable bundle on the seat in front of me, I was looking him over in a detached kind of way as we rattled along, when suddenly a puff of wind blew aside the tatters of his awful shirt and I caught a glimpse of the unmistakable sacred thread.

I thought to myself, "By all that is amazing, that lad is a Brahman!"

From the Feet of Brahma

And it interested me to reflect that a maharaja, a millionaire merchant, an Indian army officer, any lofty citizen of any other caste, would have to take the dust of his feet and could not get him for a son-in-law under any imaginable circumstances.

Then one day I was in a big cotton mill, and as I was wandering through its extensive and interesting intricacies with its British general manager I plied him with questions about the idiosyncrasies of Indian labor—which are many and mysterious.

Finally, lit up in my own mind by newly acquired information, I said to him, "Have you any Brahmans in your labor corps?"

He laughed and answered:

"Not any more! And never again if I can help it! I did have a fellow around here whose job was to run a hand truck about through the mills, but I found a lot of my best men—engineers, trained mechanics and even office men—taking the dust of his feet and more or less prostrating themselves in front of him; so I kicked him out."

The caste system in some form has been coexistent with Hindu civilization from the remotest ages, and was introduced into India with the Aryan invasion; but its laws were not codified and itself crystallized into adamantine permanence until about the third century of the Christian Era, when the code of Manu was formulated. This code lays down rules to govern society in its every relationship and activity, and divides the Aryan people into three main classes, the Brahman, the Kshatriya and the Vaisya. These were, respectively, the priestly caste issuing from the mouth of Brahma; the warrior caste issuing from the arms of the deity, and the traders and tillers of the soil who came forth from his loins. The fourth great, and the greatest division of society consisted of the conquered non-Aryan tribes of India, who were relegated to a rigidly unprivileged caste called Sudra; and this caste was supposed to have issued from the feet of Brahma.

Some of the greatest and most ancient families in India belong to the Sudra caste, and there is no way known to man for any of them to escape its bondage. There is no such thing in India as social climbing, unless it be that an individual may climb

(Continued on Page 54)

PACKARD

What is the net and practical result of the extra care and precision which Packard has always put into its manufacturing processes?

Is the Single-Six owner profiting in everyday experience by this unyielding adherence to self-imposed standards aimed to be consistently above and beyond the very best other practise known?

The twenty-three-year-old admonition—Ask The Man Who Owns One—will elicit for you the most emphatic and conclusive sort of an answer to these important questions.

Packard precision and particularity are evidencing themselves in the Single-Six in eminently practical ways—as well as in a quality of performance as unique as Packard performance always has been.

It is our own conviction that no car *has ever been produced* which so persistently remains fit and free from need of adjustment and repair as the Single-Six.

The term applied to it—the ten year car—is no misnomer; and that practical and important fact is unquestionably due to manufacturing fineness which might be called quixotic if it did not produce such invaluable results.

Another most important reward of the scrupulous nature of Packard methods is an operating economy in the Single-Six never equalled, we are certain, by any car even remotely desirous of being compared to Packard.

Shown above is the Single-Six Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine. Single-Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed. Makers also of the famous Packard Single-Eight.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

CDE

Try AIRID
on your coldest radiator

LAST WINTER a home-owner in Scranton, Pa., read an Airid advertisement.

This Spring he wrote us:

"I had noisy, cold, leaking, sputtering radiators. But after trying one 'Airid' on the most troublesome radiator with perfect results, I immediately put Airid Valves on *all* my radiators. I have had no trouble whatever, since."

Airid Air Valves were designed by this Company to let steam radiators do their work properly. Give your radiators a chance to get warm. Airids will do it for only $1.60 a room.

Just try one Airid

Put one Airid Air Valve in your coldest room. It is on sale at $1.60 in the stores of Heating Contractors and Plumbers everywhere. It can be attached to any radiator in a moment by anyone—without tools. If your dealer happens to be out, mail us the coupon below.

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

1807 Elmwood Ave. Dept. S-39 Buffalo, N.Y.

AIRID Air Valve

Rids the radiator of cold air

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY, Dept. S-39, 1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

[illegible] Airid Air Valve for the radiator in [illegible] coldest room.

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 52

within the confines of his own social section. The vast and pitiable populace of so-called untouchables—or, as they are more politely referred to, the depressed classes—also belong to the Sudra division of society; but during the course of history each division has subdivided itself into innumerable castes within castes until in 1901 the census officials—the first to undertake the task—enumerated more than 2000 main castes; then paused, appalled, and confessed their inability even to estimate the number of subdivisions embraced within these.

Add to such facts the facts that the gods of the Hindu faith are literally innumerable; that the faith emanated, through slowly unfolding philosophies and mystic speculations, from the inner consciousness of man and had not the inspiration of any great prophet or subdivine teacher in its initiation and development; that the people are as hopelessly divided in their spiritual enslavements as in their social relationships, and you will get at least a faint and far-away vision of the explanation of Indian political history.

You would think that such a numerous people—vastly numerous for ages past inhabiting a subcontinent guarded across the greater length of its land connection by the impassable Himalayas, having thousands of miles of practically harborless coast line, and with only a comparatively short pregnable boundary to worry about, would be able to defend themselves. But they are not; they never have been; and the secret surely lies not in the strength of successive foreign despotisms but in their own division and the emasculating despotism of their own social system.

Bewildering Antagonisms

To add bewilderments to bewilderments: The word "community" as it is used in India has a meaning so different from that with which we normally endow it that one finds it difficult to adjust one's thought to the significance of its local usage. When I first heard of "community representation" in the new assemblies and legislative councils, both provincial and central, my mind naturally worked in its established grooves and I visualized a system with which I am thoroughly familiar. We have community representation, our communities being referred to by our representatives as constituencies. A constituency may consist of a number of communities or of only one division of some great community; but in any case, so far as our system of government is concerned, a community is a political unit, though it may contain within it any number of such communities as are listed under various sectarian and sociological headings. But in India a community is a sect, a social organization or a racial element.

It is exactly as though, in our country, our political representation were dependent upon adjustments of our religious differences and race difficulties. We have Catholics in a very great community, if you wish so to designate their national body; we have Jews in numbers sufficient to match many a community in India; we have Protestant organizations of every known denomination, many of them tremendously powerful and unlimitedly valuable merely as social institutions without regard to the tenets of the faith upon which they are founded. Add to all these our divisions of race pure and simple, and imagine, if you can, what it would be like if our political candidates ran for office on the community-representation basis. We surely should live in a state of uninterrupted civil war, just as India does. Not the kind of civil war that is brought on by an argument over some great issue which finally divides a people into two irreconcilable militant camps, but a war of communities; unending civil strife; a constant effervescence of innumerable hatreds; sporadic outbreaks and uprisings instigated by community prejudice; threats and counter-threats; claims and counter-claims; intrigue and counter-intrigue; offense and reprisal—all in the name of God, of some contested principle of spiritual or social belief, of some special caste of racial countenance or some particular shade of epidermis.

It is ridiculous, but it is—India! It is the kind of thing the British have been getting along with for generations; the kind of thing with which they have never interfered except for the maintenance of law and order; the kind of thing to which they have had to adjust every political reform they have ever undertaken; and, what is more important, the kind of thing that has hampered and harassed them in all their endeavors to better the educational, economic and social conditions of the people.

What would you think of attempting to establish and conduct an all-embracing public-school system under such circumstances? What would have happened to us if we had been divided into constantly warring sectarian communities and subdivided into innumerable contact-proof vertical sections of social isolation? We should have got just about as far as India has with an educational program. The public school as we know it is hardly a possibility in India, because the children of India are not permitted to enjoy anything that remotely resembles free association. There are a great many such schools, to be sure; but the children who attend them are either caste equals or they are held to the strict observance of caste regulations.

The children of the depressed classes are not allowed to enter anywhere, and I myself have seen numbers of them in groups—eager, intelligent and sadly conscious of their disabilities—squatting on schoolhouse verandas, absorbing such instruction as they could get through open windows and schoolroom doors. None could by any chance cross a schoolroom threshold. Yet in one way, and as far as the advantages go, the depressed classes enjoy better educational advantages than any class in India, because it is to them that the Christian missionaries devote their particular attention.

It is to be understood, of course, that the communities and castes are all mixed up in the general population, and are not, except in occasional instances, domiciled en masse in separate areas. A Hindu and a Mohammedan may live in adjoining houses; but it is just that they may not borrow each other's frying pans, so to speak. The castes and communities may all enjoy a certain measure of social intercourse; they may meet together and talk and argue and damn the British Raj in unison if they are so minded—and this is what they have been doing to an increasing extent during the past few years—but it must all be in the open or in places of public assembly.

It is the habitation that is inviolable; the person that must be guarded against pollution. Modern educated Indians, who for the benefit of strangers like to minimize the peculiarities of Indian life, will tell you that the only really rigid rules of caste are the rules against intermarriage and interdining. But this is true only as regards the infinitesimal minority—a small minority of the educated minority—who have broken with the system and become the vanguard of rebellion against it. The difficulty is that these are the people the West hears from and listens to, with the result that the West loses sight of India's colossal dimensions and infinite variations.

Mohammedan Versus Hindu

In general, the rules that are rigid and rigidly adhered to are so numerous that a stranger never knows when he is transgressing one of them and offering offense to Indian sensibilities. Moreover, the enslavement of practically all Hindu households is still such that when a man of low caste crosses the threshold of a high-caste citizen the high-caste citizen must call in a Brahman to perform the rite of spiritual fumigation.

The Mohammedans and the Hindus are the two great communities, of course, and between them is a gulf fixed of bigotry and prejudice that no desire for political unity can ever bridge. At any rate, not in the life of any generation now in action or in training. In the last and simplest analysis they wage most of their warfare over musical instruments and cows. The Mohammedans will not tolerate music in the vicinity of their mosques. The holy serenity of their houses of worship is not to be disturbed by any sound save the murmur of prayer and the voice of the revered expounder of the sacred Word.

On the other hand the Hindus love music, have developed a most interesting music of their own and employ it for self-expression on every possible occasion. They adore processions and pageants, and one of their favorite pastimes is getting up parades of one kind or another. Whether for purposes of reprisal and with malice aforethought, or in a spirit of independence

(Continued on Page 56)

EXCEPTIONAL RIDING COMFORT

The new Dodge Brothers Touring Car is exceptionally comfortable to ride in; it is good looking; and it incorporates many important refinements of detail.

The body is longer and lower, eliminating side sway, affording more leg room, and enhancing the beauty of the lines.

Deeper seats, long underslung rear springs and longer front springs, give ample assurance that cross country touring can be enjoyed without weariness or fatigue.

New head lamps and fenders harmonize smartly with the general design. The rear seat, and all upholstery, is removable. The running boards are longer and wider.

Transmission and brake levers are more conveniently arranged, and the steering wheel is ideally shaped for easy control.

Yet with all these improvements, and many others, it is still fundamentally the same car—built on the same chassis and powered by the same sturdy engine.

The price of the Touring Car is $880 f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS

12 Minerals 3 Vitamines

And the needed bran—All in a night delight

Consider what Quaker Puffed Wheat in milk supplies.

Here is whole wheat steam exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

The food cells are broken, so digestion is made easy. All the wheat elements feed.

Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children must have. Also the essential bran. Milk supplies the vitamines—all three.

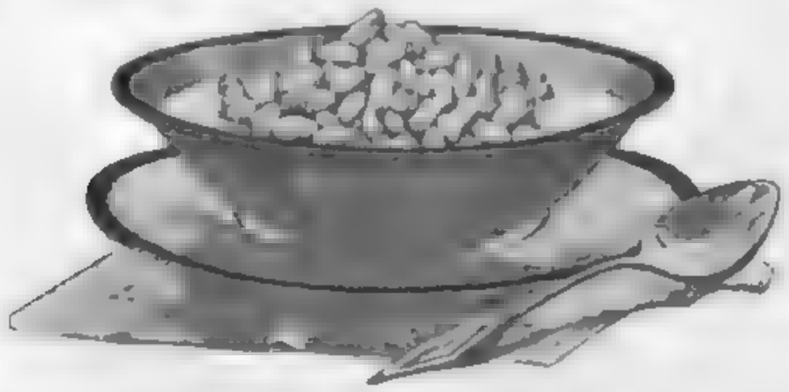
No dish could be created more ideal for supper or at bedtime.

Fascinating morsels

And here each wheat grain is a tidbit. Thin, crisp and toasted—four times as porous as bread. The grains crush at a touch and melt away into flavory granules.

Thus whole wheat is made delightful. The milk dish is made inviting. Children gladly eat these premier foods in plenty.

What other night dish can you think of to compare with Puffed Wheat in milk?



Airy, flaky food confections

Quaker Puffed Rice is the finest cereal dainty that breakfast ever brings. Thin, airy globules, with a taste like toasted nuts. And this is rice grains with the food cells broken by millions of steam explosions.

Serve with cream and sugar. Blend with any fruit. Crisp and serve with melted butter for hungry children after school.

Let these grain dainties take the place of foods not so good for people.

The Quaker Oats Company

(Continued from Page 54)

which would uphold the idea that a street is a public thoroughfare, or out of plain irresponsible and irrepressible cussedness, these parades are wont to be led past Mohammedan mosques with their bands blaring for all they are worth. And this is almost invariably the signal for a mêlée.

The Mohammedans gather in their wrath and throw stones; the parade stops and the paraders pitch in barehanded or with anything they can lay their hands on; a crowd gathers and everybody in it gets busy on one side or the other. It develops into a pitched battle with claws, fists, rocks and brickbats, musical instruments and any implement of industry that anyone may happen to possess for weapons. There are no arms, because, for obvious reasons, the population of India is disarmed almost to a man. But there is bloodshed nevertheless; there are many casualties; the police arrive; they are armed and the bullets begin to fly. The police are attacked and the passions of the mob flame higher and higher. A riot call is sent in for troops, and first thing you know there is the fast-measured sound of the quickstep of a British detachment hastening to the rescue. Whereupon the rioters detach themselves one from another and disperse.

That is the way it nearly always happens, and likely as not the next morning the native press will carry emotional accounts of another British atrocity—turning out the troops—while the Mohammedans and Hindus, in their strained but resolutely supported *entente cordiale* in the assemblies and councils of state, will sadly discuss the unlikelihood that their efforts to establish unity between the two peoples will ever amount to anything.

As regards the cow: The Hindus, high and low, rich and poor, and of whatever caste, hold the cow in greater reverence than any other creature on earth. The cow is everywhere—on the streets of the cities; on the highways and byways; meandering about regardless, in and out of people's houses and shops, their doors and their gateways; whither she listeth and whence she will, absolutely unmolested and wholly untrammeled. What the pariah dog used to be in the streets of Constantinople, that the cow is in most of the cities and towns of India; and it is not children and jaywalkers that the driver of an automobile has to look out for; it is cows. You will realize how difficult this makes automobiling when you remember what a superb contempt the average cow has for an automobile.

But to a Hindu the cow is sacred above all things else, and the 67,000,000 Mohammedans in India eat cow! The case cannot be stated too strongly, so I might say that to ask the Hindus to unite with the Mohammedans for any purpose whatsoever is comparable to a proposition that we unite, for political purposes, let us say, with a juxtapositious vast horde of cannibals whose chief article of diet happened to be the meat of our children. This may sound too extreme for even approximate accuracy. But wait! Wait and see what Mr. Gandhi has to say about it. Mr. Gandhi is a kind of super-Hindu.

The Moslem League

The Indian National Congress was a Hindu institution founded in 1885 in protest chiefly against British social supremacy and for the purpose of creating an agency through which Indian political influence might make itself potent, even though it continued to be powerless in the councils of government. I say it was a Hindu institution, because only a very few Mohammedans interested themselves in its purposes, the leading Mohammedans having theretofore always stood aloof from political activities and agitations of all kinds.

The basic principles in the constitution of the congress were:

"The fusion into one national whole of all the different and discordant elements that constitute the population of India; the gradual regeneration, along all lines, mental, moral, social and political, of the nation thus evolved; and the consolidation of union between England and India by securing the modification of such of the conditions as may be unjust or injurious to the latter country."

Mild enough, you will say; an organization deserving the support and encouragement it actually received from government itself. Government expressed itself—or themselves, as the British will have it—as being well pleased that an organization should develop through which public sentiment might be expressed in concrete form; and it was really an Englishman, Mr. Allan Octavian Hume, who initiated the movement and brought it to its consummation in the original convention.

But for several years the congress did little or nothing except to diffuse a gaseous element into the general atmosphere and permit to evolve a troublesome party of uncontrollable extremists. Certainly it did nothing toward gradual regeneration along all lines. But it made itself vocally powerful, whatever else it did, with the result that in 1906 the Mohammedans, alarmed by the increasing dominance of the Hindu community and the increasing radicalism expressed by some of the most prominent Hindu leaders, got together and formed the Moslem League. And it is interesting to note that into the teeth of the radicals who had begun to rule in the councils of the congress they hurled a most conservative constitution, which declared the objects of the league to be:

"To promote among Indian Mussulmans feelings of loyalty toward the British Government, and to remove any misconceptions that may arise as to the intentions of government with regard to any of its measures; to protect the political and other rights and interests of Indian Mussulmans and to place their needs and aspirations before the government in temperate language; to promote as far as possible concord and harmony between the Mussulmans and other communities of India."

There was a great deal of important history made during the next few years, which I shall not attempt to detail. The only possibility for me, anyhow, unless I set out to fill a five-foot bookshelf with a mere recast of recorded facts, is to throw up a few high lights which may serve to illuminate the general scene. And the only thing I can guarantee is the honesty of my endeavor to see things as they are.

Moslem Leaders Protest

I certainly cannot claim to have achieved stability of viewpoint or continuity of sentiment on the subject. Who can? It is impossible for any casual and disinterested observer to go into India and not feel on the instant that the British have no right to be there in a ruling capacity. Yet it is impossible for any casual observer, after a few days of even the most casual observation, not to regard the Indians as being the most fortunate people on earth in having been brought under just such detached and unrelated rule. One sees the British as at once selfish and unselfish; self-serving and self-sacrificing; unscrupulous and honorable in the true Anglo-Saxon sense; Machiavellian and quixotic; overbearing and graciously accommodating; supercilious and anxious to please; being deeply concerned with the butter and the oil, but longing greatly to wear justice upon them as a robe and a diadem. And there you are! Can you be pro-British or anti-British? You cannot. Can you be pro-Indian or anti-Indian? You can be neither. One sees the Indians not as a people but only as—a population! Vast divisions of lovable tribes, cultured in a sense beyond all our conceptions of culture, but mired in a morass of social chaos from which they can hope to extricate themselves only by slow and perhaps, in many instances, very tragic processes.

But to return to the history following the inauguration of the Moslem League: It is enough to say that in it was recorded success on the part of the Moderate Hindus in their endeavor to induce the Mohammedans to join them in their demand upon England for a modification of the political conditions under which they lived, to the end that in 1913 the constitution of the league was amended to include a declaration that in addition to the objects already set forth, but without detriment to them, it proposed "the attainment, under the ægis of the British Crown, of a system of self-government suitable to India, through constitutional means, by bringing about, amongst others, a steady reform of the existing system of administration, by promoting national unity, by fostering public spirit among the people of India and by co-operating with other communities for the said purpose."

The attitude of the leaders of those 67,000,000 Mohammedans of India during the

(Continued on Page 58)

Champion Core is Made of Wonderful Sillimanite

The wonderful core which has definitely established Champion as a better spark plug is made of sillimanite.

This exceedingly rare mineral has been discovered in commercial quantities nowhere in the world but in the mountains of California. It is owned and mined exclusively by Champion and only in Champion cores is sillimanite used.

The mineral is located far up in the mountains in an almost inaccessible spot. It is mined and carried down winding, almost impassable trails on the backs of sturdy burros to where it is loaded on trucks for carting to the railroads.

From California it is shipped to the great porcelain plant of the Champion company at Detroit and there converted into the Champion core identified by the Double-Rib.

This core is the greatest insulator ever made. It stands stress and strain far more severe than it is ever subjected to in actual use. It is practically immune to breakage. Extremes of heat and cold do not affect it.

It is the very definite reason why more than 65% of all spark plugs made are Champion—why Champion is outselling throughout the entire world.

In discovery of sillimanite Champion scientists realized their determination to perfect an insulator better than the world had ever before known.

In the laboratory they found that the application of intense heat to certain ceramic mixtures produced a very fine insulator. The higher the temperature, the better the core produced.

In this work, they used temperatures in excess of any ever before attempted in practical manufacture.

They produced an excellent insulator that was far superior to the ordinary porcelain cores.

But they were not satisfied. Their experiments had convinced them that at some time, somewhere, nature had probably applied the terrific heat of internal fires—thousands of degrees hotter than man can generate—to the same mixture.

So they sought through the volcanic regions of the world for years until they discovered sillimanite in the Inyo Mountains of California.

Now Champion owns the world's only commercial supply of sillimanite. It also controls the process for utilizing it in making cores for spark plugs.

That is why no other core can be as good as Champion. It is a very definite reason why you should have Champions in your engine—a full set.

They will make better engine performance certain. They will save in gas and oil.

There is a dependable Champion for every engine. Dealers everywhere sell them. The Blue Box Line is 75 cents. Champion X 60 cents (Canadian prices 85 and 75 cents.) Put in a set today. You will know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed core

Champion Spark Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio

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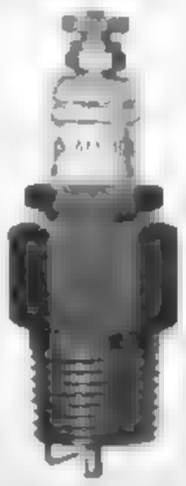
Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION
X

Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 10 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere



CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Your Recreation and ATLAS

75,000 people swaying with enthusiasm over a spectacular play create a strain that might wreck an ordinary structure. But the modern stadium built with Portland Cement insures to such vast crowds—*safety*.

In addition, Portland Cement gives permanence and beauty to this and other types of recreational structures—swimming pools, playgrounds, gymnasiums and clubhouses. No modern construction is possible without this essential material.

Atlas facilities are a big factor in providing at low cost, an adequate supply for the growing needs, not only of recreation, but industry, housing, education and commerce. Even in this greatest building year of our history, Portland Cement still remains the cheapest of all manufactured commodities.

Shipments of 300 carloads of Atlas, about 11,000 tons, in a single day are not unusual. And all of the 85 intricate operations in the manufacture of Atlas are under continuous scientific control, maintaining Atlas as "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

The Atlas Portland Cement Company will be glad to answer any question regarding the cement industry or the use of Atlas. Its Technical and Service Departments, as well as its large assortment of informative literature, are at the public's disposal.

The ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM

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Dayton Omaha Buffalo Kansas City

(Continued from Page 56)

years before the war was nothing if not conservative. But came the war, to which a great many Mohammedans as well as a good many Hindus were sacrificed. Came the cessation of hostilities and, eventually, the Treaty of Sèvres. This aroused all Islam, but in particular it caused the Moslem leaders of India to rise in bitter protest, because, as subjects of the British Empire, they had accepted the pledge of England, given in November, 1914, to the effect that Ottoman territories and the holy places of Islam should be immune from the penalties of defeat. The Central Khilafat Committee of India issued a warning to England that any British interference with Turkish nationalist aims and activities would result in civil disobedience on the part of the entire Mohammedan population; and this was very serious, because it is known that the Mohammedan multitudes do really obey the instructions of their priests and teachers. But the point is that this threat was undoubtedly due to the influence and teaching of Mr. Gandhi, who, having been induced to believe that the cause of the Khilafat was a holy one, involving the deepest and dearest convictions of his brothers in the cause of Indian political emancipation, had embraced it and made it his own with characteristic fervor and completeness. Which brings me back to the cow.

Mr. Gandhi, being unique, was bound in his contacts by none of the ordinary restrictions of Hindu life, and had no difficulty, evidently, in reconciling in his own mind all the divergences of opinion and prejudice by which his people are influenced; but he had some difficulty in reconciling his millions of Hindu followers to the idea of close association with Mohammedans for any purpose whatsoever. Is not the Mohammedan a cow murderer and a partaker of the succulent sirloin? Though, really, one should not be facetious about such considerations. They are considerations solemn to the souls of multitudes of perfectly good people. We have no sacred animals ourselves, but if we had and if these animals were held in reverence because of their association in one way or another with the life and the teachings of Christ we probably should feel toward them just about as the average Hindu feels toward the cow. Though in greater moderation, of course. The difference being that we are not Oriental minded.

Nearly all Oriental peoples have sacred animals of some kind that are connected in some way with the mythology of their gods.

To Conquer by Love

We dislike very much the idea of eating horse meat, but that is because we regard the horse as being more or less of a beloved brother. We will not eat dog meat or cat meat if we know it. Not because we know that dog meat and cat meat are not good meats, but because these animals are closely and companionably domesticated and have a warm place in our affections. But there are plenty of people in the world who do eat all such meats without any scruples or reservations of any kind, and I know certain picturesque tribesmen who would swap a saddle of mutton for a hind quarter of dog any day in the week—and pay something to boot. One night in Northern Luzon at an Igorrote *banquete* I dallied diligently with a delicious dog steak, thinking it was veal. When I learned what it was I promptly became very ill, but that was because my imagination had more authority than the nerves of my stomach. The meat was all right.

But hear what Mr. Gandhi has to say. Mr. Gandhi proposes to deprive the Mohammedans of their appetite for beef by making love to them. He proposes to turn 67,000,000 meat-eating, hard-fighting, sword-bearing and sword-honoring citizens into vegetarians by the force of satyagra. He says:

"The present-day cow protection has degenerated into a perpetual feud with the Mussulmans, whereas cow protection means conquering the Mussulmans by our love. . . . I yield to none in my regard for the cow. I have made the Khilafat cause my own, because I see that through its preservation full protection can be secured for the cow. I do not ask my Mussulman friends to save the cow in consideration of my services. My prayer ascends daily to God Almighty that my service in a cause I hold to be just appear so pleasing to him that he may change the hearts of the Mussulmans, and fill them with pity for their Hindu neighbors and make them save the animal the latter hold dear as life itself."

About which there certainly is a moving simplicity of faith, whatever else may be said of it.

One afternoon his excellency sent an A. D. C. to say that he would like to see me in his study. You understand that in India you never refer to a governor of a province or a presidency, or to the viceroy, merely as such. Every such personage is invariably "his excellency" in ordinary conversation, or "your excellency" if you are addressing him in person. In 1917, when I visited India for the first time, I remember being somewhat overwhelmed by the ostentation and magnificence of official life in comparison with that to which I was accustomed as a plain American citizen. I can quote myself as having used such phrases as "the clank of panoply" and "the clink of ornamentation," with a picture in my mind always of statuesque, tall Sikh bodyguards in bright red and yellow uniforms, and with ten-foot lances held at prescribed angles, standing immobile at whatever entrance one might happen to be entering to encounter a high official or for the purpose of mingling with the official throng. And I wrote that in the Philippines we knew nothing at all about that sort of thing. Though in actual performance we may have been ever so imperialistic—which we were not—in official declarations and outward form we were exceedingly democratic, the best-known guard at the main entrance of Malacanan Palace in my time having been a typical American policeman about whose unceremonious attitude toward visitors many amusing stories were told.

Great Irrigation Projects

However, I must get on with my interview. I found his excellency in his private office, a great, airy room—more like a drawing-room than an office—built out to the edge of the rocky bay shore and overlooking a vast expanse of ocean. There were many maps; some on easels, some spread out on tables and others hanging carelesslike over the backs of chairs. Next to preserving order in the Bombay presidency, Sir George Lloyd is more interested in irrigating its waste areas than in anything else, and he had just been having a conference with some engineers. Having finished with them, he had sent for me, not to talk about swaraj and social unrest, nor to tell why he put Mr. Gandhi in prison, but to show me the plans and specifications of the greatest irrigation project ever undertaken; a project that was to redeem several million acres of land from dependence upon an undependable rainfall. The largest and most extraordinary dam ever built is under process of construction—is nearly finished, as a matter of fact—and is to be known as the Lloyd Dam. He is exceedingly proud of it, and with excellent reason.

I had to tell him that though his project was colossal, it was hardly to be compared with one we have in prospect in connection with the Colorado River; but no doubt he expected me to say something of the sort, since he challenged me to name any work of reclamation anywhere that was not more or less insignificant in comparison with his.

I told him we were thinking of damming the Colorado River and creating a lake that would rival Lake Michigan in its dimensions; that with the water thus provided we would be able to reclaim enormous waste areas, and that our plans and specifications covered schemes of development that would require a long time to complete. All of which is even more than true!

He just said "Oh, well!" and let it go at that.

I then asked him about the riots he had been having to deal with in the vicinity of his works in connection with a rumor—undoubtedly spread about among the densely ignorant workmen by the political troublemakers—to the effect that the engineers were stealing babies and sacrificing them to the outraged river gods by burying them alive under their mountains of masonry. There were a good many lives actually sacrificed in the unreasoning riots, and the story was the news sensation of the hour. It was argued that the readiness with which the seething masses accepted the rumor as a terrible and intolerable fact proved that such practices had been common among them in the not very remote past.

(Continued on Page 60)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

Turn Back The Universe

TWENTY YEARS lost in a night! No secret about this rejuvenation system, either

"Just a line of appreciation from a stranger of fifty-eight years of age who feels twenty years younger today after having witnessed 'Penrod and Sam' last evening. I recently read that women make the best audiences, that they are more responsive and laugh more readily than men. The author could not have written that just after having seen 'Penrod and Sam' as it captivates the whole family—father, mother, son and daughter, brother and sister. I have never witnessed anything more fresh and human. . . . The woodshed scene brought to mind this story: A small barefoot boy was directed to soak his feet in salt water to toughen them. He considered the matter thoughtfully and then remarked to himself, 'It's pretty near time for me to get a lickin', so I guess I'd better sit in it.'"

The man who wrote that sounds like a reg'lar feller. He is none other than C. L. Logan, County Recorder of Los Angeles County, and of all the press-and-public-praise "Penrod and Sam" has won, Mr. Logan's contribution rings truest

And How She'll Wear 'Em!

TWENTY-ONE complete changes of wardrobe for Corinne Griffith when she plays Countess Zattiany in the Frank Lloyd production of "Black Oxen." The bill will come to $22,500. To design and execute the gowns, Mr. Lloyd has engaged Walter Israel, whose costume creations are as well known among film folk as those of Poiret or Lucille

Among the first scenes photographed was the final act of "Mme. Butterfly," produced in full before a "professional audience" of two thousand, in a Los Angeles theatre. In such surroundings does Clavering, the journalist, discover Countess Zattiany, according to the story—and what happens after that in Gertrude Atherton's remarkable romance will be told on the screen, and in one hundred important newspapers which will commence serial publication of the novel this month

Here's The Bull!

BULL MONTANA—he of the brown derby, cauliflower ears and screen comedy fame—has been "borrowed" by Maurice Tourneur from the Metro lot for "Jealous Fools." The Bull and young Ben Alexander will work side by side for smiles.

* * *

Fortune has favored me with a number of photographs of Colleen Moore. Seeking some way to share my luck with my fellow fans I remembered that Colleen was born in Port Huron, Michigan. So if you live in Port Huron now and would like one of these photographs, just send me your name and address and I'll mail you one. I'm sorry there are only enough for Port Huron readers at present. Miss Moore is gaining many new friends by her work in "The Huntress."

Six Worth Seeing

IT'S WORTH while to follow the amusement ads for "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Wanters," "The Huntress," "Trilby," "Penrod and Sam" and "The Brass Bottle." Or, better still, make doubly sure by asking your theatre manager when he will screen them.

In Paris a beautiful woman
In Rhodesia a "man"—unrecognized by the adventurer who had saved her from suicide in the Seine.

JAMES KIRKWOOD AND ANNA Q. NILSSON IN "PONJOLA."

PARIS BY NIGHT. The shadows of the Seine broken by deeper shadows of passing craft. A woman looks down from a bridge, planning a jump. There will be a rush of air, a splash, and an easy way out of a man's world. There is no jump—but a quick scuffle as an apache attacks, and then the attacker's retreat before a stranger. A big man from South Africa, he is—different from any the woman has met. He fascinates with stories of the veldt; he's glad to be going back, to his mine and to the girl who waits. When he has gone, the woman has one daring determination! In a man's world she will be a man.

Thus Cynthia Stockley makes her heroine a "man" and starts the adventure of Flavia Desmond that put "Ponjola" high among best sellers.

In masculine attire Flavia goes to South Africa and finds Druro, the stranger of Paris, jilted by the girl he was to have married, pauperized through a mine-flood, and seeking solace in the native drink, ponjola. The drama of those days from the beginning of Flavia's love for her partner, who still thinks her a man, until she faces a murder charge from which only her sex can save her, provides material we don't often get.

You'll want to know what sort of "man" Anna Q. Nilsson makes. Well, think of the Prince of Wales several degrees better-looking. That's Miss Nilsson. James Kirkwood puts rugged masculinity into what is perhaps his strongest screen undertaking. Here's right-out-of-the-ordinary entertainment in glamorous settings, directed by Donald Crisp, under Sam E. Rork's aegis.

"The Age of Desire"

A CHANGING age it is. When wealth is a woman's desire and money can be won by marriage, the child of a secret union stands in the way. But let her abandon that child, and mother-memory, haunting through years, brings back desire for the unwanted son. Frank Borzage, director of "Humoresque" and "Children of Dust," pictures such a mother in "The Age of Desire"—and makes the son a crook regarding this woman, who eventually claims him, as just another victim to be blackmailed. Which makes a strong dramatic twist! Mary Philbin, William Collier, Jr., Myrtle Stedman, Josef Swickard and Frankie Lee are the players.

One Chinese Night

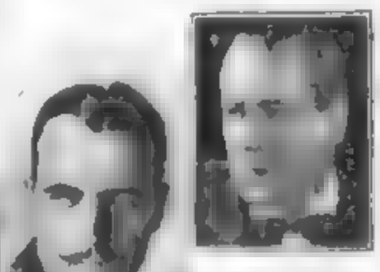
RIOT, breaking suddenly in a coolie inn, rang across the Yangtse Kiang with cry and shot and the splash of coolies diving out of danger. A ragged white man caused the fight He remembered there were still some yellow familiarities which a derelict could resent. Robert Wells encountered a short foot of the iron he used to bend in his lost days of engineering and respect. He went down battling Someone shaved him, stripped him, dressed him in the raiment of a Chinese lord. Someone carried him, unconscious, to a castle; and with morning, beating drums and droning incantations hailed him as Lord of Thundergate. The derelict smiled too soon. Among the things Robert Wells didn't know just then were: that to the last line of his face he resembled Kong Sue, real Lord of Thundergate; that Kong Sue's profligacy had brought avengers on his trail; and that Kong Sue had exchanged characters with the derelict just to escape. There was also a new white bride awaiting her master's return—and she saw no difference in the two men.

A distinctly fresh plot and unusual dual portrayals by Owen Moore, as Wells and Kong Sue, are features of delight in "Thundergate," adapted from Sidney Herschel Small's novel and screened with true Oriental color and spirit.

Down in Dixie

THEY cover Dixie like the dew. Who do, what do? The Saenger Amusement Company's theatres, presenting First National pictures, of course. In the South's metropolis two magnificent houses, the Strand and Liberty, start the ball rolling. These are bulwarks in the Saenger Amusement Company chain, a chain whose links join highspots in five southern states. When the Orleantan summers on the Gulf Coast he sees his favorite films in four theatres located in Gulfport and Biloxi, Miss.; while traveling men out of the Crescent City enjoy First Nationals in Shreveport, Alexandria, Lake Charles and Monroe, in Louisiana; Clarksdale, Greenville, Greenwood, Hattiesburg, Meridian, Natchez, Vicksburg and Yazoo City, in Mississippi; Helena and Pine Bluff, in Arkansas; Houston and Texarkana, in Texas; and Pensacola, in Florida. So do the residents. Julian Saenger and E. V. Richards, Jr., hit the right note when they adopted that slogan for their circuit—"We cover Dixie like the dew." Try it on your uke.

* * *



Clarence Badger, who directed the Samuel Goldwyn production of "Potash and Perlmutter" for First National, will handle the megaphone on "The Swamp Angel." Richard Connell's story will have Colleen Moore in the principal rôle.

* * *

Another unusual picture to look forward to is Edwin Carewe's production of "The Bad Man," with Holbrook Blinn as star. —*John Lincoln.*

"FLAMING YOUTH" CREATES A RECORD WITH NINE STARS

Frequently a "best seller" is expected to make good on the screen purely through the story's popularity; but here First National has engaged no less than nine film favorites for the cast of "Flaming Youth." They are, left to right:—Colleen Moore, Milton Sills, Sylvia Breamer, Ben Lyon, Myrtle Stedman, Elliott Dexter, Betty Francisco, Walter McGrail, Phillips Smalley.

Continued from Page 58

"At any rate," said Sir George, "I venture you'll have nothing of that kind to contend with in your vast operations if you ever undertake any such vast operations!" He had me; we laughed, and I then veered the conversation round to the culpability of Mr. Gandhi. He heaved a sigh of resignation and said, 'Now do tell me what I want to see Mr. Gandhi.'

The idea as a definite possibility had hardly occurred to me, though in the back of my mind I had toyed with it in a casual kind of way.

"Well, since you mention it," I replied "yes, I do want to see Mr. Gandhi Mr. I'"

"You may not!" he answered, with almost truculent emphasis.

Then he went on to explain that every newspaper correspondent on earth who happened to turn up in Bombay—Englishmen, Americans, Australians, Canadians, Frenchmen, Italians—all of them asked the very first thing if they might interview Mr. Gandhi in prison, and that he had made it an invariable rule to refuse all such requests. He is the man who insisted upon the arrest of Mr. Gandhi and his trial upon charges of disloyalty and incitement to violence. He was opposed for a good many months by the viceroy and other high government officials on the ground that to imprison Gandhi would be to make a martyr of him; but as the conditions produced by the Gandhi propaganda, and fostered by the followers of Gandhi in direct opposition to Gandhi's expressed wish, grew worse instead of better, Sir George Lloyd finally won the argument. But Mr. Gandhi is a friend of his; he has for him a tremendous admiration and a sincere affection. He expressed both these to me in quite moving terms and said he never hated to do anything so much in his life as he hated to send Mr. Gandhi to prison. But, in the interest of law and order, and, as he believed, in the interest of the general good, it had to be done.

And right there in that room where his excellency and I were talking, Mr. Gandhi in a wholly friendly, unrancorous and reasonable conversation with this man who was about to order his arrest, had said to this man, "Yes, you are entirely right!" But he added "If" as he afterward said to the judge who sentenced him "you believe that the system and the law you are assisting to administer are good for the people of this country and that my activity is therefore injurious to the public weal."

Dependence on Britain

Certain ill-advised and irresponsible devotees of Mr. Gandhi who are free, so far as make any move they will in their endeavor to hold his millions of followers to active and emotional devotion to the purposes he inspired have accused his custodians of mistreating him, of subjecting him, as a matter of fact, to all kinds of humiliating restrictions and unnecessary hardships. But without reference to any such considerations, and speaking with the utmost detachment so far as any interests of government were concerned, Sir George Lloyd said to me—and I have it word for word in my notebook, but, unfortunately, with a good deal missing which I would not venture to supply from memory:

"Mr. Gandhi is in prison; and it was imperative, unless we were willing to surrender every principle he was trying with considerable success to subvert, that he should be imprisoned. But he is a fine gentleman and a rare soul whose curious reactions are more of a puzzle than an irritation. There is no irritation: merely a cold recognition of indisputable necessities. He recoiled to an extreme viewpoint from a too intimate contact with the undeniable wrongs that his people are compelled to suffer within the empire. But he knows and has acknowledged that these wrongs are the outcome and probably unavoidable consequences of normal modern development and that the British Government in India is doing everything in its power to correct them.

"He knows that if the British Government should suddenly let loose and leave him and his colleagues to run things in their own way they would be swamped by such social chaos as the world has never witnessed. Yet he went on preaching his gospel of non-cooperation, which amounted to civil disobedience. It was too bad. My own belief is that, beginning with a profound conviction that he was morally justified in everything he uttered or undertook, he got carried away on the wave of popular acclaim that he himself was able to call up out of the depths of Indian life, and became in the end more of a politician than a patriot, or a politician as well as a patriot, let us say.

I would do him no injustice. In any case he is in prison under my jurisdiction, and while I am governor of this presidency I intend that he shall enjoy all the comforts and privileges that I can provide for him without nullifying the fact that he is doing penance, just as any other citizen must, for a proved and acknowledged crime."

The Privilege of Privacy

His excellency spoke in slowly measured and thoughtful solemnity, as he surely would have spoken about the misfortunes of a highly regarded friend. Then he laughed and said:

"Among the privileges I grant to Mr. Gandhi is the privilege of choosing his own visitors. I cannot permit him to see just anybody he might happen to want to see, because that might result in his turning his prison quarters into headquarters for his customary activities. But as regards any bona fide and harmless demands upon him—out of mere interest in him and his doctrines—such as you would make, that's up to him. I'll have conveyed to him the fact that you are here and that you would like to see him, and if he wants to see you I'll be glad to give the necessary instructions.

"But it would be better, I think, to wait until you return to Bombay, because after you've been round over India for a couple of months you'll know a good deal better than you know now what it would interest you to talk with him about." I would call attention to the atrociousness of his excellency's attitude toward his distinguished prisoner.

I left Bombay shortly after that and did not return. I wandered round over India for many weeks and sailed from Calcutta, following the open way on eastward round the world.

So I never did meet Mr. Gandhi.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

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THE LONE LADY IN BLACK AND THE ROMAN-NOSED BABY

(Continued from Page 21)

"The Unmarried Mothers' Justice Association," replied Mr. Melody, using the longer and more formal name.

"Oh-ho! I see," said Mr. Goldfish with slow appreciation. And the young Mr. Goldfish nodded his approval, while Mr. Melody went on to tell them his exact plan.

"We'll have them offer it to Peters first," he said—"the general counsel job."

"Sure, sure!"

"And then he'll turn it down."

"Yes, sure. Ain't he already shown so? Ain't he come out in the papers and slammed the whole thing—the whole Umja proposition—three times now already?"

"And he'll refuse," continued Mr. Melody, "and turn them down, and make them sore."

"Sure!"

"And then you'll slip in."

"And do the rest," said Mr. I. Goldfish.

"Set the whisper whispering," said his father.

"Have you got your whisper ready?" asked the younger Goldfish.

"A good live one?" inquired his father, leaning forward expectantly, with moist lips ajar.

"I'll give it to you," replied Mr. Melody with a certain pride of authorship in his voice as he did so.

"That'll do," said the more laconic younger Goldfish.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" said the older Goldfish, with a far-off, rapt expression in his eyes as he contemplated it.

"Yes; but all in the shade. Not a word in the papers!" said Mr. Melody, warning them. "We've got to see to that."

"Sure, sure!" said the Messrs. Goldfish.

They could do it, too, if anybody could. They were counsel for both the Morning Truth and Peoples Pictures in all their libel suits.

"For this is a whispering campaign strictly," said Mr. Melody. "All word of mouth, way down underneath."

"We know," said the younger Mr. Goldfish.

"Leave it to us," said the older.

Waving their hands, they left the Phantom Factory. It was several days before Mr. Melody met them in conference again.

"Did it go?" asked Mr. Melody.

"Grand! Grand!" replied the older Goldfish.

"He bit like a shark," stated the younger.

"The society—the Umja—offered it to him—the counselship—by a special delegation."

"And he bawled them out, and the whole idea of it, all over the place."

"He told them they were just only wild women, running around."

"With their minds and hair loose."

"Getting self-advertising on stuff that ought not never to get printed in the papers."

"And got them all sore."

"And suspicious."

"And then you got yourselves put in counsel?" asked Mr. Melody.

"Right away. And got busy."

"Sure! Ain't we filed one hundred and eight of them justice suits already?"

"He means the other thing," explained Mr. Melody.

"What other thing was that?"

"The whisper—on Peters!"

"It's on its way," said the younger Goldfish.

"Sure, sure!" exclaimed his father. "Sure, we slipped it to them—to the delegation when they came to see us."

"Not too raw?" inquired Mr. Melody solicitously.

"Sure not," the older Goldfish reassured him. "Sure not. What do you take us for? Ain't we got experience in this work, longer than anybody in Chibosh? Sure we have. All we said was there might be a reason for his refusing that we might know, and could tell—only for the ethnics."

"Professional ethics," said Mr. I. Goldfish in correction.

"Sure, sure! The professional ethnics," reasserted his father. "So we told them we couldn't tell them nothing about the real reason—the real personal reason why naturally he wouldn't be the counsel."

"For any Unmarried Mothers' Justice Association."

"Sure! Nor we couldn't talk neither about that young lady in black—that everybody was whispering of."

Mr. Melody regarded him with unswerving attention.

"Unless they went and seen her themselves hanging around outside his house, across the street, from eight to nine."

"Unless they should happen to get out and see her, so they'd know for themselves," said Mr. I. Goldfish.

"By seeing what we couldn't tell them without going and violating our professional honor and ethnics," said his father.

"Have you got her ready yet?" asked Mr. Goldfish, Jr., of Mr. Melody.

"She's coming in this afternoon," replied the latter. "She'll be going on the job tonight. Do you want to see her? I can get her over now, I guess."

"Sure, sure!" said Mr. A. Goldfish warmly.

"Let's look her over," said his son.

Mr. Melody turned to a desk telephone. "Get the Chibosh Theatrical Agency," he said to his operator. "Tell them they can send her right over."

It was not long before the one he was expecting came in. A slight girlish figure, she was dressed in an outer sport coat made of a stuff like an old-fashioned horse blanket, a close hat of tulip yellow, a tuniclike inner costume of henna color, encircled horizontally with black Egyptian figures bearing before them cups, pots and bows and arrows, and bright-green sandals over golden silk hose.

"This," said Mr. Melody, introducing her, "is the young lady we were speaking of."

"How de do," said the young lady, languidly holding out a hand, half concealed by clustering rings, to Mr. A. Goldfish, who rose to shake it cordially, and bowing very slightly to Mr. I. Goldfish, who only slightly rose from his chair.

Sitting down, crossing her green-and-golden feet, she started the conversation herself.

"I give you my word," she said, opening a small hand bag evidently containing a mirror, "I never took an act like this before." Surveying herself with the mirror in the hand bag, she started powdering her nose. "I give you my word," she said as she did so, "if I didn't have it from real good friends of mine that this was all right I'd never have considered it."

"Sure not," replied the sympathetic Mr. A. Goldfish.

"Nor given it one passing thought," she asserted, turning her head, still surfacing her face.

"Sure, sure," said the older Mr. Goldfish soothingly.

"I couldn't have, anyhow, as a usual thing, this time of year," she went on, now arranging her hair. "I give you my word, nine times out of ten I'd been all took up this season of the year, out knocking them dead, in my regular part. I would be now if my manager hadn't seen fit to went and hauled me off a good engagement, all against my idea, and tried to send me out on the road. And would I stand for that?"

"No, no; sure not," said Mr. A. Goldfish, laying a sympathetic hand upon her shoulder.

"I would not!" she said, temporarily completing her survey of her nose. "I give you my word —"

She did not complete her sentence, being interrupted by the younger Mr. Goldfish, now speaking for the first time.

"Come on!" said Mr. I. Goldfish briefly.

"Come on?" repeated the slight young actress, lowering her hand-bag mirror in surprise.

"Come on! Step out of the balloon!" said the younger Mr. Goldfish coldly. "Let's get down to business."

Gazing suspiciously at him, the beautiful young actress put back her powder puff and again closed the mirror in the interior of her bag.

"Have you got your act all ready?" asked young Mr. Goldfish now in a brief, businesslike voice. "Can you start in tonight?"

"Between eight and nine?" she asked, still watching him intently.

(Continued on Page 65)

NUMBER TWO OF A SERIES

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887

(Continued from Page 62)

"Across the street from the house that I'll show you?" said Mr. Melody, now entering the conversation.

"I never put on an act like this before, I give you my word," said the young actress, looking now markedly at Mr. Melody and markedly away from the hard-eyed younger Mr. Goldfish. "I give you my word, I never done much mother work before. Why should I? I'm too young."

"That's just it," said Mr. Melody, reassuring her. "That's just why you fit in here."

"The younger they are," said the rounder, rosier, kinder-spoken Mr. Goldfish, "the harder they fall for them in this."

"Just walking up and down, up and down, across the street?" she asked again, still in a skeptical spirit. "Is that all?"

"Positively."

"And what'll I do if the police butt in?"

"They won't butt in," said Mr. Melody very positively. "We'll see to that."

"Say, look!" said the young actress, still questioning him, not once removing her eyes from his. "Is this thing on the level? Is it safe?"

"You know who sent you to us," said Mr. Melody, reassuring her. "You can trust them, can't you?"

"Sure you can! Sure!" said the older Mr. Goldfish, again patting at her arm.

The slight, beautiful young actress seemed finally convinced.

"Well," she asked at last, "when'll I get the baby?"

"Tonight, right here, at 7:30," responded Mr. Melody.

"Sure, sure!" Mr. A. Goldfish corroborated him warmly. "Don't get worried. Don't get fits. It will be all right, positively."

"And you'll wear black," went on Mr. Melody; "and a heavy black veil."

"And black—a black shawl for the baby," added Mr. A. Goldfish.

"And scrape some of that off," came in the hard voice of I. Goldfish.

"What off?" asked the slight young actress sharply, her voice suddenly grown harder—if anything—than his.

"That rose garden."

"I give you my word ——" said the young actress, now growing very angry.

"The complexion," said Mr. I. Goldfish, breaking in, in brief explanation.

"She will. Sure, she will," said Mr. Goldfish, Sr., quickly.

"You'll make up pale," said Mr. Melody.

"Pale as white pinks in funeral hearses," said Mr. Goldfish, Sr.

"I guess I know my business," said the slight young actress with a slow ungracious glance at the younger Mr. Goldfish as, rising, she prepared to go.

IV

WHISPERS, rumors, scandals—who could count the great moral whispers that have gone forth from the political frame-up shops and publicity factories of this republic in the past few years, changing the face of history and the votes of cities, states and nations, for the strongest, highest moral reasons? Who can count the candidates who have gone down into untimely political graves, buried deep under an awful avalanche of winks, nods and whispers—especially in these past few critical years, when the coming of women to the polls has brought the higher moral standards of that sex into our public life?

Mr. Melody, sitting back, considering, after his dismissal of his attorneys, Goldfish & Goldfish, could not but be pleased with the whisper he was now sending out through the active medium of the so-called Umja, or Unmarried Mothers' Justice Association—to lisp from mouth to mouth through all those teeming millions of Chibosh until softly, without one printed or loud-spoken word, it should grip all those eager, restless minds with the conviction that John Henry Peters would never do for mayor of that great city; and, incidentally, save Mr. Melody himself from his pressing danger.

He was sitting thus, recanvassing his whispering campaign, more hopeful than for days, when his telephone bell called him

"Mr. Melody?"

"Yes," he answered, and his voice grew suddenly hoarse at the sweetness—the sweet, poisonous politeness of that voice upon the wire. It was, he could not fail to understand, the voice of the younger of those two extraordinary and menacing politicians with the card catalogue.

"Could you come over to our rooms?" it asked. "Right away? It is most important."

"Right away, you say?" asked Mr. Melody, in a bitter and repellent voice.

"Please! Yes! It is most important," repeated the softly modulated voice, and hesitated slightly before continuing. "For both us and you," it went on, with that extreme and threatening politeness which was always so alarming to Mr. Melody.

"Especially you!" came the other and abrupter voice—of the other one who he might have known was working on their second telephone.

"All right. I'll come over right now," he answered, always making it a point now to show how he was going along with them, and anxious, too, to learn quickly just what new thing those two had worked out on him now in their strange and novel method of approaching politics.

Very soon he was on their carpet in the room with the card-catalogue cabinet, and the strange drawings of strange, unnatural, rectangular human figures on the wall. Their greetings, though polite, were soon over with. "We thought perhaps," said the younger and more dangerously polite one now, "that you would like to read this before we sent it."

"Only fair you should," said the jerky-spoken older one in the square clothes, who reminded him of his old-time grammar-school teacher.

Taking the yellow sheet offered by the younger, he read the telegram written on it:

CHIEF BUREAU OF INVESTIGATORS,
Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

Do you want Michael F., alias Flash, Murphy, escaped Atlanta Prison, 1918? Answer at once.

The name of the younger one was signed.

"What what the devil is this?" exclaimed Mr. Murphy-Melody, the sudden rush of his emotions breaking down his customary urbanity with the politer sex.

"You know without our informing you," replied the older and less conciliatory of the two. The other gazed from beside her with the bright fresh interest of a young student in natural history at a new and unusual bug.

"I know what?" returned Mr. Melody huskily.

"You may tell us—all about it—if you wish," said the younger and overpolite one. "Your side of it."

"Tell you about what?" asked Mr. Melody, his voice both harsh and dry.

"About the young woman in black," said one.

"And about Goldfish & Goldfish," said the other.

"And the whispering campaign."

"And how you thought you could put out a whispering campaign—anything so old as that—without our getting wise to it," said the older one, now bursting unexpectedly into slang.

"After our being in the women's movement all these years," the curly-headed one concluded.

"Say, where do you get this stuff?" inquired Mr. Melody, still holding them off, though very hoarse.

"I will tell you that, too," replied the older woman, with a highly debonair and unconcerned gesture. "I chanced to be with the special committee of the Unmarried Mothers' Justice Association when it started to secure counsel."

"When they met Goldfish & Goldfish, your attorneys," said the one with the short curly hair.

"Quite early, when they started putting out your campaign whisper."

"So we followed it all, from the beginning."

"Oh, now I get you," said Mr. Melody nimbly and smoothly, for he saw they had him. "Now I get you. And I'll explain it all to you—perfectly."

He gazed from one to the other, wiping the sweat from his rounded forehead.

"That would be very nice, indeed," said the young and polite one.

"But don't, please, stray away from the truth in doing so," said the older and more severe.

The round light-blue eyes of Mr. Melody wavered and fell before hers as she regarded him. So he went on and told them the line-up—as much as he thought he had to.

"It was Chinese Meeghan," pleaded Mr. Melody in self-defense. "I had to do it—that's all—or go back to prison!"

His voice shook. He was sorry for himself. He had never got cornered up like this before, nor ever heard of anyone who had.

"You would rather have us do it then?" asked the older and more direct.

"Send you back to prison, she means," said the other, holding up the telegram in explanation.

Mr. Melody glanced from one to the other—that hard, polite, unpitying look upon their faces; the rows of books; the strange, unnatural, highbrow pictures on the wall; the big card catalogue where they kept that personal-record stuff on politicians that they were holding him up with. It seemed all strange, unnatural—a strange, unnatural dream, like nothing that had ever happened to any man in practical city politics before.

"Don't!" said Mr. Melody sharply. "Don't! I can fix everything. Nothing's really happened yet. She hasn't gone out yet on her stunt."

"The young lady in black, you mean?" the younger woman asked him.

"And her borrowed infant?"

"Yes; I'll stop her," said Mr. Melody, and heard the other breaking in

"You will not," she said positively. "You won't stop her. You'll turn her around."

Mr. Melody looked at her.

"Turn her around?" he repeated questioningly.

"The opposite way."

"For us," the other was explaining.

"As long as you have started this whispering campaign, you may as well keep it up," said the older. "It has excellent possibilities; I can see that."

"Unless," said the younger, holding out her telegram once more, "you wish us to send this on."

In all his life, in all his experiences with politicians, gorillas, vote getters, publicity experts, confidence men and forgers, he had never seen such soft, easy politeness, so smooth a hold-up as this.

"It's your option, of course," the older one advised him, "whether you do it or not."

Mr. Melody looked from one hard face to another where they appeared now, on either side of that card-catalogue cabinet.

"And what would Chinese Meeghan be doing to me meanwhile?" he asked hoarsely.

"That isn't the question," said one of them.

"What is?" asked Mr. Melody sharply.

"The question is," said the older slowly, looking thoughtfully at him, "not what Meeghan will do to you but what we will do to Meeghan."

"If you come along with us."

"And with this!" said the other, striking her firm hand upon the card-catalogue cabinet—that keynote of the future politics of the United States—what the six million organized women know today about the men politicians of the United States.

"Let her show you," said the other.

And then the older started in reading him Chinese Meeghan's card—what the women had on the great boss who governed those who governed all Chibosh.

"You see," said the younger one, "we'll be fighting him with his own weapons."

"As we always have the men," added the other; "as they always make us do."

"I'm with you," said Mr. Melody, his eyes and mouth still open, after listening to that card that they had on Meeghan. "Anything you want!"

"Even to putting him in jail?"

"I'm with you," repeated Mr. Melody heartily, "all the time!" For he saw, of course, there was where his best, his only play lay.

"But can you do your part? Work up something good—in whispering campaigns?" the older one asked him.

"We wish to be sure of that," said the younger, "before going ahead with you again." And once more she waved that menacing telegram.

"We must have," said the older, "something strong, something quite definitely raw."

"Something new in publicity stunts."

"New and quite definitely raw!" insisted the older. "Can you give it?"

"Can I!" exclaimed Mr. Melody, with a note of hearty promise in his voice.

"You see," said the younger one, with that soft, sinister, cordial smile again, "what she wants—what we both want. We are ambitious. We want you to erect for us a real monument of imperishable poppycock

(Continued on Page 67)

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

A new car overnight!

Not two weeks or one week, but *overnight!*—24 hours!—is the time you'll take to bring back the showroom glory of your car with Murphy Da-cote.

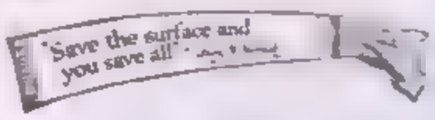
Why?

Because Da-cote flows on so smoothly, brush marks disappear so naturally of their own accord, that you'll finish painting in an afternoon. Then lock the car up to dry overnight. Next day it will be dry—hard—smooth—radiant with youth!

In other words, if you Da-cote your car this Saturday, you'll have a new car Sunday if you need her, though it's best to let her stand in the garage one more day.

Your paint or hardware dealer has Da-cote in black and white and ten smart, popular colors. Ask for a color card; he'll tell you how much you need. Cost is trifling.

This fine, free-flowing enamel is also widely used for renewing baby carriages, kitchen, porch and lawn, wood and wicker furniture and other wood and metal surfaces where a handsome, durable finish is required.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited
Montreal, Canadian Associate

Photo © Brown Bros

Photo © Brown Bros

Virtually every crown of Roosevelt's career was won through the physical and mental radius that eyeglasses gave him. As a public speaker he could *see* the audience clear to the back row and launch his magnetic message to every man of it.

Without glasses where would he have been as a hunter, soldier, naturalist? There could never have been the Roosevelt of magnificent destiny without that little appurtenance—a pair of eyeglasses.

The Other Roosevelt

OCTOBER 27th will be the sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt, American of Americans, gallant warrior for right and progress—one of the great men of the ages.

But there was another Roosevelt, not so familiar to us all—the shy, awkward boy, held back by ill health and above all by poor eyesight. Let us hear the story of this other Roosevelt in his own words (*Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography*, page 22, copyright Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers).

"Quite unknown to myself, I was, while a boy, under a hopeless disadvantage in studying nature. I was very nearsighted, so that the only things I could study were those I ran against or stumbled over. * * * It was this summer that I got my first gun, and it puzzled me that my companions seemed to see things to shoot at which I could not see at all.

"One day they read aloud an advertisement in huge letters on a distant billboard, and I then realized that something was the matter, for not only was I unable to read the sign but I could not even see the letters. I spoke to my father, and soon afterwards got my first pair of spectacles, which literally opened a new world to me.

"I had no idea how beautiful the world was until I got these spectacles. I had been a clumsy and awkward little boy and while much of my clumsiness and awkwardness was doubtless due to general characteristics, a good deal of it was due to the fact that I could not see and yet was wholly ignorant that I was not seeing.

"The recollection of this experience gives me a keen sympathy with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical causes of deficiency in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious or mentally stupid."

Like Roosevelt, quite unknown to yourself *you* may need eyeglasses to make the most of your life. Have your eyes examined today.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH GLASSES

All that Science can give; all that Artistry can add

Copyright 1923, American Optical Company

(Continued from Page 65)

such as has never been seen before, even in American city politics."

"Raw—quite definitely raw!" demanded the older a third time.

"Lady," said Mr. Melody very earnestly to her, "I'll give you a real one! With the poison you and I have got together, in that card-catalogue and what I know. I can sting that outfit so that in a month's time it will swell up and blow the roof off the city hall."

"That will be fine," said the older. "Fine!"

"Perfectly lovely," said the younger one softly.

"You'll have to start at it right away."

"With your poor young lady in black!"

"And double-cross the other side, right off."

"As an evidence of good faith—to us!" said the younger, with that cordial, puzzling and ingratiating smile once more.

"You watch me spring it!" said Mr. Melody, for he already had it in his mind—the whole stunt all ready.

Leaving them at last, he went back to the Phantom Factory to complete his first effort along new lines. The now fully manufactured campaign whisper, though slightly deflected from its first market, was still on its way to the ultimate consumer—the great, restless, teeming voting population of Chibosh.

■

IT WAS seven o'clock that evening in the Phantom Factory of Mayor True. All the force had gone long ago, except Mr. Melody.

Before him, below the right-hand portrait, a lean, sharp-faced, middle-aged woman held a violently crying baby.

"How long can he keep that up?" asked Mr. Melody, with a not unnatural interest.

"For days, I believe," replied the hard-faced woman with a sharp, reddish nose.

Even without the baby, it would not have been difficult to recognize her as a nurse.

"For days, anyhow," she added to her first statement as her charge went on. "Without a doubt."

"I believe you," said Mr. Melody.

The child cried violently, enthusiastically, burstingly, and yet—such are the provisions of Nature—apparently without damage or danger to itself.

"I got you what you wanted," said the lean and disillusioned city nurse—"the loudest-lunged one in the Chibosh Orphan Asylum."

"He'll do, I'll say," responded Mr. Melody. "Now take him away, out into the anteroom, and lay him in the basket, and be back at 9:30," he said, moving her along out, for he didn't want to have her meet the other one.

At 7:30 she came in again—that second one he was expecting—the slight, beautiful young actress of the morning, greatly changed in her make-up for her new act. Dark, weary, blue-black smears showed underneath her lovely eyes; her pale face showed white and delicate against her henna hair, the shabby sable of her dress and hat; against the heavy veil, which when lowered across her face was to serve at once to conceal her identity and to attract sharply by its mystery the attention of all who were to see her.

Standing in the anteroom to which Mr. Melody had admitted her, she gazed with disapproval upon the violent and angry-sounding infant in the large letter-file basket.

"I didn't contract to carry out a menagerie," she said.

"It'll die down," Mr. Melody reassured her. "It's quieter now already."

"Listen," said the young woman in black earnestly, "this is worth more money. And you know it!"

She stood, a pallid and pathetic figure, looking up at him.

"Come, cut that out!" responded Mr. Melody, for he knew all about her, how she was fixed; and he had a strangle hold politically on those who had sent her. "Let's go!"

There was no time now to fool with her.

Taking up the protesting infant, the young woman wrapped it ungraciously in her black shawl.

"His place," she commented tersely as she did so, "is in the front end of an ocean liner in a fog."

Mr. Melody was the only one of the three who was not markedly reluctant to proceed.

"Come on, let's go!" he said again; and led the way to the waiting taxicab underneath, the woman and the child in black following.

No voice was heard but the infant's in the progress of their vehicle until they had been driven nearly to their destination.

"I didn't know it was in this part of the town!" said the woman in black then, apparently surprised.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Melody, eying her in the fitful gleam of passing street lights in bland blankness.

"I thought you said another part of town entirely!"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Melody. "You got me wrong."

And now they were at the place, the corner where he had told the taxi driver to stop. Sitting within, he directed the young actress to the setting of her stage—the house upon the crossing street, across from which and before which she was to do her work.

"That one," he said, "with the green door."

The young actress started out slowly on her unusual act. The effect of her black gown and thickly hanging veil, in itself striking, was greatly heightened by her charge, the infant in black, protesting at another undesired change of scene more vigorously than before, if possible.

"And at 8:45," said Mr. Melody, shortening the full hour somewhat, as a result of her expressed reluctance to go at all, "I'll be back here at this corner."

"You'd better," said the more and more reluctant young actress. "I'm fed up with this already. I give you my word, if it wasn't ——"

But Mr. Melody did not hear the remainder of her sentence. Returning rapidly to his car, he left her to her lonely vigil across from and before the residence of Herman J. True, mayor of Chibosh, and drove rapidly to his next task—to fill in his wait with the letter he must now frame and write with his own typewriter in the deserted Phantom Factory—alone with the brooding, extremely Roman-nosed campaign portraits of Mayor True, looking down from the shadows above his desk lamp.

This letter was anonymous, typewritten, directed to Mrs. Herman J. True—or Mother True, as she was so often known through the press, to the plain, honest voters of Chibosh. It said simply, under no place or date line:

Are you blind? How can you let him go out around, talking about justice for all women? Have a heart! Look out your own window and see the poor young woman in black—from eight to nine.

JUSTITIA.

It was an active night for Mr. Melody, the administration's press agent. After composing, writing and mailing this letter, securing once more the overwrought, excited and almost nervously prostrated young actress, and returning the now well-cried-out baby to the great orphan asylum of Chibosh, through the hard and skeptical-faced nurse that he had his political hold on, Mr. Melody closed and locked Room 913, not badly pleased with the progress of his whisper-making campaign for that day.

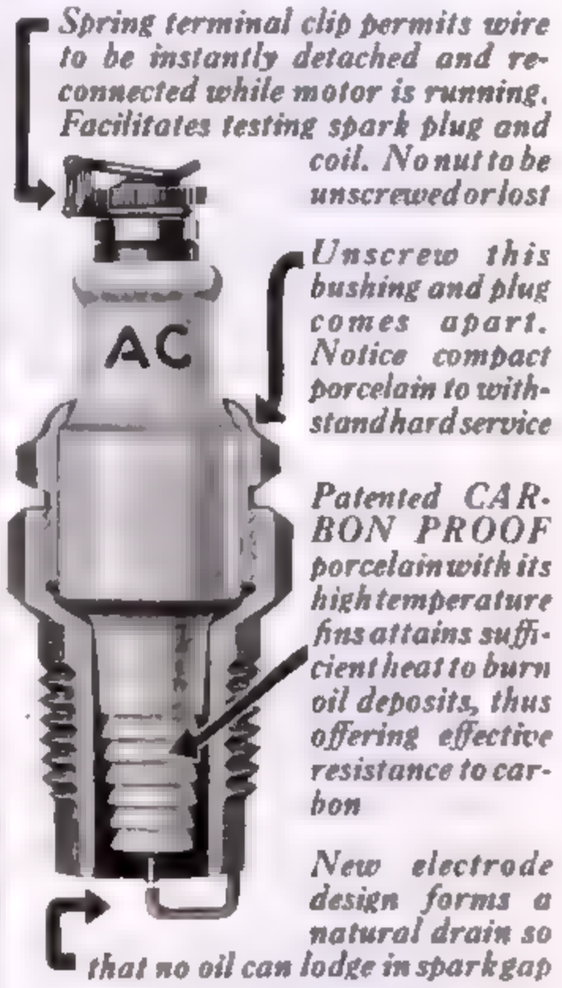
It was the middle of the next morning when the innermost door of the Phantom Factory of Mayor True swung back and let in Dorna Dare, the greatest lady newspaper investigator of Chibosh, and the closest political and social adviser of Mayor and Mrs. True. Her small thin mouth set tight, her eyes both smaller and brighter than usual, her close golden casque slightly awry upon her usually carefully groomed small head, she was clearly under some great excitement.

"Look what's here!" she exclaimed, as reaching into the handsome leather hand bag which she always carried she

"His Place," She Commented Tersely as She Did So, "Is in the Front End of an Ocean Liner in a Fog"

Ford Owners

There are good reasons why AC 1075 plugs for Fords sell for a trifle more than ordinary plugs—and here they are:


Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and reconnected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost
Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Notice compact porcelain to withstand hard service
Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain with its high temperature fins attains sufficient heat to burn oil deposits, thus offering effective resistance to carbon
New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark gap
AC

Install a set of AC 1075's today in your Ford and note the improved motor performance.

The AC Plug Kit—illustrated below—will carry your spare plugs and protect them from damage until needed. It will be given you free with a set of AC 1075's.

If your Ford dealer cannot supply you, obtain them from any other dealer—they will prove for themselves what a difference a few cents will make.

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

The AC Plug Kit to carry your spare plugs

Stop the snarling

CAN you blame him? The timing gears in his car snarl at him all the time. Do you wonder that he sometimes shows a touch of temper toward jaywalkers and truck drivers?

More snarled against than snarling

When the hard metal timing gears in your car wear down, they become noisy. The noise breaks in on the smooth hum of your motor. It irritates your nerves and takes the joy out of driving.

There are two cures—the patience of Job, or—

Celoron Silent Timing Gears banish that bothersome noise. Doing away with the contact of metal on metal, they remove the cause of the noise.

You can put Celoron Silent Timing Gears in your car. Then you will ride in more comfort.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are standard equipment on many cars. They can be used in any set of timing gears. They retain accurate timing. In action they are permanently positive and *silent.*

Your service station or repair man makes a business of quieting noisy gears. Get him to put Celoron Silent Timing Gears in your car.

It isn't an expensive job. Leave your car in the morning and you can have a really enjoyable ride the same evening.

Where you can get Celoron Silent Gears

Celoron is made into silent timing gears for replacement by Dalton and Balch. Jobbers and dealers all over the country carry stocks of these gears.

D & B Silent Timing Gears carry the Celoron mark. Look for the word Celoron.

Silencing Machine Gear Drives

For every direct drive used in factories there is a Celoron Silent Gear. These gears drive big punch presses, pumps and hoists. On all the rugged and delicate production machines Celoron Gears work effectively and silently. They are cut from disks of Celoron, a laminated phenolic condensation material, bonded with Condensite.

DIAMOND STATE FIBRE COMPANY, Bridgeport, Pennsylvania

Branches in Principal Cities

In CANADA: 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

CELORON SILENT GEARS

brought forth the typewritten note with which Mr. Melody was already so familiar:

Are you blind? How can you let him go out around, talking about justice for all women? Have a heart! Look out your own window and see the poor young woman in black from eight to nine. JUSTITIA.

His voice was suave and smooth; his round and china-blue eyes never wavered looking into hers.

"Justitia!" he said again, thoughtfully, but much surprised.

"You see?" said Dorna Dare, now pointing with her white-gloved finger to the opening sentence. "They got it right exactly—the thing you are going to have him talk about tomorrow night—the motto of the Umja!"

"The woman in black, huh?" said Mr. Melody to himself, still thoughtfully.

"That's nothing," said Dorna Dare. "That's only half."

"Half?" asked Mr. Melody, his round blue stare unchanged.

"There's a baby in black," said Dorna Dare dramatically.

"A what?" cried Mr. Melody in keen surprise.

"So help me, prancing up and down the block for most an hour, bawling!"

"The baby, huh?" asked Mr. Melody, a glint of humor now returning to his astonished eyes.

"I'll say so, according to what she's been telling me—Mother True! They could hear it halfway across the city! And this crazy woman, all dressed up like the Ku Klux, only in jet black, walking up and down the street, and once starting to come up on the steps as if she was coming in."

"Did she come?" asked Mr. Melody.

"No; just after that, she turned and hurried off, half running to a taxi that seemed to be standing at the corner."

"She must be crazy," commented Mr. Melody.

"That's what she thought—Mother True—last night, until she got this thing this morning," said Dorna Dare, the social and political adviser of Mrs. True, pointing once more to the typewritten letter in Mr. Melody's hand.

"And what about her now?" the latter was asking.

"She's crazy herself now," his informant told him. "You know how jealous she is of him, especially since he was elected mayor."

"I know that."

"But, fortunately, he wasn't home, and doesn't know about it yet. She came to me first, and I'm holding her off."

"And you're right!" said Mr. Melody. "We can't have anything happen there now. She can't get on any of her jealous fits now, with the opening of the annual baby carnival coming on tomorrow."

"I should say not," said Dorna Dare, "after all these years we've put in, grooming them and getting them in line for the mother vote of Chibosh."

So they framed it up between them—for her to hold her off while Mr. Melody looked out to see what he could do to keep the thing from happening again. When she had gone Mr. Melody turned immediately to his telephone to carry out that idea. But he was unable to get in touch with the beautiful young actress at the Chibosh Theatrical Agency.

"She ain't come in today," the telephone operator told him there. So for the moment he turned his attention to getting on the telephone the public nurse, who was in touch with the Chibosh Orphan Asylum.

"I want you to come over tonight," he told her; "but you needn't bring along what you did before."

"Thank heaven for that, too!" the hard, disillusioned voice of the public nurse came across the wire.

"I just want to talk to you."

"I'L be there."

When she was seated at 7:30 that night across from him, below the great Roman-nosed portrait of Mayor True when on guard for the people, alone with him in the Phantom Factory, he told her what he wanted.

"I've got to have another baby."

"I told you so," said the unfavorable-looking public nurse with a touch of personal pride. "I told you you couldn't stand that one."

But he was disregarding her, going on.

"I want one this time," he was saying, "with a Roman nose."

"A what?" repeated the public nurse sharply, evidently both surprised and annoyed.

"Yep," said Mr. Melody, calmly watching her.

"Do you know how often you find one?" asked the city nurse in a hard, dissatisfied voice.

"They have them, I know that," said Mr. Melody. "I looked it up. And I know you'll find one somewhere, in an orphan asylum as big as that." And he sent her off to get it. He knew she would, somehow. She'd have to with what he had on her, politically and other ways—on that bill for supplies.

When she had gone he tried again on the wire for that other one, the beautiful actress of the night before. He had to have her. The whole thing—the whole whisper—had to be completed on that next evening Finally, after the thousandth time, he got her on the wire.

"Where were you? I thought you were coming around tonight," he said.

"I can't. I ain't able to. I ain't been up all day. I give you my word, I ain't been able to lift my head from my pillow," said the weak, almost pitiful voice of the young actress.

"But you said ——" began Mr. Melody. But she went on, interrupting him.

"I'm done! I'm done!" called the young actress across the wire, talking now ever faster and faster. "I'm through! I'm through!"

"You are not! I'll come and get you!" said Mr. Melody.

"You will not! You will not!" cried the excited, feverish voice at the other end of the line, more and more distinctly hysterical. "I'm going out right now, somewhere else—where you'll never find me!" And suddenly he heard her slam her receiver down.

Mr. Melody sat speechless, motionless. Here was a new one! It must be delivered, that campaign whisper, without fail tomorrow night, at the opening of Baby Week in Chibosh—of Mayor True's annual carnival; or those two women—those insatiable women with the card catalogue—would without a doubt carry out that threat of theirs against him. He would be back in prison!

Sinking lower and lower in his chair in the Phantom Factory—below the melancholy and brooding pictures of Mayor True—Mr. Melody, the most carefully unknown man in Chibosh, realized at length his terrible situation.

It was impossible, at this late hour, to secure another agent, another person whom he could really trust with his delicate mission on the next night. He studied long and carefully, searching every corner of his subtle mind, but he saw at last there was but one escape—one thing only left that he could do. Mr. Melody himself—by the aid of the heavy veil, the cloak and other equipments that he could secure at some fancy dress or theatrical agency—must himself, tomorrow night, at the opening of the annual carnival of Mayor True's Baby Week, appear momentarily at least as the young mother in black.

Fortunately he was not a large man—still rather slender. Fortunately there was only that one moment at the entrance.

VI

BABIES! Baby Week! The week of bigger, better, busier babies for Chibosh! All the billboards, all the street cars, all the minds and hearts of that great teeming population simultaneously full of babies—baby likenesses, baby advertising, baby thoughts! The great urge of a great primitive emotion never once slackening! The memory or expectation that is so dear to all! Tears but thinly hidden beneath dimples!

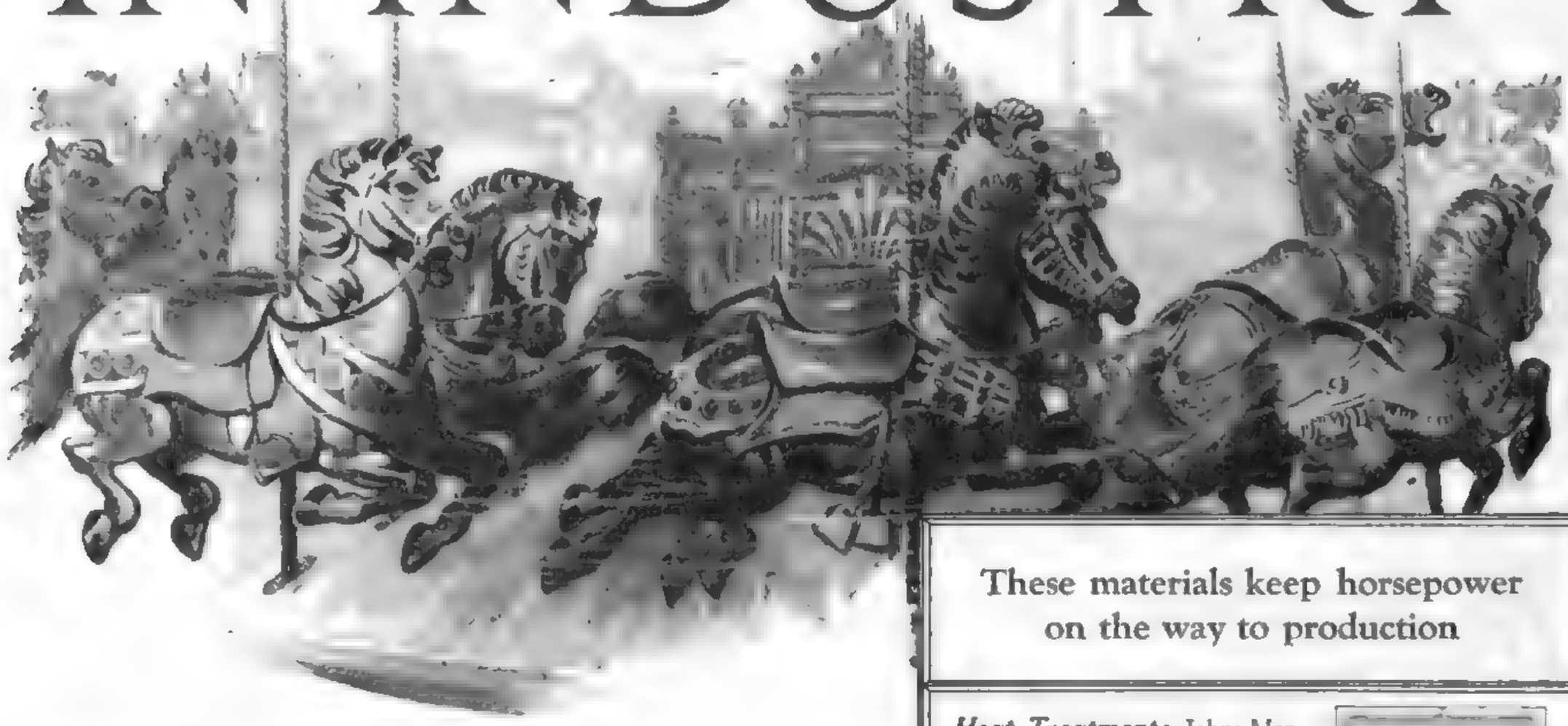
In the section for thinkers of the Sunday Morning Truth an editorial in primer type entitled, A Little Child Shall Lead Them, had opened the reflections of the week. A cheery, chubby infant, leading a flesh-eating dinosaur on a leash, illustrated the child spirit leading the baser passions of mankind. The entire front page of Peoples Pictures was devoted to babies, unclothed

In Great American Hall the great annual babies' carnival, under the auspices of Mayor and Mrs. True the home family mayor of all the people, and Mother True, so called in all the journals when shown with all the photographs of her own children, or while wheeling her first grandchild.

Babies—a great hall full of babies! Of the health of babies, of the betterment of babies. A cholera-infantum microbe blown in glass, greatly magnified. Charts showing

(Continued on Page 70)

TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



Horsepower— that gets nowhere

POWER should never be wasted—we needn't argue about that.

Yet, in almost every plant there is a lot of power which travels a merry-go-round of uselessness. And it costs just as much to produce this wasted power as it costs to produce the power that you use.

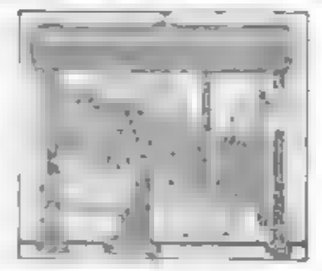
You have seen little steam leaks here and there throughout your plant and probably given them small consideration. Yet, perhaps their aggregate is a figure that would astonish you. And whatever the total of these visible losses is, you can be sure that the invisible leakages of power reach a far greater aggregate than those which you can see.

Horsepower may be doing a merry-go-round of uselessness through baffles and fire-box walls, around piston rods, and through hot surfaces all over your plant. And nearly all of this is unnecessary waste. Just as you can easily stop the small and quite evident leaks, so the great invisible losses can be eliminated by a proper use of the proper materials.

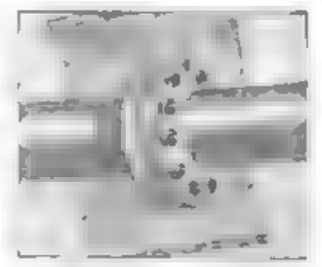
Johns-Manville has dedicated its raw material, asbestos, to the task of preventing power losses. Look over the chart on the right. See how Johns-Manville packings, insulations, high temperature cements, coupled with the assistance and advice of its engineers, enable you to take more of your horsepower from the merry-go-round of waste and make it do useful work.

These materials keep horsepower on the way to production

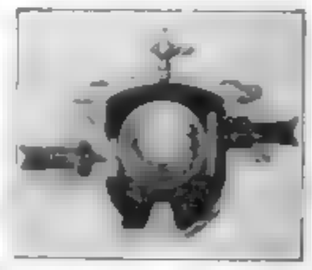
Heat Treatment: Johns-Manville Heat Treatment provides leak-proof baffles, a sound fire-box protected from the clinker's bite, and outer walls tightly sealed against the infiltration of air. Great savings can be effected by this treatment.



Standardized Packing: A packing blowout can cost your business as much as a good salesman can earn in a week. Yet, dependable packing costs no more than cheap packing under the Johns-Manville plan of packing standardization. It cuts packing costs; saves packing waste and prevents packing failures.



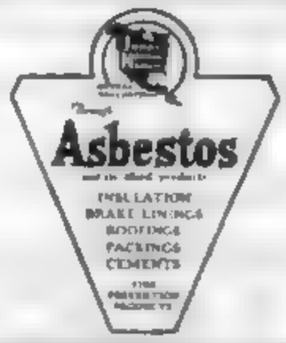
Johns-Manville Steam Trap: An efficient worker is a great asset to any plant—especially if it's a mechanical worker and needs no supervision. Such is the Johns-Manville Steam Trap. Simply constructed; continuously efficient—a great favorite with busy engineers.



Insulation: Johns-Manville Asbesto-Sponge Felted Insulation has been proved both the strongest and the highest efficiency insulation. This means not only long service for many years on your pipe lines, but continued efficiency over the whole period of its longer life.

The keystone on the right is the Johns-Manville trade mark. It symbolizes a large group of products and processes ever ready to serve Industry in the battle against power wastes.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st St., New York City
Branches in 50 Large Cities
For Canada:
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto



JOHNS-MANVILLE Saves Power

~But the Yale Protected Closet Stops Him

THE Yale Cylinder Night Latch steadfastly guards that closet day and night. Its contents are secure.

Protect *your* valuables against the porch climber and the crafty sneak-thief.

Attach a Yale Cylinder Night Latch to at least *one* closet and keep your jewelry, your spare silver, your evening clothes and other valuable belongings safe from prying fingers, from the midnight prowler and the possible dishonest servant.

The burglar knows that he cannot successfully tamper with the sturdy Yale marked lock.

Though your entrance doors be safely locked there is always the insidious danger of the forgotten window. Ask your hardware dealer to show you a Yale Cylinder Night Latch or Dead Lock *today*. Be sure it is marked YALE.

For sale by hardware dealers everywhere.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE

Yale Made is Yale Marked

(Continued from Page 68)

the chemical constituents of the food for babies, the bacteria in milk: the death rate in babies before and after the mayoralty of Mayor True—that sharp, jagged, descending line!

Prizes for babies, awarded on different days of Baby Week, the fattest baby, the cutest baby, the most comical baby, the blackest baby, the whitest baby, the best baby, not alone in the great city but in North Chibosh, East Chibosh, South Chibosh and West Chibosh, and most of the individual wards!

Also booths for the display of babies' merchandise, of babies' food, of babies' toys, furnishings and attire! Booths also for the various societies on babies, with literature for the taking—Mayor True's Babies' Eye and Ear Society, the True Mothers' League, the True Women Home Defenders, the so-called Umja, or Unmarried Mothers' Justice Association, with its motto above, between its flags, in large blue letters:

JUSTICE FOR ALL WOMEN

And in the middle of it all—the great central booth—babies under glass! A great central hothouse of babies in all possible stages of dress and undress—cooing, kicking, gurgling, dimpling, howling—being dressed, undressed, weighed, smoothed, rumpled, poked, examined and reëxamined by bright-eyed mothers, grandmothers, aunts; by hard-eyed doctors and weary nurses, whose emotions had been fed up with babies years ago! Babies of all kinds and colors displayed for the continuous contests, and awards for the best in the scientifically arranged classes intended to include all the babies of Chibosh.

It was that evening, before the awarding of the most interesting prize of that opening Wednesday, for the cheeriest and most comical baby in Chibosh, that the first of the more formal addresses of the carnival were given—among them, towards the end, the brief word of welcome to the last born of the mothers' societies in the exhibit, the so-called Umja, or Unmarried Mothers' Justice Association, by Herman J. True, the mayor of the city of Chibosh, to whose humanitarian forethought for the plain, honest voters this annual event owed its being.

He was introduced, amid huge applause, by Dr. George Barclay Beagles, the great expert on babies, who had already given the main address of the evening on Our Mayor's Term in Terms of Babies.

Simple, massive, strong, with his impressive, massive mustache, and his still more impressive Roman nose, the mayor of the metropolis removed slowly from the bosom of his black frock coat and put upon his heavy nose the glasses with which he always read his typewritten speeches. The subject of his address on this occasion was obvious, and the immense audience listened in a silence broken only by the squeals and gurgles of their babies to his scholarly and finished address on the motto of the new mothers' society—Justice for All Women.

"Ladies," he was reading, as he turned the last of his typewritten pages, "your motto, the new ideal brought by you into the light and life of this nation, will henceforth be emblazoned not only on the soft and pitying hearts of the women and mothers but upon the proud escutcheon of our proud and just republic.

"Justice for all women—poor as well as rich, black as well as white, erring as well as pure; justice, justice—the least as well as the most that can be given man or woman—justice for all women. Such must be the watchword of our future, of our civilization, if civilization as we know it is to survive. Justice, justice for all women!"

And now, lowering his manuscript, he showed that he was done with it, and yet was about to speak on. Clearing his throat, he removed his glasses, and it was evident that the mayor of the great metropolis was about to speak extemporaneously, without manuscript; give in a parting sentence one of those grave, honest, personal notes for which he was so famous. He did so, pushing his lips impressively outward so as to reach with his voice every corner of the immense hall.

"The man that wrote them words for the women," said Mayor True, with sincere feeling, "was a regular feller!" And he sat down in a tumult of applause, in which many babies joined.

The president of the society he had been welcoming, Mrs. J. Henry Fogel, answered briefly, after this had subsided, being introduced briefly by the society's general counsel, Mr. A. Goldfish, the well-known lawyer and politician.

It was soon after this that there came the concluding exercises of the day—the awarding of the first of the prizes of Baby Week, with the production of the prize winners in the arms of Herman J. True, the domestic family mayor, who stood with his wife, Mother True, in the great central glass inclosure of the babies before a sliding window opened for the purpose.

No one who saw them could doubt what they were. She, the quiet, strong, sturdy, domestic wife, in modest-colored but substantial clothes, and an almost homemade hat. He, strong, honest, serious, sincere. His silk hat placed beside him upon the nearest resting place, a scale for weighing babies, his frock coat open, he held the last and chief prize winner of the day—the most comical baby in Chibosh—in his right arm, with a practiced and confident ease, while in his left hand he held the short typewritten speech, which spoke feelingly, though in simple terms, of the simple joys of home, of babies—of one home but many babies.

Those hearing him had never felt his sincerity, his perfect single-minded honesty, so convincingly, or seen the gravity of his heavy, strong-jawed, Roman-profiled face to such advantage as while bending over reading his sincere speech, in close contrast to the cheerful, noseless, most comical baby in Chibosh, who, in the arms of the chief executive of the great city, was living up most cheerfully to its reputation.

The mayor had finished this last exercise and the press about the open window of the hothouse of the babies was about to disperse, when it was perceived by the audience that another baby—not mentioned in the program—was in his arms; a most unusual baby—the nearer ones who had a good look at it said afterwards—a baby with a definitely convex, or Roman, nose.

It was the voice of Mother True, the mayor's wife, which was first heard to speak, calling clearly and sharply to the nurse who had laid the infant in his arms.

"What's this?" it asked.

"I dunno," replied the disillusioned and weary professional nurse. "She said you'd know."

"Who said?" asked Mayor and Mother True, as one speaker.

"The woman—the mother."

"What woman?"

"I dunno. The one who said you'd know," reiterated the nurse, without emotion. "The one in black."

A quick, an electric energy rang in the voice of Mother True, the wife of the chief executive of Chibosh. "The woman in black! Who? Where is she? What was she like?" was asked sharply.

"All in black, and a thick black veil. That's all I could see," said the nurse in a weary routine voice, the voice of one so tired out with tending babies that nothing really matters now. "Kind of big and clumsy. With a hoarse voice—kind of like a man, and kind of nervous. But you couldn't see her face, with that big black thick veil."

But her questioner was apparently no longer hearing her.

"Go on," she was calling. "Go get her."

"Get her!" replied the public nurse, with the stout obstinacy of extreme weariness. "How can I get her? She just shoved it into my arms, and said you'd know, and went back into the crowd, here, five minutes ago."

A short investigation showed that this was true. The mother in black was lost, swallowed up in that immense expectant crowd about the great central hothouse of the babies.

Mayor True stood holding the strangely profiled baby with the microscopic but indubitably Roman nose. Puzzled, patient, the family mayor of Chibosh waited with benign, sincere cordiality for the solution of the mystery about this last belated and unknown prize winner.

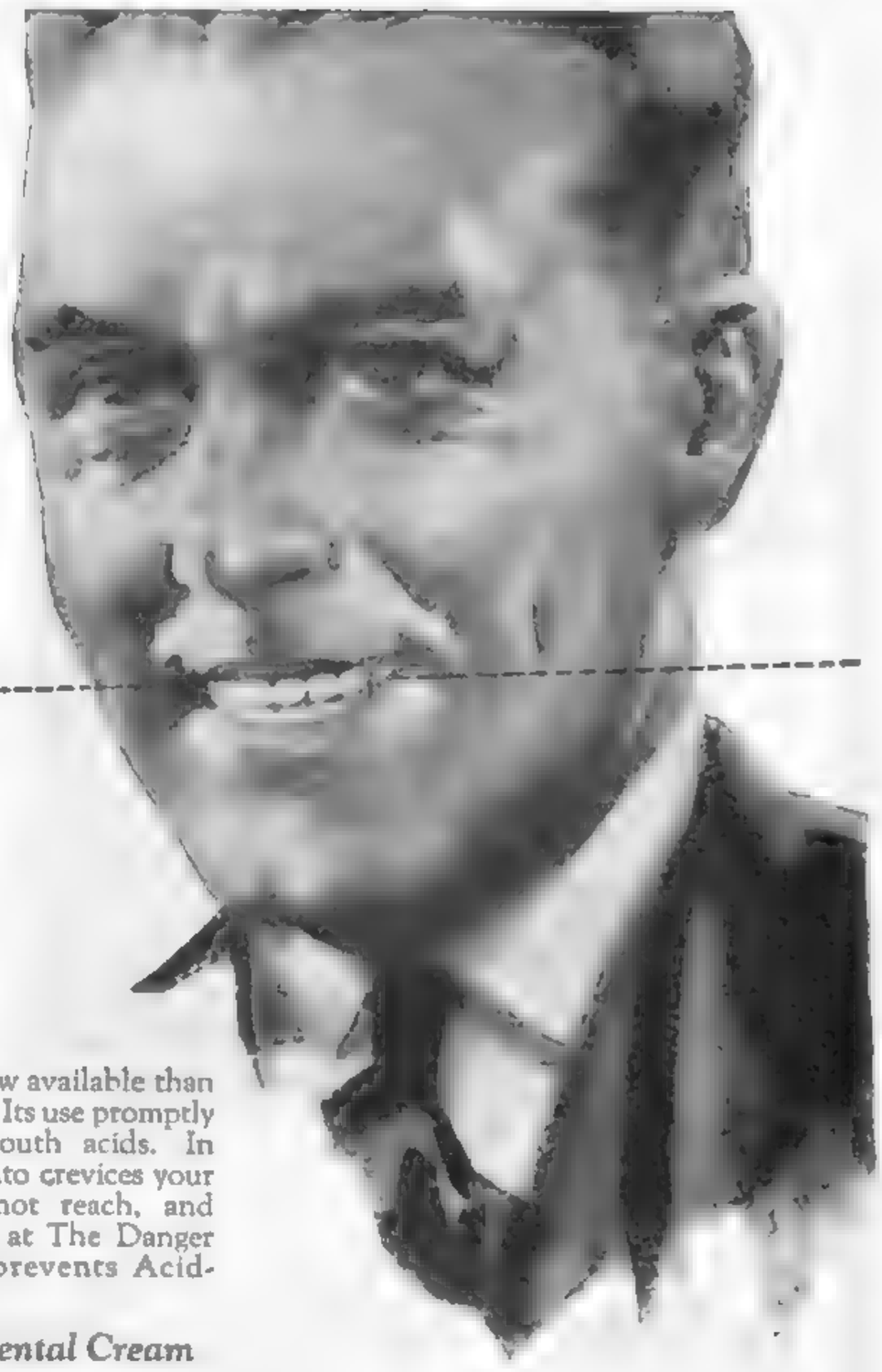
It was his wife, the earnest, serious, almost savage-faced woman who had been so rigidly studying the child, who at last discovered the clew to this mystery. Looking keenly over the face and then the person of the unknown infant, she suddenly reached forward and plucked from the front of his dress a note—a typewritten note, in a plain cheap envelope.

In this, as often in cases of great public catastrophe, testimony upon exact minor details differed. But there was no dispute

(Continued on Page 72)

Your whole life long~ Acid-Erosion threatens at

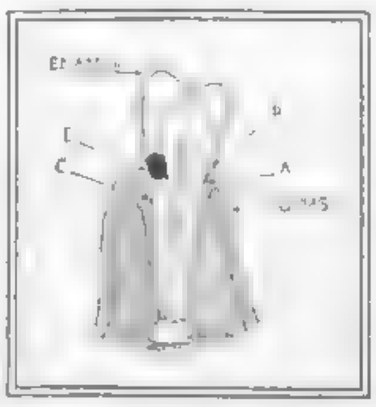
THE DANGER LINE



Just at the edge of the gums ~There where the enamel ends ~There is THE DANGER LINE

THERE is a tiny ridge on the surface of your teeth at the gum line. It is where the hard, protective enamel stops and the softer, bony structure of the tooth begins. This is The Danger Line.

It is usually exposed by the recession of the gums so that you can detect it.



Sectional drawing of an ordinary tooth and gums

"A" is The Danger Line. "B" is the V-shaped crevice. "C" shows recession of gums. "D" is decay at The Danger Line. Abscesses form at "E."

What happens there

The edges of your gums are round. They form a little triangular crevice where they come into contact with the teeth at The Danger Line. Food particles lodge here. Through bacterial decomposition, they form acids, which, with other acids, eat into the teeth. This is Acid-Erosion —a forerunner of decay.

Decay at The Danger Line spreads rapidly because your teeth are not protected by enamel. The gums become infected and diseased. Pus pockets, or abscesses, form around the roots of the teeth, and the poisonous products of bacteria are absorbed directly into the system, often causing rheumatism, heart-disease and other serious infections.

Dental authorities have searched for many years to find a safe, positive preventive for Acid-Erosion. Nearly all now agree that there is no better product now available than milk of magnesia. Its use promptly neutralizes all mouth acids. In addition, it gets into crevices your tooth-brush cannot reach, and into the pockets at The Danger Line and thus prevents Acid-Erosion.

In Squibb's Dental Cream

A remarkable achievement by the Squibb Laboratories now enables you to get Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a pleasantly flavored, concentrated form in an ideal dental cream.

Squibb's Dental Cream brings you all the advantages of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—plus the essential cleansing and polishing properties required to keep your teeth bright, clean and attractive. It positively prevents Acid-Erosion. It relieves and stimulates irritated gums. It allays the sensitiveness of acid-eroded or decayed teeth.

From every standpoint, it is the correct dentifrice to help keep your teeth sound and your gums healthy. Begin to use it now in the interest of better health. If your druggist hasn't Squibb's Dental Cream, mail us the coupon below with ten cents for a generous trial tube. You will be pleased the first day you use it!

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

Users of Squibb's Dental Cream will be glad to know that they can also get Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in convenient-sized bottles from their druggists.

E. R. Squibb & Sons,
80 Beekman St., New York, N. Y.
Dept. 10 S. E. P.

Enclosed find 10 cents to cover wrapping and mailing on a generous size sample tube of Squibb's Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

KNAPP-FELT HATS
for MEN

KNAPP-FELT HEADWEAR includes cloth hats and caps tailored from exclusive fabrics in a wide variety of attractive patterns. The quality of workmanship and materials and the distinctive styles are characteristic of all headwear bearing the Knapp-Felt signature.

THE "NORTHCLIFFE," the cloth hat shown in the illustration, is an original design of the C & K shop which revived the vogue of cloth hats. It is sold by the leading hatters at Six Dollars.

THE EXCELLENCE OF KNAPP-FELT CAPS over the best foreign product is universally acknowledged. American workmanship, American experience and American brains have combined to perfect this important type of headwear. Knapp-Felt Caps are $3.50 and upward.

Knapp-Felt headwear is sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH – *President*
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

(Continued from Page 70)

about the great main fact, seen by all Having read this letter, standing beside him in the glass hothouse of the prize-winning babies of Chibosh, the wife of the chief executive of that great teeming city a sturdy, heavy, red-faced figure was pounding her husband; pounding him upon his head, his face, his unprotected Roman nose, as he leaned forward, amazed, undefended, trying to protect the innocent, yelling, defenseless Roman-nosed infant in his arms from her ill-controlled blows. And meanwhile she was calling—as they understood her—something about the motto and subject of the evening, Justice for All Women.

"Justice!" they thought she said. "Justice for women! I'm going to have some—right now—in my own family!"

Trampled under their feet was the note, which was picked up when finally they controlled her—a typewritten note, on which she had read:

> Be good to him. He is all yours now. When you see this I shall be already gone—where there is real justice for the one that you once called YOUR OWN LADY IN BLACK

The attendants now closed the glass window in the glass inclosure in the center of the great hall.

That was all that they could do. There were no shades in it.

VII

GOLDFISH & GOLDFISH, the political attorneys, sat again on Thursday morning in the Phantom Factory of Mayor True, one on either side, addressing Mr. Melody.

"An awful night! An awful night!" said A. Goldfish. "It was all we could do to keep it out of one of the papers."

"Of all of them, you mean," said his son.

"If one ran it the others would, naturally," said Mr. Melody.

His round eyes were as calm, his hair as carefully brushed, his voice as carefully bland as ever. He was safe; he had pulled through his great danger; he had delivered successfully, at great personal risk, that campaign whisper to the women voters of Chibosh demanded by those insatiable women politicians, who now controlled him. For the moment he was at ease, his own calm, confident self again—in sharp contrast to Mr. A. Goldfish, who was still speaking of the newspapers of Chibosh.

"And all of them—all night—with extra reporters on the morgues and police stations. And still are. And all the police on all the docks and bridges, to grab her and keep her—that woman of black! And bringing in at least two hundred of them them women in black dresses they got all over—into all the stations all night long! For if that went on, if she done it—and croaked herself—why, naturally, then all the papers would be printing it—would have to print it then!" exclaimed the older and more demonstrative Goldfish.

"You tell me just what happened!" ordered the younger and less demonstrative Goldfish, now leaning forward in the direction of Mr. Melody.

"Don't you know that yet?" Mr. Melody asked him calmly.

"Know what?" asked the harder Mr. I. Goldfish, his voice still hard, suspicious. "What happened?" he asked again.

"You happened," said Mr. Melody briefly. "That's what happened."

"Me!" "Him!" cried Goldfish & Goldfish simultaneously.

"Sure," said Mr. Melody. "Don't you see that yet?"

"See what?"

"You got her sore—the girl, that's all The way you talked to her that day. She went over to the other side. That's all. And they used her—to pull our own stunt against us."

The voice of Mr. A. Goldfish, answering alone, was warm with genuine admiration.

"Some stunt!" it said. "Some whispering campaign! But who ——"

"What'll we do now?" the voice of I. Goldfish was interrupting him. He could see—without a map—what might be coming to him if Chinese Meeghan once got hold of that idea.

"I'll tell you what you'll do: You'll leave it to me!" the calm, confident voice of Mr. Melody was answering him. "You spilled the beans. Now you'll leave it to me—to fix up for you!"

Exactly what Mr. Melody did following this promise to Goldfish & Goldfish cannot be related here today. There is not enough space. It will, however, positively be shown in the coming sequel—the forthcoming story of The Thumbless Black Hand, or The Coming of Gonfardino.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of five stories by Mr. Turner. The next will appear in an early issue

Rising Wolf Mountain in Glacier National Park, With the Tepees of the Blackfeet at the Edge of Two Medicine Lake

Bungalow *or* Skyscraper

Whatever you are building, repairing, or equipping, know about commercially pure iron and you will save money

YOU have fire insurance on your building as a matter of common sense. How about rust insurance?

You may suffer from fire, but you are certainly going to lose money every year from rust—unless you use the kind of sheet metal that is especially made to stand exposure.

How serious a matter this is becomes apparent the moment you check up on the number of ways you use iron or steel in even a very modest house.

There are the flashing, gutters, down spouting, metal lath, furnace drum, hot-water tank; not to speak of home equipment, such as stove, refrigerator, ash cans, garbage pail, washing machine, and tub covers.

First, know the cause

Air and moisture attack the weak spots in metal, just as disease germs find a lodging in the weak parts of a person's body. When moisture reaches these things it starts electrolytic action similar to that which goes on in a storage battery. This causes the corrosion which destroys metal. Once this fact was learned, the next step was to find a way to make commercially pure iron.

Finding the answer

A score of years ago The American Rolling Mill Company went to work on the problem of making an iron that was practically free from impurities and producing this iron in commercial quantities.

Long research was followed by the development of new methods of manufacture that called for scrupulous and patient care in each process. Then came the erection of new mills and the acquiring of original sources of supply for raw material.

The result is ARMCO Ingot Iron, now world-famous. It contains less than one-sixth of one per cent of rust-promoting impurities and is recognized throughout the world as the pure iron of commerce.

No ferrous metal will absolutely prevent rust, but ARMCO Ingot Iron has proved that it will resist rust for years.

The results of purity

The purity of ARMCO Ingot Iron that enables it to ward off corrosion gives it other attributes of exceptional value. It is soft, dense and even, with a velvety, uniform surface.

Large quantities of it are coated with zinc as a still further safeguard against exposure. If the sheet metal in your home is of zinc-coated ARMCO Ingot Iron you need have no fear of premature corrosion. Your sheet metal worker can tell you the gauge that will give the longest service on your building.

Thousands of housewives have learned that when ARMCO Ingot Iron is used as a base metal for enameled stoves, refrigerators, tub covers, etc., the enamel is perfectly smooth and stays so.

How you can tell it

Articles manufactured of ARMCO Ingot Iron bear the blue and gold Armco label. You can tell the metal in sheet form by the blue Armco triangle. Always look for the Armco trade mark; it is the sign of true economy.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio

WHERE TO LOOK FOR ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

Here are some of the everyday uses of ARMCO Ingot Iron:

For the Home

Stoves
Washing Machines
Garbage Cans
Ash Cans—Pails
Refrigerators
Furnace Drums
Hot Water Tanks
Table Tops
Tub Covers
Electric Light Reflectors

In Industry

Welding
Culverts
Smoke Stacks
Oil & Water Tanks
Acetylene Tanks
Freight Car Roofs
Coal Car Sidings
Drainage Systems
Car Heaters
Gasoline Tanks
Coal Tipples
Wire Fencing
Metal Doors
Grave Vaults and Caskets

Farm Equipment

Boiler Tubes and Pipes—Flumes
Cold Rolled Strip
Cold Drawn Bars

In Building

Coping—Roofing
Flashing—Siding
Eaves Trough
Down Spouting
Skylights
Heating and Ventilating Systems
Window Frames
Metal Lath

OTHER ARMCO PRODUCTS

Armco chemists and metallurgists, working in one of the most complete laboratories of its kind in America, have developed not only Armco Ingot Iron, but also Armco steel sheet specialties for the automobile, electrical and other industries. Leading automobile manufacturers use Armco steel sheets on account of their exceptional bending and drawing qualities. Armco steel electrical sheets are widely used because of their high permeability, low core loss and non-aging qualities. The American Rolling Mill Company are makers of high grade special sheets to meet the demands of exacting manufacturers. Technical information will be supplied to any manufacturer as to Armco products and their adaptability to any particular use.

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
Resists Rust

Ted Lewis

the famous "jazzical clown" and saxophone wizard, one of Broadway's brightest stars, and all the members of his band, now making a tremendous hit in New York in the new show "Ted Lewis's [illegible]"

-and here is why the Big Stars choose Conn Instruments

BUILT in the largest factory of its kind in the world, Conn instruments embody exclusive features which make them *easiest to play, most beautiful in tone, and most reliable in action.* Conn supremacy is recognized by the most famous dance, vaudeville and phonograph recording orchestras, and by conductors and artists in the great Symphony and Grand Opera Orchestras and Concert Bands the world over.

Preferred by professionals because of their undoubted superiority, Conns are equally valuable to beginners, who make faster progress with these instruments. Here are a few exclusive features of the Conn saxophone which have won recognition for it as the *finest in the world*:

Hydraulic Expansion of Tubing gives accurate proportions and a smooth-as-glass interior, a perfect carriage for sound waves, which makes *easier blowing, assures perfect intonation and beautiful tone.*

Improved Key System greatly simplifies technic and increases register fully an octave.

Patented Tuning Device enables exact tuning, even while playing.

Drawn Tone Hole Sockets and New Type Universal Pneumatic Pads prevent leakage and lengthen life of pads.

Straight Neck gives better tone, and together with

Correct Weight and Perfect Balance of instrument, enables more convenient and comfortable playing.

With all their exclusive features Conn instruments cost no more

Free: Handsome saxophone book or special catalog describing the instrument which interests you. Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in the band. Others are making *big money in music*, so can *you*. Send postcard now, mentioning instrument, for your copy of book and details of Free Trial, Easy Payment Plan on any Conn instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd., 1036 CONN BUILDING, ELKHART, INDIANA

Conn New York Co. 233-5-7 W. 47th St.
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CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

THE RUHR AFTER SEVEN MONTHS

(Continued from Page 15)

the occupied area—old and new—train service was demoralized. On the day the French entered Essen every one of the 120,000 train employes in the Rhineland stopped work. The French had to reorganize the service, first by importing 10,000 of their own people, and then persuading an equal number of Germans to help. With these makeshifts schedules are impossible. The journey from Cologne to Düsseldorf, which ordinarily takes about half an hour, required from six to eight hours.

One detail about train service is worth explaining. In the early days of occupation the Germans dynamited a number of trains.

Today every French train carries as involuntary passengers at least six prominent German hostages. Moreover, if any suspicious bundle is discovered on a track or bridge the most prominent piece of unwilling human freight is required to examine and, if necessary, open it. Needless to say, bomb and dynamite outrages on trains and bridges have practically ceased.

With train service all out of gear, obviously the only way to see the Ruhr is to use a motor car, which I did. I left Cologne one afternoon with Düsseldorf, the general headquarters of occupation, as the first objective. My German chauffeur had a British pass for Düsseldorf, but I had no documents save an American passport, which proved effective. At Düsseldorf I obtained a French military pass, which among other things permitted me to carry arms—an unnecessary precaution—and, what was far more important, gave immunity from confiscation of the car I had engaged. Here is a little detail also worth explaining. No German—nor, for that matter, any alien—can operate an automobile in the occupied area without the consent of the French. Lacking this visa for ownership, the machine is at once commandeered.

Exhausted Reserves

Between Cologne and Düsseldorf I got the first hint of the effect of reprisal occupation. It was at the great Leverkusen chemical and dye works. Although within the now well-nigh impotent British occupied area—the French have so entirely encircled this section that it has become an island of comparative ease amid a sea of restriction—this vast enterprise, part of the chain of identical undertakings which helped to give Germany both a war and a peace preëminence, is finding the French a costly neighbor. Up to the Ruhr occupation it thrived, because, like the other great chemical works, it countered the loss of patents abroad through war seizure by reduction in prices, and had won back over 40 per cent of its export trade. Then came the Ruhr occupation.

The Leverkusen works were able to continue business up to August first, partly through the sale of stocks which they had accumulated outside the Ruhr in anticipation of occupation, and partly because of the hoard of accumulated raw materials. But at the time of my visit these reserves were nearly exhausted. Meanwhile fresh stocks of products had been accumulated in the works but could not be moved through the French ring of steel. Considerably less than 10 per cent of the supply of valuable drugs is being smuggled out, but the heavier chemicals literally remain a drug in the hands of the producers.

At that, Leverkusen is much better off than the sister works at Höchst and Oppau, most of whose stocks have been seized by the French and who are distinctly up against it. An inspection of the whole German chemical industry discloses the fact that it is probably at the most critical period in its history. It pooled interests to meet peace-treaty deliveries and it also made common opposition to Ruhr occupation. At the end of seven months its stocks had shrunk; it was cut off from its markets, and what was equally vital, found itself unable to import the salts, quicksilver and other raw commodities necessary for operation. Leverkusen could get English coal and benzol through Cologne, but at six times the prewar price.

It means that if the French occupation of the Ruhr continues indefinitely German drugs and chemicals will practically disappear from the market, for a time, at least. The German dye industry might have fortified itself with overseas branches working the original patents, but it has persistently refused to accept foreign capital, fearing an alien control that would impair its cartel integrity. Although shaken to its roots, the dye trust remains the tightest in Germany.

At Leverkusen a significant activity goes on, and it is typical of what is happening throughout the whole Ruhr area. With business almost at a standstill and no immediate prospect of release from the French thrall, work goes on. New factory buildings are being constructed, and old ones enlarged. The small army of chemists and engineers who are the eyes and scouts of the industry is deep in research. In August, for example, the chemists were busily engaged in elaborate studies of the effect of light on textures.

Here you have the one constructive way by which the Germans have met occupation. It is through the expansion and perfection of the production machine which, save for certain isolated pit heads and canal locks, could start its wheels on half an hour's notice. The morale and skill of the workers are other matters, for they have felt the effects of the endowed idleness.

Conditions in Düsseldorf

At Leverkusen I first encountered two other developments which I was destined to find in an increasing scale throughout the Ruhr. One was the growing scarcity of food for the workers; the other a corresponding shortage of actual money. The factory could not create food, but it did devise an interesting substitute for the Reichsbank notes. A huge stock of wartime emergency money was on hand, so five zeros were added to every two-mark note and it became a 200,000-mark piece.

Exactly one week after I left the Leverkusen establishment a serious riot developed among its employes on account of food shortage. Although there was actual scarcity of food, the trouble was largely due to communistic fomenting. All the workers were called out, and a clash with the police resulted. Just as lack of food usually begins trouble, so does an allotment of it end the crisis. At Leverkusen a pound of margarin was handed out to each worker, and it smoothed the way to a temporary truce. Even the Communists could not argue against it.

Distracting as is this chemical interlude, we must push on to Düsseldorf, which I had known in other and happier days. Occupation was no new experience, because it was taken over by the French under the sanctions of 1921. The people therefore were acclimated to the French. Here, as elsewhere, save where a flagrant outrage imposed curfew or even harsher measures, life seemed normal. There was a picturesque touch, not without its irony, every evening when the French guard was changed at the *Stahlhaus*, the home of the Steel Trust. In front of the hotel where I stopped, and which housed the principal members of General Degoutte's staff, stood a bronze statue of Von Moltke, who would have turned and run had he known what he was looking at. By a curious coincidence practically every building in the Ruhr that houses French generals or important French bureaus is flanked by statues of Bismarck or the first Emperor William. The Germans, however, do not see the humor of it, but the French do.

Study of the Ruhr under occupation discloses the interesting fact that the towns have distinct personalities, just like individuals. They are obedient or obstinate because they get their color, as it were, from the character of the people. Düsseldorf, for instance, is perhaps the most tractable of all the important centers. You feel it the moment you enter. The French had allowed almost absolute freedom until a bomb outrage, which, curiously enough, happened under my nose.

I was on my way back to Cologne and had reached the hotel when I heard an explosion. At first I thought it was the sunset gun, but when I saw French officers,

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 74)

automatics in hand, dashing down the stairway, and then beheld infantry and cavalry on the run down the main street, I knew something was up. On investigation I found that in the Cornelius Platz, just around the corner, a German fanatic had thrown a grenade at the French band just returning from guard mount, wounding three soldiers and several civilians. It was one of the few occurrences of that nature in Düsseldorf, and, to the credit of the populace, it was generally deplored. The only penalty imposed was that all lights should be out at ten and the streets clear at eleven.

To continue the matter of temperament in towns, you have only to go to places like Dortmund, Duisburg, Bochum and Gelsenkirchen to feel the very air charged with resentment. The result is barbed wire at the bridge approaches, and machine-gun nests on all sides. Moreover, the French are taking no chances anywhere, because outside of every community are posted big guns that could wipe the place off the map should emergency arise. Every occupied town has been charted. The sections occupied by the French as headquarters or dwellings—and they are all segregated—are indicated by red squares, which are to be avoided in case of bombardment.

It was at Neuss, just outside of Düsseldorf, that I got the first evidence of how American interests in Germany are affected by Ruhr occupation. Here are located the German branches of the International Harvester Company and the National Radiator Company. Both were shut down, due to the inability to get coal and raw materials in. Their stock had dwindled and there was nothing to do but quit. As elsewhere, and following the German example, the workers were either on part time or engaged in new construction.

Railroad Conditions

During my first stop at Düsseldorf I talked with the French engineers about the situation in the Ruhr. At the risk of halting the narrative of the journey, this vital matter will be disposed of here. It is the crux of the Ruhr enterprise. All the French officers agreed that the first phase of occupation, to which I have already alluded, namely, the political, had ended, and that the more difficult era of economic exploitation had arrived. The French point of view affecting transport at that time—it was the first week in August—summed up like this:

The railway organization is now able to insure not only all military transportation facilities but all transport required for reparations, and to handle the daily increasing amount of commercial transport. The 300 passenger trains running every day in addition to 400 freight trains are beginning to prove insufficient, and on certain lines the amount of rolling stock for the convenience of passengers is about to be increased. The population of the Ruhr no longer hesitates to make use of the French trains, and the number of German passengers using the seven most important stations in the Ruhr has risen from 21,000 during the week ended June twentieth to 70,290 during the week ended July eighteenth. These figures are typical.

An interesting detail is that the increasing passenger traffic has been most marked at Essen and Dortmund, in the heart of the Ruhr area. The dominant impression, moreover, on the part of all those who visit the centers of Essen, Bochum and Dortmund is that a manifest slackening of tension has occurred in the state of mind of the population in regard to the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr.

On the preceding day—that is, on July thirty-first—the French had moved 717 trains, which was their record up to that time. Of these, 526 were passenger, 186 freight, mostly coal and coke, and 3 were food trains. They had also shipped 11,000 tons of coal and 9000 tons of coke.

But operation of railway trains is a tolerably easy matter compared with the replacement of the dwindling reserves of coal and coke. It is one thing to put a French or a mixed French and German crew on a train, pile on a few German hostages, and with a guard of soldiers start off. It requires neither highly technical skill nor a large personnel.

With coal and coke production the problem is complicated. On August first the French were up against the necessity for a line of action that would give them the much-needed fuel for their forges and to supply other needs. Under reparations they had been getting 2,000,000 tons of coal and coke a month. This was exclusive of the Saar output, which they control. Under occupation, according to German figures, which the French did not contradict, they had barely obtained this total for a period of six months. The German miners and cokers would produce only enough fuel to meet the heat and light needs of the various occupied communities. When mines are seized miners have refused to work altogether, and some towns as a consequence had to resort to cold food. What was to be done?

Once more let me quote a French official, this time the chief engineer of the occupied area. At Düsseldorf he said:

"First of all, German passive resistance is weakening and it is only a question of time when it will be broken down. If the German miners will not work they will either be compelled to work or deported, and their places taken by Poles, who are now beginning to arrive.

"We have decided to seize the coal mines in precisely the same way that we have seized the cokeries, and operate them, either on our own or through our concessionaires. All working costs will be charged to the German Government. The German mine owners can look to their government for compensation. It is no concern of ours.

"We have proved that we can remove the accumulated reserves of coal and coke stocks, and we will be able to do the same with the operation of enough mines to give us what fuel we need. In the procedure of mine seizure we are justified in precisely the same way we were justified in occupying the Ruhr. By refusing to operate the mines under our direction the Germans are still in default of reparations."

This program is all right on paper, but, as I have already indicated, it is more complicated in operation, because the French are without the organized technical experience and the man power to conduct the operations. They will be confronted by a wholesale expulsion of miners and stokers that would depopulate the Ruhr and their replacement by a more pliable folk, or cessation of operations, which would spell failure. Where are the pliable folk to come from? The task here, however, is to state the facts as I found them, and it is up to the French and the Germans to work out their respective destinies.

A Baffling Problem

Because we are dealing with the difficulties that beset the French at every turn, let us dispose of another, which has its real root back home in France. Since the Germans are piling up immense reserves of finished products, such as locomotives, lathes, rails, dynamos, tools, girders and engines behind that ring of French steel, the natural question arises: Why do not the French seize all these products and dispose of them? There is a ready sale and it would mean equally ready cash for the invader.

Once more you find the French up against a baffling problem. Though they could easily dispose of metallurgical material, such as ore and scrap iron, to steel makers in Lorraine, they would immediately run afoul of the French manufacturer the moment they tried to dump the finished article on the French market. Further aggravation along this line might lead to real industrial disaster. The only outlet would be the devastated area and the colonies, and neither of these sources is any too flush with ready money. Thus the French are compelled to camp literally on a wealth that, so far as useful purposes are concerned, is about as productive as hoarded gold.

By this time you can realize the truth of the statement that after seven months of elapsed time, as the sporting writers say, Ruhr occupation has cost the French more in money and anxiety than they have got out of it. Nor have the Germans gained, save in the forced expansion of their plants. It is well to keep this fifty-fifty idea in your mind, because it will force the issue.

It was not until I reached Essen that the full effect of Ruhr occupation was borne in on me. On the way from Düsseldorf I passed the frontier of the old occupied area. Just at the point where the stately residence of the venerable August Thyssen, the Lion of the Ruhr, as they call him, crowned a wooded hill, I entered the valley of the Ruhr. Here, with Kettwig in the foreground, and with the stark stacks of Essen brooding over the not distant horizon, I felt for the first time the sense of economic desolation which is born of passive resistance. The hoists of the coal mines were still; an uncanny silence brooded over the landscape.

Essen had the atmosphere of a perpetual Sabbath day. Three-quarters of the shops were closed on account of the inability to get food and merchandise. The throngs on the street wore their Sunday clothes and moved idly about. The trouble with them was that they had been doing this every day for more than six months. They were not only listless but uneasy. To a lesser degree than at Bochum and Duisburg, the neutral onlooker became infected with a queerish uncertainty. The people were what the British call nervy.

Most of the idle men at Essen were coal miners. The great plants, like the Krupps, were still working. Perhaps the best idea of what was going on at Essen is gathered from what I learned at the Krupps', whose monster establishment stands in the middle of the city, on top of its own coal mines, and bisected by one of the main highways.

In 1922 I went all over the Krupp establishment, and although I worked fast, it occupied the whole day. At that time approximately 80,000 people were employed in three eight-hour shifts. In August last, 50,000 were occupied, and there was only one eight-hour shift.

I had to talk to a minor official. There was a reason. Herr Krupp Von Bohlen—husband of Bertha Krupp, the Cannon Princess—and his principal codirectors, were unavoidably detained elsewhere. At that moment they were serving jail terms at Düsseldorf on the charge of having aided the riots of last Easter, when French troops had to shoot their way through a crowd of menacing Krupp workers.

The End of the Tether

My informant told me that the plant was still turning out locomotives, freight cars, agricultural machinery, motor trucks, cash registers, fire engines and heavy tools. Not one article, however, had moved out of Essen since the middle of January. The reserve of manufactured articles therefore was getting bigger all the time.

When I asked how much longer they could hold out I got this reply: "Except for the seizure of some of our motor equipment and one or two of our mines, the French have let us alone. We have enough coal and other raw material to last us until the end of October. When this is exhausted I do not know what we shall do. Meanwhile we will let the future take care of itself."

This statement sums up the situation in all the other Essen mills.

On the way to the Krupp factory I picked up a young German as guide. Like most foreigners he prided himself on his English, and immediately began to tell me what a wonderful establishment Krupps was. Thus the ruling German passion for boast is strong even under occupation. I told him that I had been all over it, and he subsided.

When I asked him what the future held for Essen he made this significant remark: "So long as the weather remains mild the Ruhr can hold out somehow. As soon as it gets cold there will be serious trouble either in the shape of a revolution or surrender to the French. We must live and we cannot live on passive resistance."

At Essen I stopped the night at the Kaiserhof Hotel, an institution not without its element of human interest. Immediately upon occupation the French commandeered it as headquarters for their engineers. The whole German staff, from manager down to the humblest scullery maid, walked out. A French sergeant who had had some hotel experience was put in charge. He manned the place with poilus, who do everything from peeling potatoes to operating the electric plant. I was able to eat and sleep as comfortably as if I had been in a long-established hostelry. With their proverbial sense of humor the French had left undisturbed the full-length portrait of William Hohenzollern which hangs in the main dining room.

I have heard news of fateful American happenings in varying and dramatic circumstances all over the world, and it was ordained that I should continue this experience at Essen. The morning after my arrival I was driving down the principal thoroughfare when I stopped and sent the chauffeur to get a newspaper. Typical of conditions, the only one that I could lay

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hands on was a copy of Le Petit Parisien. The French newspaper, like the American Constitution, always follows the flag. Seated in the car and with curious Germans pressing all around me, I opened the journal to find that President Harding was dead.

Later on at the Kaiserhof a French engineer tipped me off that one of the largest cokeries in Essen would be seized at half-past three o'clock that afternoon. It was a heaven-born chance to see the Army of Occupation go over the top.

As I neared the scene I knew that something was going on, from the knots of excited and gesticulating Germans in the street. As a matter of fact, the French had beat me to it, because as I looked up I saw a French poilu with gun on his shoulder standing on a slag heap silhouetted vividly against the sky. It was a picture that visualized the whole drama of occupation.

At the iron gates I found a good-natured poilu who readily permitted me to enter after I had said "*Américain.*" He even piloted me to the vicinity of coke ovens, where I found a platoon of French troops with machine guns. But they were unnecessary. There was no resistance.

The German employes seemed rather dazed. When I asked one of them what they meant to do he said, "God only knows. We are working for Germans and we will not work for the French."

As I walked over the plant I found that most of the ovens were already cold, and those stoked were on the quick road to neglect. A pair of French engineers were wandering around. They were almost as dazed as the German employes with whom I conversed

The following day I stopped by this cokery on my way to Bochum. It seemed a closed episode. Most of the French troops had been withdrawn, for there was only a small guard at the gates. The French engineers were nowhere in sight. Only sufficient steam was up to operate essential machinery, and the remaining coke ovens were going steadily out of commission. An air of aimlessness hung about the whole establishment.

I cite this episode to emphasize the difficulty that attends the attempt to adjust economic differences with force when that force lacks the technical experience and resource with which to follow up seizure with operation. This is precisely what has been going on in the Ruhr. The whole coking machinery is being put on the blink by such procedures as I have just described, and the inevitable result is loss for everybody concerned. It is, as one man expressed it, like putting a knife into the mechanism of a watch.

At Essen I began to consolidate the viewpoints of the German worker. It is difficult to find out just what is at the back of his head. One thing is certain: Six months of militaristic occupation with its restrictive measures had intensified hatred of the French. Combined with this hatred is a growing contempt for the French failure to exploit Ruhr resources. Until hunger and cold force the issue, the average German wage earner counts on this technical and organizing inability as his best ally towards compromise. Moreover, most German workmen had reached the opinion in August that the real French objective was more imperialistic than economic, and that the

(Continued on Page 81)

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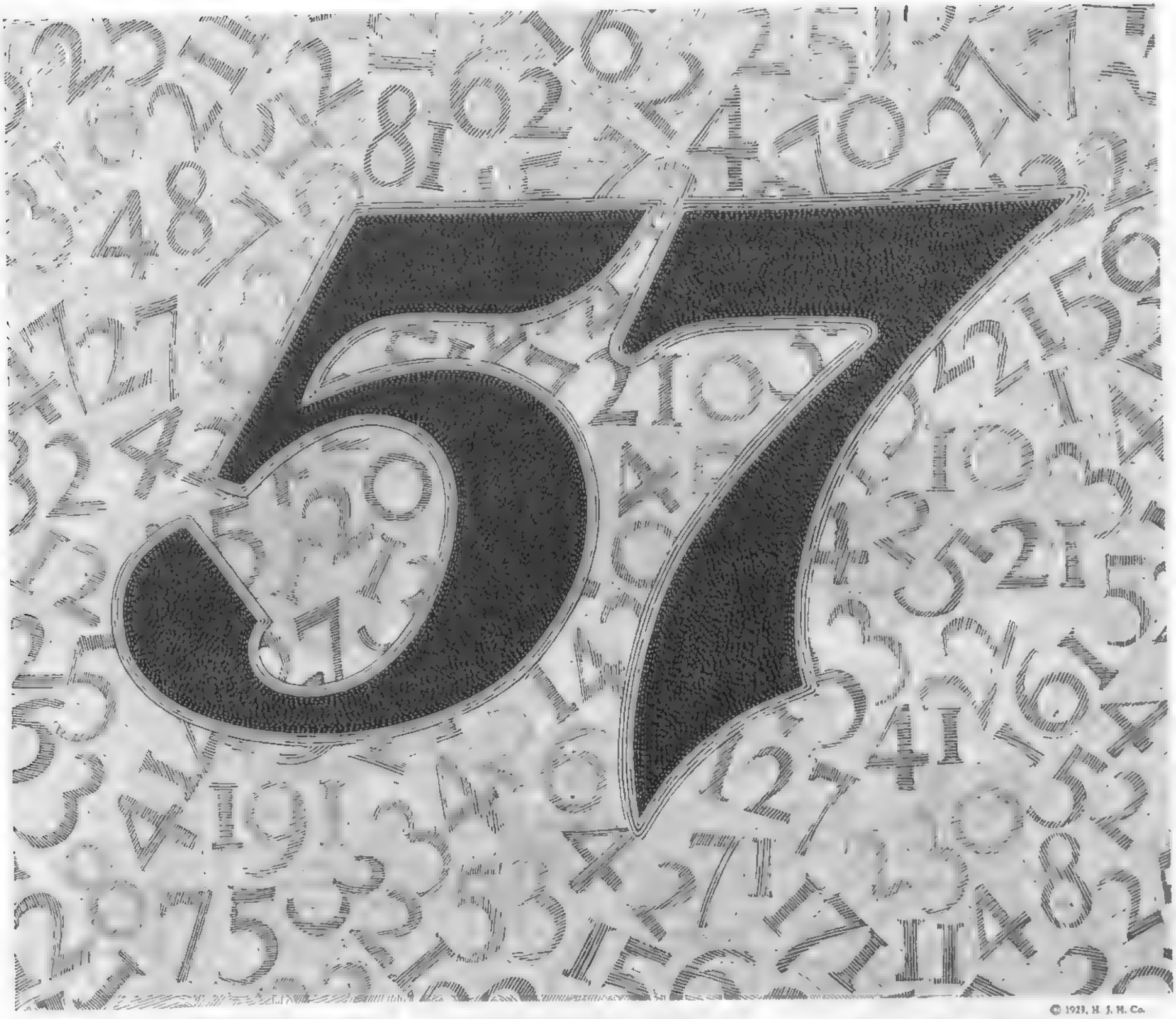

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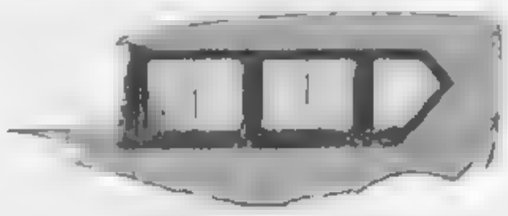

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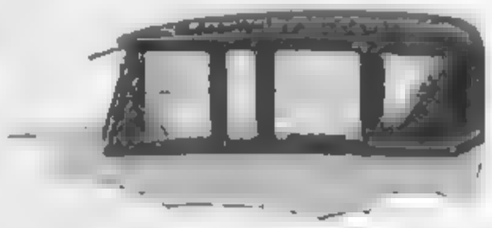

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(Continued from Page 78)

French tricolor would never leave the Rhineland.

Behind the resentment towards the French, which continued more or less defiant, lurked the undertone of a fatal pessimism. More and more I became impressed with the fact that the wall of passive resistance is not only pregnable but that the first breach has already been made. But it is grudgingly admitted. As one labor leader in Essen put the case:

"It is possible that with the coming of winter and the continued scarcity of food and coal there will be an end of organized passive resistance and we shall be obliged to go back to work. We now find that the French have more persistence than we thought. Economic necessity and obligation to our families will probably dictate some compromise.

"It is easy for Berlin to pass resolutions urging us to stick to passive resistance, and it is just as easy for the Reichsbank to issue its worthless money as compensation for us. But Berlin does not face the realities as we do, nor does it have to stand in line to get food.

"We will not yield until we are forced to. Though passive resistance may end, some kind of resistance will continue. We resent the French. We believe that they have only our economic ruin in mind, and some day there must be a reckoning for all this trouble and turmoil."

As soon as I left Essen for the north I entered the zone where communism has begun to rule and where a combination of anarchy and syndicalism may crumple up passive resistance. I found Gelsenkirchen quiet but sullen, and with tension again nearing the breaking point.

Two months before my visit the town was practically held by a so-called Red Guard which shot up the police station and caused a reign of terror. You could still see the bullet holes in the walls of the police headquarters. In this outbreak the miners took the initiative, aided by professional trouble makers from Bavaria. It was natural for miners to be conspicuous because Gelsenkirchen is one of the centers of coal mining and therefore one of the biggest seats of idleness.

Financed From Moscow

These communistic uprisings have provided one of the mysteries of occupation. Whenever trouble breaks out, especially over food, it is attributed to communists.

The avowed purpose of the Ruhr communists is not frustration of the French purpose but sovietism, although it is artfully camouflaged at times behind denunciation of French imperialism. During the communist disorders at Crefeld in mid-August, for example, the attack on the police was led by bodies of men carrying red flags with the soviet star in the corner. At Berlin I asked a well-informed American to tell me the name of the head of the German Communist Party, whereupon he said: "You can best find out at the Soviet Embassy in Unter den Linden." At Gelsenkirchen I saw a poster distributed by the moderate Social Democratic Trade Unionists which asked a number of leading questions, including "How many gold rubles paid for the May uprising?" Hence the trail of Ruhr communism undoubtedly leads to Moscow.

A pronounced feature of German psychology in the Ruhr, however, is the belief of all classes that the communistic outbreaks have been actively assisted by the occupation forces. The German authorities claim to have proof that captured communists were in possession of French arms, and that during the riots in Gelsenkirchen, Dortmund and elsewhere, wounded communists were cared for in French barracks while the German socialist and bourgeois supporters of law and order were given no assistance.

The French, of course, vigorously deny any participation in communistic activities, but they have remained passive while the disturbances were in progress. The suppression of the riots is entirely due to the efforts of the German civilian population, who maintained that they should have been assisted by the occupation forces, since their own police force was expelled shortly after the occupation. In this contention, however, the Germans are wrong. In Essen, Mülheim, Bochum and elsewhere the French have encouraged and in fact organized new police forces and have given them every facility.

Since the communists, aided by hunger, may be a deciding factor in forcing results in the Ruhr, another one of their tactics should be pointed out. It consists of widening the growing breach between the workers and the big industrialists like Stinnes and Thyssen. Here you have a picturesque piece of occupation history.

The first result of occupation was the consolidation of all German ranks in a common resistance against the French. Figuratively, Stinnes and his humblest stoker lay down in the same bed. After six months these bedfellows were not so congenial. The reason was obvious. Stinnes and his confrères were still rich and enjoying every comfort, while our friend the humblest stoker was not only becoming pinched with hunger but finding it impossible to get the actual notes with which to buy the increasingly expensive food. Moreover, he beheld winter coming on apace, with the likelihood of a fuel pinch.

This state of mind has provided fertile ground for communism. It explains the continuous rioting which marked the month of August in the Ruhr. Everywhere the slogan of radicalism became "Down with the big industrialists, who are the friends of the French and the enemies of the people." Under these anarchistic attacks Stinnes has developed into an object of suspicion because he is charged with entering into secret negotiations with the French. In this allegation you have another angle of communistic attack. When the French occupied some of the Krupp mines at Essen the radicals maintained that it was a conspiracy between German capital and the French.

The Mother of Trusts

The Ruhr communists, however, are solely animated by destructive self-interest. The cat was let out of the bag at a big indoor meeting which I attended on my return to Düsseldorf on a Sunday morning. Five thousand men and women were crammed into the leading concert hall, which that day lent itself to discord instead of harmony. Along with 4999 others I paid 5000 marks to go in.

In his introductory remarks the chairman apologized for the failure of the two principal radical speakers to show up. It appeared that one of them was in jail, and the other was unable to get a French permit to come down from Berlin. They were wordy and blatant understudies who rehearsed the German proletariat movement, urged the overthrow of Fascism, which in Germany is merely the reactionary group, and called for control of production, a union with Soviet Russia, and a government of German workers.

Now the real significance of all this Ruhr communism does not lie in the succession of food riots, shop plundering, hectic meetings and general disorder. Behind it lurks one of the various last straws which may precipitate the end of armed occupation. More than one communist has told me that once his group gets the upper hand it will not hesitate to make terms with the French, even if it means confiscation of the big German fortunes and the practical surrender of control of the Ruhr industry. What communism wants is a government of the proletariat at Berlin, with a peace at any price. Of course this probably will not develop, but in a situation fraught with many possibilities anything may happen.

However, we must push on again. The so-called Ruhr area is such a succession of industrial centers that almost before you leave the outskirts of one you are within the confines of another. Bochum is the next milepost beyond Gelsenkirchen. Here is one of the strongholds of the Stinnes empire. For acres and acres the great shops of the Bochum Verein and the Rhein-Elbe—that mother of German trusts which sprang from Stinnes' vision—dominate the countryside. But they did not present their wonted spectacle of triumphant industry. Most of them were idle and the workers wandered aimlessly about the streets.

At Bochum, as elsewhere throughout the Ruhr, one saw the signs that though Germany is engaged in an apparently hopeless struggle against the invader she is expanding her mines and industrial machine against that problematic time when the flow of commerce will be unimpeded. Here Stinnes is constructing one of the largest rolling mills in the world. It covers what would be nearly six American city blocks, and is flanked by massive new concrete water towers.

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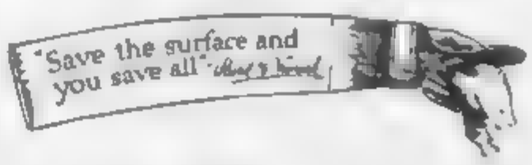

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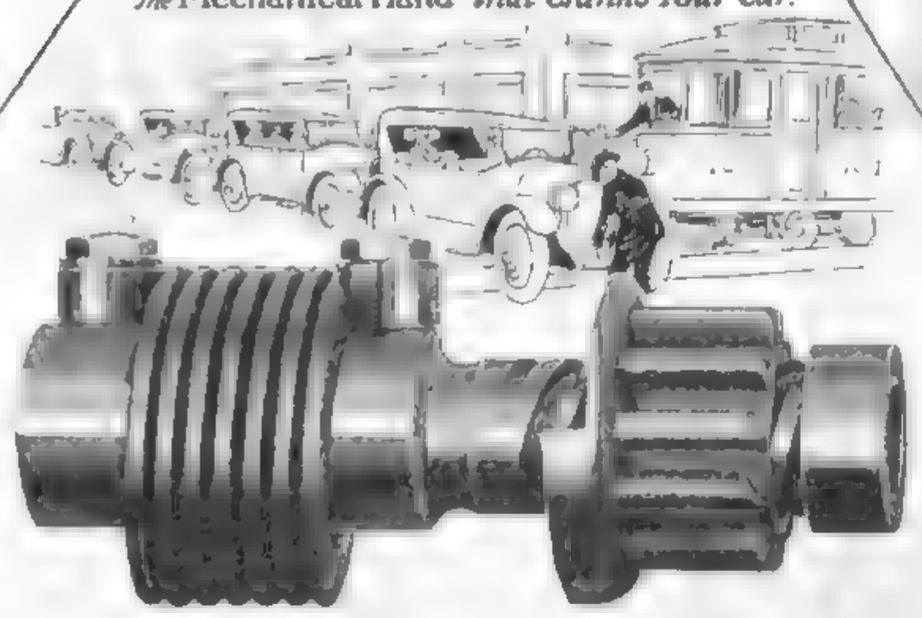

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The Stinnes type of new construction at Bochum is being duplicated at Mülheim, the capital of the Thyssen domain, and my next stop. The Thyssen works here are being drained of their reserves of raw material. Nearly 20,000 of the Thyssen employes were idle, and as many more were on part time.

Mülheim therefore had the usual number of loiterers so common in the Ruhr, which boded no good. As at Gelsenkirchen, there have been serious clashes. I found the place full of secret police, French and German political spies—all the tension that daily grows more acute in the occupied area. On May Day there was bloody rioting in front of the City Hall, which still showed the bullet scars. Communism has thrived in and about Mülheim because the radicals have a live selling point in the frequent presence of Stinnes himself. His castle lies just outside the town.

At Hamborn, not far away, is the second section of the Thyssen plant, which is perhaps better supplied with coal and raw material than any other one of the great establishments with the possible exception of Krupp's. It is working on part time in the effort to conserve supplies and at the same time keep nearly all the workers occupied. But, as I have already pointed out, these supplies must end long before winter comes, and the big industrialists must take some definite action.

Just beyond Hamborn is the Ruhrort—the junction of the Ruhr river with the Rhine. In normal times this spot is alive with German shipping, for it is one of the most strategic of all navigation points in Central Europe. From it radiates a network of canals. Here ordinarily German products flow almost endlessly out to Holland and the North Sea, while the inward stream of raw material is no less potent. Strangle Ruhrort, and all German inland waterways are blocked.

In the Belgian Area

I found the Ruhrort stagnant. You could walk for miles through the forest of inert tugs, tows and lighters. Not a vessel moved. The only signs of life were little gray French gunboats that were like bulldogs watching a flock of silent sheep. Nowhere is the French pressure more acute or telling than at Ruhrort. It has forced a complete tie-up of tugs and tows at Cologne, which is merely one evidence of its far-reaching effect.

Although Duisburg and Crefeld—I visited both places—are in the Belgian zone, economically they are intimately geared up with the consequences of French occupation. At Duisburg I was able to see the aftermath of a piece of German folly.

Shortly before my arrival a Belgian troop train had been dynamited and nineteen soldiers killed. Harsh penalties were at once imposed, including one of the real horrors of occupation: No German could get beer save between the hours of twelve and two noon and six and eight in the evening, and then only with food. During the afternoon I developed a thirst and I must confess that I found it difficult to appease it. Curfew rang at eight o'clock and any German found on the streets was arrested, which in many instances amounted to being shot. After that hour every door and window had to be closed. The Belgians were taking no more chances with stray bombs in the dark. The natural result was a resentment more than usually sullen, and a continuation of the tension that is today the common lot of the Ruhr.

One more town—Crefeld—will serve to round out these experiences. With entry here I left the grimy metal zone behind me and entered the textile area. The place had peculiar interest for me because approximately $5,000,000 worth of American orders—mainly for silks, velveteens and velours—are being tied up on account of inability to get materials in and out. A small amount is being smuggled out, because it is sometimes possible to bribe the French and Belgian soldiers. Under orders from Berlin no German firm is permitted to pay the tax imposed by the French, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The American purchasers, however, are beginning to pay this tax and a slow movement of products outward-bound is beginning.

I found Crefeld on the verge of one of the most serious uprisings that have developed in the occupied area up to the time I write this article. Already there were queues at the food shops, and sporadic plundering of shops had begun. After I left, the crisis became acute and anarchy practically reigned for a time under frankly soviet auspices. Once more I bear down on this kind of unrest, because sooner or later it must be a factor in some kind of decision in the Ruhr.

It is interesting to remark that here as elsewhere the occupying troops took no hand in the procedure, but left the work of restoring order to the police and fire brigades. The French argue that if Germans are bent on destroying one another it is no concern of theirs. They are in the Ruhr to get reparations and nothing else.

Regardless of whether the French have consciously or unconsciously aided the communists, one thing is certain: They have given support to the so-called separatist movement, which means the campaign for a Rhineland republic, the proposed buffer state between Germany and France. Any consideration of the consequences of occupation would be incomplete without a reference to this activity, for Ruhr and Rhineland are inseparably linked economically and politically.

The Separatist Movement

I was in Coblenz in 1919 when the separatist agitation began under the direction of Doctor Dorten, whose project was viewed with favor by General Mangin, then in command of the French army of occupation. Dorten is still the leader, but the movement until recently was split into two parties. One, under the originator, advocated a Rhineland republic, which was to be a part of the German Reich, but independent of Prussia. The other, which had the sponsorship of a certain Herr Smeets, of Cologne, was for an out-and-out independent republic with absolutely no affiliation with the German Government. Each of these movements designated Cologne as the capital, and the whole left bank of the Rhine as domain.

In August Dorten and Smeets decided to make common cause and united their parties under the banner of a Rhineland republic that would be strictly on its own. As the first step towards realization of the dream, all Rhinelanders were urged to stop paying taxes and duties to the Reich, on the ground that the Berlin government is wasting its money on the execution of policies detrimental to the Rhine area.

Political separation from the Reich, particularly if it meant political association with France, would be bitterly opposed by organized labor and the socialists generally in the Ruhr and the entire Rhineland, for French political life and economic processes are considered very reactionary by German socialist workers. The Ruhr worker feels that organized labor and the socialist parties have far less influence in France than in Germany. Any kind of French control, or even the establishment of a neutralized state, would consequently be construed as a weakening of the whole labor and socialist movement in Germany, reacting adversely on the workers in both occupied territory and free Germany. According to Ruhr labor leaders, separation from Prussia would be equally resented by Ruhr workers, as Prussia is now symbolic of the new liberal movement.

The fate of the Rhineland republic is bound to help shape Ruhr events. The reason is obvious. If the bitter fight must go on, the logic of the facts will drive the French to endeavor to overcome resistance without regard to Berlin and against Berlin. The force of events will oblige them, whatever may be their desires, to develop a local political influence and be content to ignore the central authorities. This means that if there is a deadlock for an indefinite period France in self-defense must consider the possibility of detaching both the Ruhr and the Rhineland from the rest of the Reich.

That she is shaping her policy towards this end was definitely shown at a separatist rally held at Coblenz on the last Sunday in July. The French not only requisitioned the meeting hall for the occasion and held troops in readiness to deal with any attack on the meeting, but ran three special Régie trains under military convoy from various parts of the occupied territory, giving free rides to all who cared to travel. This meeting, however, was something of a fizzle.

With the Rhineland republic, as with so many other aspects of Ruhr occupation, you can only fall back on surmise. As I have just indicated, the French may precipitate separation of the left bank of the

(Continued on Page 84)

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2—The competitor's name and address must be written at the top of the first page of the letter.

3—The letter must be mailed in a sealed, stamped envelope. *No post cards will be considered.*

4—There shall be no limits to the length a letter may be; and any competitor may send in as many letters as desired.

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You will find a special design of seat, arms and back curved to conform to the natural body curves. And every edge and corner is comfortably rounded. That makes a difference, believe me. And if Sikco helps the boss do better work and more work, what's the moral? A Sikco for every member of your staff will mean a more efficient office force.

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(Continued from Page 82)

Rhine as a drastic measure to force surrender on reparations. Political necessity, like military expediency, knows no law and is seldom a respecter of precedent. The French have already risked much in the Ruhr and will doubtless hazard more.

All this leads to the final question: What is the Ruhr balance sheet after seven months of occupation?

One way to make some kind of appraisal is to regard the enterprise in the light of a business venture and then scrutinize the debit and the credit sides of the ledger. The undertaking differs from the usual commercial procedure in that all conditions are exceptional. Two great nations and their fiscal and productive destinies are bound up in the outcome. Germany, the debtor, owed France, the creditor, huge sums for reparation. When Germany defaulted, France sent a bailiff, in the shape of an army, to collect. Like many other collections with a stubborn debtor at the other end, this one is slow.

Results in Red Ink

Moreover, it is fraught with physical hazard and political disturbance. But this is not all. A whole new world alignment hangs on the result, whatever and whenever that may be. England's repudiation of the French adventure and her growing fear of an eventual economic alliance between France and Germany may lead her to an accord with Italy and possibly Germany, while France will have to draw closer to Belgium and the Little Entente. Thus a balance of power, more fateful even than the result of reparation, trembles in the scales of the Ruhr.

Let us take the French case first. Assuming that passive resistance can continue until the present stocks of coal and coke available for seizure are exhausted, a preliminary crisis must attend the announced French policy of making occupation economically profitable. The coke stocks which have been commandeered will be exhausted long before the snow flies, and practically all supplies available for seizure will have been removed by the end of January. It will be necessary to attempt the operation of the coal mines and the coking plants, or burden the French balance of payments by further purchases abroad. The same situation may obtain with respect to dye deliveries, since factories in the Rhineland are increasingly disinclined to manufacture for stock, even where raw materials are obtainable, because of liability of seizure.

There is a tendency in Germany to exaggerate the embarrassment to France resulting from failure to obtain ample fuel or other deliveries, and to overestimate the French necessity for immediate financial relief. But the Germans have another think coming.

France is, after all, an agricultural country, and the disturbance of economic conditions produced by the falling off of activity in iron and steel manufacture affects her much less than it does her industrial opponent. Even if Ruhr coal and coke stocks become exhausted and France has to rely on her own production, plus imports, the crisis thus created will not have an immediate or as extensive an influence on public opinion as in Germany. In general, France should be able to resist as long as her public finance is not overstrained.

Germany must not only support the Ruhr population in part by subsidy—a subsidy of decreasing effectiveness—which has a devastating effect on her currency and general internal economic conditions, but she may be confronted also by the problem of maintaining public order.

Up to the time I write, the support of the policy of the French Government by public opinion is no less strong than the similar phenomenon in Germany. There are recent evidences of a more yielding attitude on the part of the Germans. The German feeling that the unsatisfactory character of Ruhr deliveries will soon affect French policy seems unjustified. The French face the possibility of costly and dwindling deliveries with concern but not alarm. Ruhr coal and coke are to them important, but they can get along without them longer than Germany can continue to resist. Time is the essence of the contest. In a word the French count on an early break in German morale more than on a satisfactory increase of coal and coke deliveries. This is the core of the whole business.

Reducing French results to concrete terms they are not so favorable. To refer to the phraseology of trade, they must be written in red ink. Every ton of coal and coke brought out of the Ruhr since January has almost cost its weight in francs. French exploitation of the Ruhr mines and ovens has barely begun. Considering the overhead cost of operation through the army and the impairment of French industry through lack of fuel and the further fall of the franc, occupation so far spells financial loss.

Now turn to the German side of that hypothetical ledger. Germany has benefited by occupation solely in what might be called passive development of the Ruhr productive machine. Scores of new factories have been built and old ones enlarged. Mines have been expanded and as far as actual mechanical equipment is concerned, save for some canal locks and the railroad right of way, the plant is in better shape than ever before.

Foreign Trade Shrinking

To offset this is the moral and physical wear and tear on hundreds of thousands of workers, due first to subsidized idleness, and then to the growing realization of the futility of resistance. Whereas time and circumstance are leagued in favor of the French, they operate uncompromisingly against the Germans. During the first two weeks of August the cost of living in the Ruhr rose 600 per cent. Food is not only waxing higher in price but becoming scarcer, because the old supplies are being exhausted before the new harvest, delayed on account of rain and cold, is available. A winter of further discontent, with a fuel famine enhancing the pinch, is near at hand. All these factors are slowly but surely breaking down resistance. A campaign of attrition, which was Haig's policy in the Somme operation, is proving no less effective in this bloodless war of peace.

Measuring the German loss in actual money terms you find that economically she would have fared infinitely better by meeting her reparation obligation. For one thing, she has not less than 800,000 tons of finished and semifinished steel products piled up in the Ruhr alone. They cannot be moved because of obstinacy in refusing to obtain the French license and to pay the French export tax. This means that German foreign trade is shrinking while at the same time her imports continue. It is estimated that for every franc that the French have lost through occupation the Germans have lost ten.

Hence that inexorable thing which is economic necessity may force the German hand. It is quite probable that the German industrial barons will make overtures to the French for a compromise that will result in operation of Ruhr resources under French control but with German labor The rich of Germany did not hesitate to sell steel to the Swiss, Dutch and Swedes during the war, when the Fatherland needed every scrap of it. Despite their consolidation for resistance after occupation, it is doubtful if their national loyalty will stand up under the menace of ruin. Pocketbook patriotism is always a precarious commodity.

France Standing Pat

A year ago when I talked with Hugo Stinnes he declared that a Franco-German economic alliance was inevitable, and that it was the only hope of European stabilization. Already he is indirectly associated with Schneider, the great French steel magnate, in the famous Skoda munitions works in Czecho-Slovakia. In 1922 Schneider was becoming interested in Stinnes' enterprises. A Ruhr crisis may bring about a coördination of French and German industry which, with continued French control of the Ruhr railways, would satisfy French demands. While I was in the Ruhr there were persistent reports that directors of the German state mines had entered into conversation with the Franco-Belgian authorities with the object of considering mutual deliveries of coal on account of reparations.

The combination of German coal and technical efficiency with French ore would mean the industrial mastery of Europe. England would be left far behind in the race for supremacy. Here you have one reason for the British opposition to the French in the Ruhr.

Behind the necessity of self-preservation which may dictate German surrender is even a larger factor. It lies in the growing dislocation of the international business structure because of continued occupation. The steel situation is becoming more and more distorted, because the longer the store of German metal products is piled up in Ruhr warehouses, the greater is its hazard to market conditions the moment it is dumped. It will mean a temporary demoralization of prices. Throughout the world builders and manufacturers are refraining from making purchases, awaiting the bargains that will come when the Ruhr barrier breaks.

To sum up, although Ruhr occupation remains a deadlock, the odds are slowly but surely beginning to favor the French. When the inevitable settlement comes it will be worth more to the invader, and through her to the rest of this distracted world, than the whole cost of the venture in time, money and trouble. Why? Simply because it will mean that finally Europe's principal bane, which is embodied in the reparations tangle and which has persistently blocked peace and sterilized stabilization, will be removed. Thus, whether you approve the occupation of the Ruhr or not, succeeding generations will hail it as the desperate remedy that was applied to a no less desperate disease.

Pending the inevitable consummation, France stands pat.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles dealing with events leading up to the present situation in the Ruhr.

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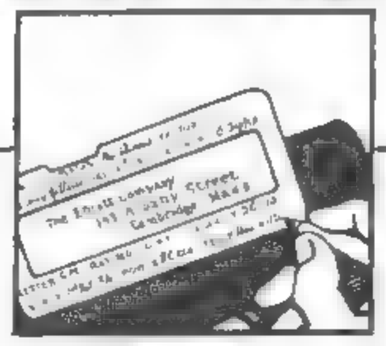

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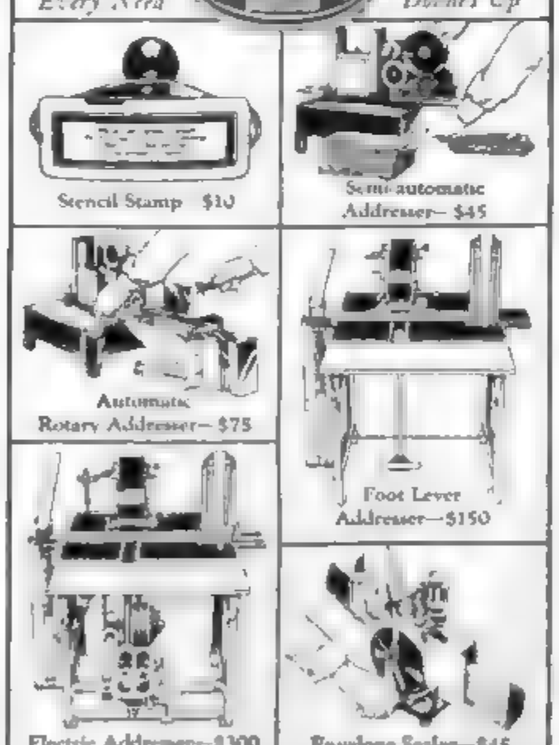

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BUNK AND BUNKER

(Continued from Page 11)

"Sorry," I comes back, "but I makes it a rule not to never play on no links on the which I makes the first hole in one. That's the tip-off that it is too easy, and playing over them billiard-table courses hurts me for the big-league stuff. It gets me careless and I couldn't take no chances of letting down."

"Wouldn't you even do it for me?" gushes Old Man Stone's relic.

"I could easy die for you," says I gallant, "but please, please, don't ask me to hurt my golf form."

III

WHEN me and the frau drifts over to the clubhouse for dinner that night we is the sinecure of all eyes. Jim, of course, has spread the news round that I ain't never played no golf, but even that don't make no difference to the Doughmorons. Most of 'em seems to have the idea that Magruder is kidding, and even if he ain't, they is no denying that I has made a hole in one, which nobody else ain't done on them links.

"I think your husband is just too wonderful," mushes Mrs. Stone to the wife.

Kate mumbles something and I leaves the two janes together while I drifts over to where Uncle Jake is squatting, him having slipped me the highball.

"I could remember you in my will," says he, "for what you done this afternoon."

"You mean that shot I made?" I asks.

"No," grins the old man, "not that horseshoe, but the way you set that nephew of mine down.

"That lad's so cocksure about how good he is, it musta almost broke his heart to miss them two swings and then have you dump the pill into the pan. You ain't never played no golf before, has you?"

"I don't mind telling you, sub Rosie," says I, "that I don't know whether I hit that ball with a stance or a caddie."

"That's rich," guffaws Uncle Jake. "Amelia thinks ——"

"Amelia?" I eyebrows.

"Mrs. Stone," he explains. "She thinks you're a bear. I heard her telling Blase—he's the president of the club, you know—that you should be put on the greens committee.

"I never seen a woman fall for a guy the way she's flopped for you; and now that she knows that you is friendly with Wales and the Haig boys ——"

"Hell," I cuts in, "she didn't believe that hop, did she?"

"When a woman's dippy about a lad," says Uncle Jake, solemn, "they ain't nothing you can't get away with. She's got a idea right now that you is a combination of Joe Miller and Chick Evans. That wife of yours'll be getting jealous. Look out." And he laughs himself off, but not without leaving a idea behind.

Kate and the Mrs. Stone is still gassing, so I drifts over to where Jim and Liz is sitting. He greets me cordial—like a pup welcoming a dog catcher.

"Jim," says I, "I would like to ask you for some advice. Got any that ain't working?"

"Whatta you wanna know?" growls Magruder. "How to keep making holes in one?"

"No," I tells him. "In them respects I stands on my record."

"Ain't you gonna play no more?" he wants to know.

"Nope," says I, "not anyways until somebody pops off the first hole in one. I ain't got no times for second-raters, and besides, like I told you this afternoon, I can't afford to let no easy links like they has here crab my style. Didn't I ——"

"Jim," cuts in Lizzie, "says what you done was a accident."

"He does, does he?" I yelps. "Outside of you, why don't he meet with one sometimes?"

"So," sneers Magruder, "you is gonna go through the rest of your life on the reputation you got outta lucky fluke, uh?"

"Why not?" I inquires. "Guys has got to be presidents that way. Even I has already been mentioned for a job."

"What?" he asks.

"They is talking around the club," says I, "of making me the big noise on the greens committee. That's what I wanted to ask you about? Think it's all right for a feller that ain't been here but a few days to accept a position like that?"

Jim splutters so much I can't make out what he says, but I walks away happy. Getting that baby sore is my favorite torture, but I ain't feeling so good at that. My plans for getting in so bad at Doughmore that me and the wife'd get the air ain't working out a-tall. Kidding their golf links, insulting the head dame of the roost and acting rough generally ain't got me nothing but the white meat of the chicken, while I been looking for something in the neck. All my life I been getting in Dutch without hardly no efforts, and here I is going outta my way to step on banana peels but not having no luck at being unlucky.

Seeing how popular I is becoming at the club, and especially with the Stone mother of the revolution, I decides they ain't no other way to crash the works than by using the old wheeze of getting the wife jealous, an idea Uncle Jake put in my head. I figures if I can get away with the trick Kate herself will wanna leave the place, which would be soft for me. So the rest of the night I plays up to the widow and on the ways home I don't do nothing but talk about her to the frau.

"Wonderful woman—Amelia," I remarks.

"Amelia?" queries the misses.

"Er—er," I stutters—"Mrs. Stone, I mean."

"Yeh," says Kate. "She's very nice. You getting to like Doughmore?"

"Heaven," says I, "ain't nothing but a sink hole down by the railroad tracks compared to it. Like Amelia—Mrs. Stone—says ——"

"She likes you, too, she told me," cuts in the wife.

"Does she?" I asks, eager. "What did she say? Tell me?"

"She says you is so breezy," returns Kate. "That's the polite way of saying windy."

I talks some more about the old skirt, but I don't get hardly no rise outta the wife. I figures I ain't laying it on thick enough, so I plans to strengthen my play a little.

The next day I loafs around the house kinda absent-minded and I makes the misses repeat everything she says at the leastest twice. I picks up a poetry book we got in the roost, written by a guy named Milton something or other, and when Kate pipes me with it I makes a bluff of reading one of the things in it—a lotta hop about a pair of dice being lost.

"I'm glad to see you taking that mind of yourn for a walk in a good neighborhood for a change," remarks the frau.

"You should go in for poetry, too," I tells her with deep sighs. "You oughta hear how swell it sounds when Amelia's reading it. She says it's like putting your soul in a elevator—it lifts you up. Kate," I goes on, "does you believe that love can only come oncet? They ain't nothing personal in this, you understand; I is only asking a hypercritical question."

"The stuff you used when you was bilious last year," comes back the misses, "is in the medicine chest right between your razor and the carbolic acid."

Something is wrong with my system. Of course I ain't had no experiences double-crossing wifes, but according to what I has seen in them cinnamon shows and read in the magazines I has already shown enough signs of wife abandonment to get even a district attorney suspicious, but Kate ain't no more excited by the stuff I'm strutting than a fish 'd be over getting his fins wet.

But I still got a few good numbers that I ain't shown yet. After dinner, which we has at home, I starts dolling myselfs up. Most of the time I don't dress no better than a teamster outta job, but now they ain't nothing too good for me. They is a pair of them white pants in my wardrobes, which the wife's been trying for a year to make me wear, and also a pair of those gosh-darn-it shoes—white with tan leather strips—which I puts on for the first time in my careers.

I swipes a colored ribbon outta the frau's duffel, decks it around my straw kelley, sticks a perfumed wipe in the top pocket of my snappy blue coat, and grabbing a cane, which we been using for keeping the kitchen window open, I presents myselfs before the misses.

"Is that you, Dink?" she gasps. "I never seen you look so grand in all my life. You couldn't hardly blame nobody for mistaking you for a gentleman. Where we going?"

"We," says I, "ain't going nowheres. I is just gonna take a walk."

"Where?" she asks.

"Oh, just around," I answers, evasive.

To my surprises she don't make no more troubles with questions, and I starts out. Kate's sitting on the porch like I wants. I follows the road toward Stone Hatchet's place, and it ain't so far away that the wife can't see me slipping kinda sneaky into the grounds. But I don't go into the old gal's house. I'd no more really call on that hen than I'd drink a gallon of castor oil for pleasure.

I ducks outta the garden the back way and beats it over to the club, where me and Blase and a coupla other guys has framed a poker party. When I gets back to our hut along about midnight I gumshoes into the bathroom, smears some talcum powder over the lapel of my coat and walks into the bedroom. I has seen a light there from the outside so I know she's awake. Sure and enough she is, sitting up, reading.

I expects a grand razzing for running that little walk of mine up to midnight, but nothing like that don't happen.

"Nice out, Dink?" she asks.

"Yeh," I tells her, squatting in a chair where they is a good light on my coat.

She looks right at it, but don't seem to notice nothing, which is some strange when you considers that that woman mosta the times is able to see a hole in the toe of my socks when I got my shoes on.

I looks down at the powder marks a coupla times, touches it with my fingers, and does every trick I can think of to draw her lamps to 'em. Finally she notices the splotch.

"Brush that coat off before you hangs it up," says Kate. "They is a white spot on it."

"Where?" I asks, and then looking all scared and nervous I starts rubbing at it, putting on the guiltiest front I can think of. "Musta run up against a whitewashed wall," I mumbles.

"I guess," remarks Kate, and picks up her book again.

That's too much for me.

"Damn it all!" I yelps. "Ain't you got no jealous streak in you a-tall? Ain't you the least bit curious where I has been all night? Is you swallowing that yarn about me running into a wall and getting them powder marks?"

"Don't you want me to?" smiles the wife.

"Hell, no!" I shouts. "I want you to be jealous. I want ——"

"I knew that about five minutes before you started your raw act," cuts in the misses, "but why?"

"Why what?" I asks.

"Why," explains the wife, "does you wants me to be jealous of Mrs. Stone?"

"Because," I tells her, "I thought you'd get sore and pull me outta this place. I'm through with the dump."

"Oh," says Kate, kinda relieved like. "I thought you was faking about the Stone dame on accounts of the attentions Uncle Jake's been paying to me."

"Uncle Jake!" I gasps. "I ain't noticed ——"

"He's been very nice," interrupts the wife, "bringing me little presents and keeping me company when I been lonesome like tonight. He only left about fifteen minutes ago."

"That old fathead!" I bellers. "I'll break ——"

"Hush," says the wife, "or you'll wake the baby."

"What baby?" I asks, blah. "Whose baby?"

"The one," grins the frau, "that should oughta be tossing around in a high fever while I is getting ready to elop, according to the movie we been acting."

"Then," says I, eager, "they ain't nothing to this Uncle Jake hop you been pulling?"

"Who wants to know?" she inquires.

"A guy," says I, humble, "that's cuckoo about Doughmore and couldn't be drug outta the place with wild horses."

"On account of me," asks the wife, "or Amena? Still like me better?"

"I should kiss a pig," I gulps.

"No," laughs Kate, "let me."

And she deals me a stack of smacks.

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SLOW VISIBILITY

(Continued from Page 18)

the thinning blue smoke haze. In another corner stood a woman, her hands over her face.

"He got holt of the rifle and knocked me out with the butt," the voice of Constable David Proeper complained as the match burned out.

Eventually, in the barracks of Troop H, Captain Dover's persistence was rewarded and the justice of the peace responded to his hundredth "Hello." Bordenfield spoke with the breathlessness and exhaustion of one who had run many miles, but Dover eventually gathered these facts: Rance had escaped and had presumably taken to the hills. Calvin was dead with a bullet hole through his breast. Delaney had been shot through the right shoulder; he had insisted on telephoning barracks himself, and had fainted while doing it. Doctor Suydam, who was even then bandaging his wound, said that no bones had been broken or arteries severed. The justice of the peace had not been wounded, but he was feeling decidedly unwell.

"We'll be there by dawn," Dover promised. "The men have been out almost an hour now."

"Wait a minute," Bordenfield responded.

There was a brief pause.

"Delaney reporting, sir," a faint voice said at last. "If the captain will leave me in charge of this case and give me a couple of men to do the rough work for a few days, I'll bring Hotaling in."

The step that sounded on the stair of the Bordenfield home that afternoon was not the light, quick stride of young Doctor Suydam returning to warn Daniel Delaney for a third time of what might happen if he dared raise head from pillow for another twenty-four hours.

Spurs clinked, and Delaney smiled for the first time since he had wakened at noon to learn that eight troopers had arrived at sunrise and had struck out immediately into the hills, guided by Constable Proeper.

The smile became a grin as Sergeant Duff entered. A day's growth of beard darkened his face. His eyes were watery from lack of sleep. There were mud stains on his gray jacket, with the silver arms of the state on each lapel. Mud was caked on his boots and smeared among brier scratches on his face. Sergeant Duff, marking the grin, was not pleased.

"Did we get him?" he repeated wrathfully, dropping into a chair at the bedside. "We did not. I've walked and climbed and slid twenty miles today if I've made an inch. Not a sign of him. It's a sweet mess you started and then left for us, Dan."

Delaney bit his lip. The sergeant glared at him and then yawned convulsively.

"Why in heaven's name didn't you handcuff him?" he demanded. "Of all town-constabule handling of a case ——"

The red crept up into Delaney's face. After a moment's silence he spoke.

"Was Proeper with you all day?"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world he was!" the sergeant responded fervently. "He's one sore constabule. He's a tough old bird too. He darn near walked my legs off, clear up to the ankle. He hadn't had any sleep, either, and he'd had a wallop on the head in the bargain."

"Is the place swollen much?" Delaney asked with an eager look in his eyes.

"How in thunder would I know?" Duff asked sharply.

"You wouldn't," Delaney countered, with an inflection that snapped the sergeant's jaws together in the middle of another yawn. "If I were you, sarge, I'd not trust this Proeper too far. I've a hunch."

"No," Duff sneered, "it's evident you put all your trust on Rance Hotaling."

Delaney kept his voice steady with an effort.

"Mightn't it be, sergeant, that while Proeper was leading you up hill and down, Rance was resting in the constable's home, wherever that is?"

"Your hunches are no better than your police work," Duff retorted.

"I was up at Proeper's house this morning. I went over it from attic to cellar. I talked with his daughter. If either of them hates anyone in this world, it's Rance. You can see where he lives from here. He says he built on a hilltop so he could see all the dry land possible after his years at sea."

His nod directed Dan's eyes to the open window. Halfway between him and the far-off ranges, gold and blue in the afternoon haze, rose a little rounded hill. On its crest perched a white cottage that shone in the slanting sunlight. Delaney stared at it appraisingly.

"Hunch gone?" Duff asked disagreeably. "What about the room downstairs? Or maybe you don't know anything about bullet holes either."

Duff yawned, wiped his eyes and brushed caked mud impatiently from the knee of his riding breeches.

"I've been in this game longer than you have, trooper," he flung back, "and maybe I'll be in a long while after you've gone. Rance's two shots went through you and Cal, and then right on out through the wall. That rifle of his can drive lead. We found one bullet—yours—in the woodwork of the door."

"H'm," Delaney mused. "How high up?"

"About two feet."

"Blood on the sill?"

"Did you shoot more than once?"

"No." There was a certain superior tolerance in the trooper's voice that irked Duff.

"Then why should there be blood?" he demanded. "I just told you your bullet was in the door. What crazy idea is bothering you now?"

"Just a hunch," Delaney replied, turning his head away.

"Keep it," Duff advised. "Try and sell it to the captain. He's coming up to take charge tonight. He doesn't like dumb cops."

"Neither do I," the wounded man answered maliciously as Duff stamped out of the room. "Keep your eye on Proeper, sergeant."

Constable Dave met Duff at the head of the stairs.

"I was just comin' after you, sergeant," Dan heard him say as they descended together. "They's one more place where Rance ——"

His voice faded out.

"I wonder," Delaney muttered to himself. "Did he come upstairs just then, or had he been listening in? You talk too much with your face, Trooper Delaney."

He profited by this self-bestowed advice and lay silent, looking at the shadows gathering in the hollows of the hills. Presently the sinking sun struck fire from the windows of Proeper's lofty cottage.

"A regular heliograph," Delaney thought and watched them burn out while dusk crept up through the valley.

He woke from feverish sleep to find Captain Dover standing beside him in the gloom.

"Doctor Suydam tells me he'd promised you I could see you, Delaney," his commander remarked abruptly. "But he said you were to keep quiet. What's the matter?"

"Rance Hotaling," the trooper answered in a tight voice, and gulped.

"We'll talk all you want about that in the morning," Dover replied. "Now go to sleep. The doctor says if you behave yourself you'll be up in a day or so."

"I have a hunch," Delaney muttered stubbornly.

"Duff has told me about it. You're wrong, Delaney. But we'll go over that and other things in the morning. Good night."

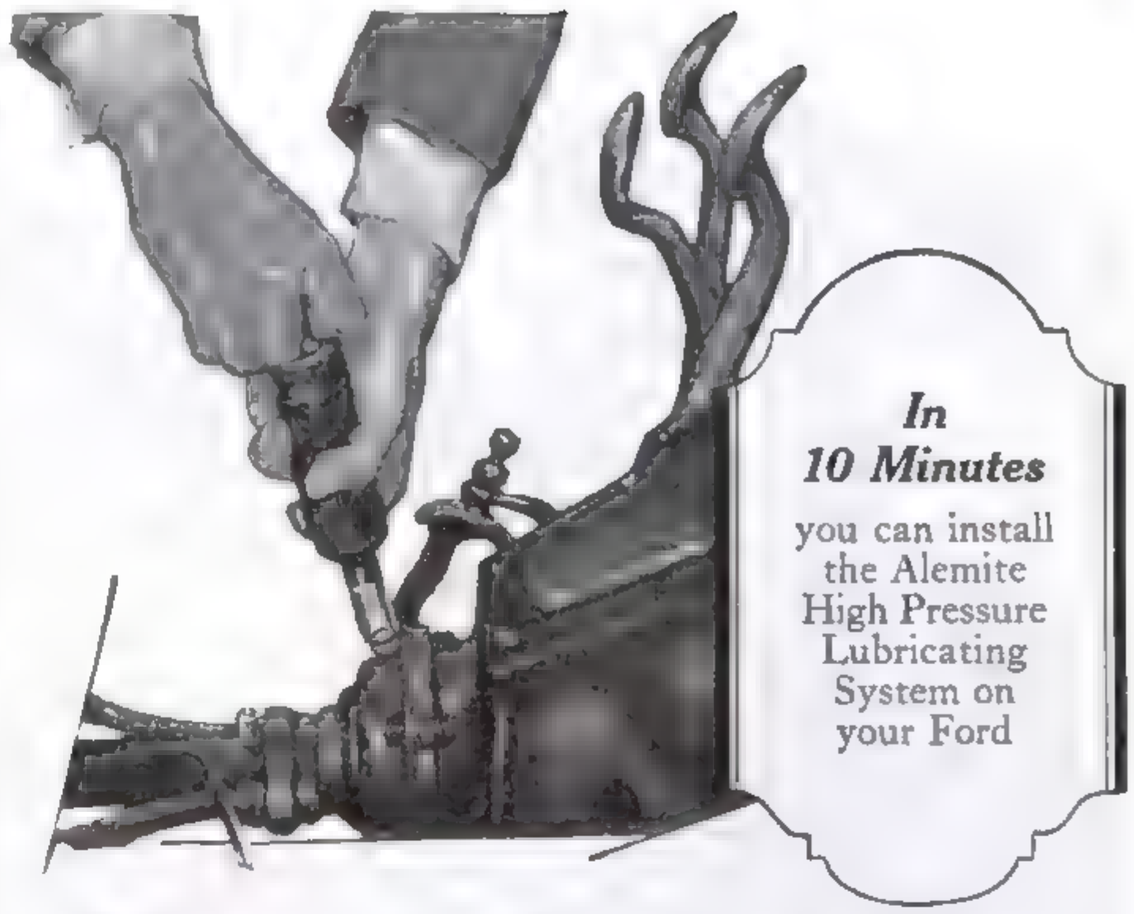
"That means," the wounded man said to himself as his commander went downstairs, "that I'm going to have the can tied to me in the morning."

Sleep did not return quickly.

Four bedraggled man hunters in gray limped back into Washington Corners the next morning. Until an hour after dawn they had lain in the hills, watching cabins to which Constable Proeper had said the fugitive might come during the dark hours for food or shelter. They had seen nothing but stars swinging through the tree tops, heard nothing but the owls and the foxes. They were dew-soaked, cold, miserable.

The quartet breakfasted morosely and then hobbled off to bed for the few hours of sleep allotted them by Dover before they set out again in the hope of finding the trail.

Meanwhile the four remaining troopers, carbines in hand, had conferred with Bordenfield, Proeper and Dover, and had plunged once more into the hills. The captain, when they had departed, climbed the



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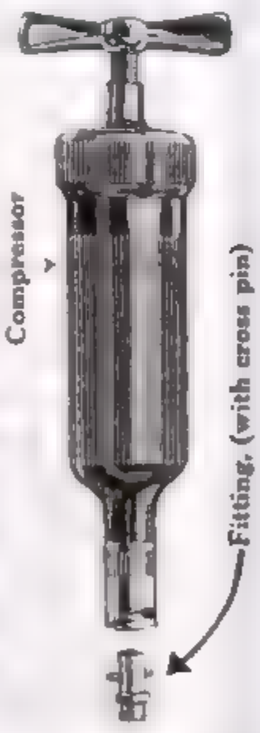

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stairs to Delaney's room with the air of one who has a distasteful task before him. He met Doctor Suydam leaving the chamber.

"He's better in spite of himself," the physician said, nodding over his shoulder. "If he could improve his temper a little he'd get well faster."

Delaney waited until the sound of descending feet had died away on the stair and then motioned Dover closer to the bed. There was a glint of excitement in his blue eyes.

"Someone," he muttered, "was signaling last night from Proeper's house."

"When?" his commander asked skeptically.

"I don't know just when. I woke up with this shoulder throbbing, and saw someone signaling with a light from the window."

"Can you read code?" Dover queried.

"No," Delaney answered, reddening, "but it was signaling just the same."

"Someone was probably moving back and forth between the lamp and the window," the captain suggested.

"Not unless there were a dozen people in the place, moving about," Delaney retorted stubbornly. "It was signaling, captain."

"But it so happens that there were a dozen or more people at Proeper's last night. They were holding a wake or something for Cal. It's mountain custom. You saw them moving about, and thought it was signaling. Just a minute," he added as Delaney started to interrupt; "I'll prove it."

He raised his voice and called, "Constable Proeper, will you come up here a minute?"

Elaborate regalia of bereavement draped the massive Constable Dave as he tiptoed into the room. He held in his hand an archaic but well-brushed derby hat. A Prince Albert coat, apparently a contemporary of its godfather, was clasped about his waist by a single button. Above the point of union stretched an expanse of fairly white vest, transected by a heavy brazen watch chain. There were unwonted creases along the knees of his baggy trousers and he had blacked his shoes. Despite his habiliments of woe, he grinned at Delaney in friendly fashion as he clumped into the room.

"How's the boy?" he asked solicitously.

"Rotten," the wounded man replied.

Constable Proeper clasped his hands across his stomach, half obscuring the glory of the watch chain, and met Delaney's hostile gaze with tranquil, ruminative eyes.

"Up all night, constable?" Dover asked.

"Till right late, cap'n. It's custom here to set up with a corpse the night before it's buried."

"Any folks call on you last night?"

"There was eighteen grown-ups and seven babies," the constable returned. "Cal would have been real proud."

"Don't feel much like man-hunting today then?"

"I couldn't do nothin' better after Cal's funeral than help ketch the man that killed him, cap'n," Constable Proeper replied earnestly.

"That's all," Dover remarked with a nod of dismissal. "See you after the funeral then."

Proeper nodded gravely to Delaney, then to the captain, and left the room.

Dover looked at Delaney, and spread his hands, palm up.

"There's your signaling, Delaney."

There was challenge in his voice. The trooper made no response, but stared moodily at the foot of his bed.

"The truth of the matter is," Dover continued after a minute's hesitation, "that hunch of yours seems to me more like an alibi than a clew. Your talk of suspicion and a hunch sounds like a last-minute attempt to cover up."

It may have been pain that made the trooper wince. When he spoke his voice was low and unsteady.

"If the captain pleases, Proeper was friendly with Rance. Maybe when Rance threw the lamp, he or his daughter handed over the rifle. It was as dark as the inside of a cow in that room. Sally had been Rance's girl. You know the dog's trick Cal had played with the mail."

"Just a minute. Are you accusing Sally or Dave?"

"I'm just trying to tell the captain my own theory."

"All right. Go ahead."

Delaney gulped and hesitated.

"The rest," he confessed, "is just hunch."

Dover shook his head impatiently.

"It's not even hunch. It's daydreaming Proeper has been working with us on this case. I took pains to check up with Bordenfield each suggestion he made. The justice of the peace tells me every one of them is good."

Delaney looked at his commander.

"Will the captain tell me one thing? Am I through?"

"You know the way this department regards failure," Dover temporized.

The trooper waited.

"I know," he said at length. "Am I still in the service?"

"We'll take that up when you're on your feet, Delaney, and the case is settled."

"Then I'm a trooper until you catch Rance?"

"Yes, theoretically."

There was a sudden surge of strength in the wounded man's voice.

"If Rance isn't run down before I'm on my feet again, have I the captain's permission to try and catch him, along the line of my own hunch?"

The great earnestness in Delaney's face brought a more kindly smile to Dover's.

"If you catch Rance, Delaney, there's a pair of sergeant's chevrons for you."

"And if I don't—out I go?" the trooper queried with a glitter of humor in his eyes.

Dover laughed.

"We'll make that a wager if you want to."

"It's a bet," Delaney confirmed solemnly.

"Only," the captain amended as he started for the door, "catch him more permanently than you did last time."

"If I catch him only as well, it will be enough," Delaney retorted almost gayly. "Rance can't run on no legs at all, captain."

"What do you mean?" Dover asked.

"Oh," said Delaney with an air of studied innocence, "I thought maybe Duff told you where he found my bullet."

"He did," the other replied. "In the door about two feet from the floor. Duff said you missed Rance clean."

"How far," the trooper asked with a triumphant curl to his lips that belied the indifference of his voice, "will a forty-five drive into wood, captain, unless it goes through something else first? They found that bullet in the door. It didn't go through. Rance was standing in front of the door when I fired. That bullet went through Rance. That's why it didn't go through the door."

"H'm," said Captain Dover thoughtfully.

At noon that day, while Washington Corners assembled at the wind-ravaged graveyard to witness the rare bit of drama in which Sally Hotaling and Dave Proeper were the self-conscious stars, the village was decorated with placards blazoned with the name of Calvin's slayer.

The sheriff had come up from the lowlands in his car. He was a fat, smiling sheriff, as opulent as the gold badge on his vest. He brought with him newly printed handbills, offering five hundred dollars reward in the name of the county for information leading to the capture of Adriance Hotaling, dead or alive.

He papered the town with the conscientiousness of a circus advance man, conferred with Captain Dover and departed, driving his big car slowly through the crowd that straggled back from the cemetery. Dover, standing at the gate, saw Proeper returning. He supported on one arm the figure of his daughter, lithe and alluring, even in the stiff black of her raiment and the heavy widow's veil that covered her face.

The captain accosted them as they passed, and spoke gently to the girl.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hotaling. We're all sorry. We'll get the man who killed him, I promise you."

The crape-swathed bonnet canted as she nodded. She hesitated. Then she said in a stifled voice, "You'll never catch him," and passed on.

Dusk brought four men in gray back from the hills, dog-tired, mud-stained, irascible. Dusk had seen four others leave the village to lie all night watching cabins to which, Proeper and Bordenfield had told Dover, Rance might sneak under cover of darkness for food or aid.

Three of the four who returned that evening plodded on to the Eagle House, where they slumped into chairs on the porch, carbines balanced across their knees, and to all questions asked by the inquisitive proprietor and his satellites returned a plaintive demand for food.

(Continued on Page 92

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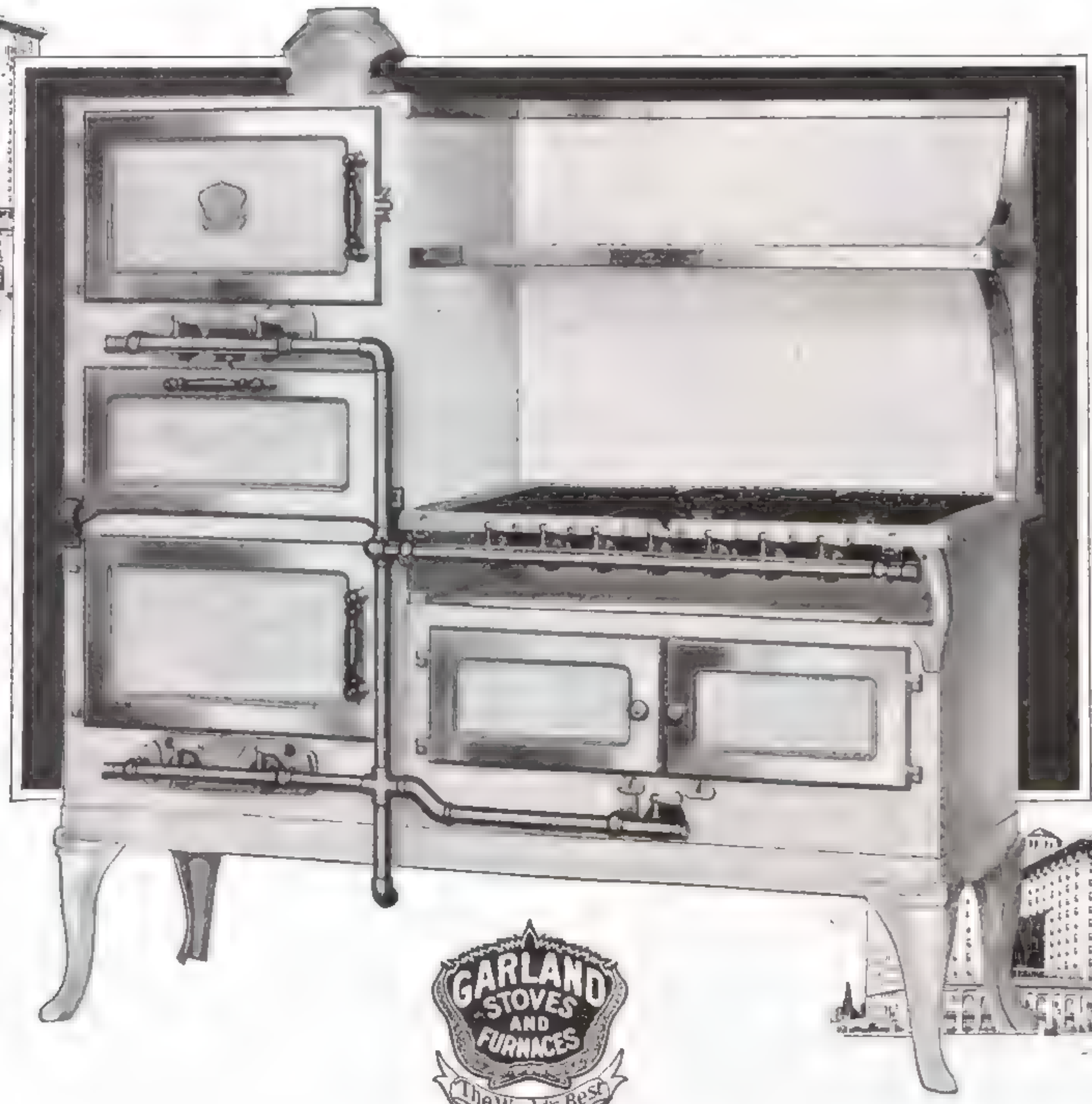

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(Continued from Page 90)

Trooper McGovern appeared in the Bordenfield sitting room to report to Dover. He found the captain, Bordenfield and Proeper seated there, listening to the recital of a fourth, a faded, stained man in faded, stained clothing, who glanced about him uncomfortably as he spoke. Dover returned McGovern's salute in silence and beckoned him in.

"So I heard a splashin' in the brook," the mountaineer went on. He had refused a chair and shifted his weight uneasily from foot to foot as he spoke. The ordeal was manifestly agonizing to him. Once or twice, at a sudden noise outside, he started guiltily. "Bimeby," he continued, "I heered a stone start rollin' down the slope. And then I seen someone standin' at the mouth of the cave. And then I didn't wait to see nothin' more."

He paused and his thin weasel face grinned appealingly at his audience.

"Well?" Dover prompted.

"It was," the other replied—"it was"—he gulped as though his effort to pronounce the name were painful—"it was Rance. I come to town, cap'n. 'Twan't none of my business, and I was goin' to keep my mouth shet. But five hundred dollars is a lot of money to a poor man like me. So I come and told you. Rance is hidin' out in Warren's Cave, like I said." He looked with an incongruous mixture of triumph and terror from one to the other of his auditors. "Only," he implored, "I don't want no one to know I told you. I'm skeered enough as it is."

"Keep your own mouth shut then," Dover advised. "If we catch him you get the reward."

"Cap'n," the mountaineer replied earnestly, "five hundred dollars ain't enough to pay me for the way I'm goin' to feel till you catch Rance."

He nodded with another feeble grin, and left.

"How far to this cave?" Dover queried.

"Five miles, anyway," Proeper replied, "and the last mile of it the worst sort of going through second-growth timber. Best wait till daylight. If he is there—and I ain't a bit sure Zeke ain't been seein' things—he'd hear you a mile off tonight. Ain't that right, judge?"

Bordenfield nodded confirmation.

"I'll go home and get some sleep," Proeper proposed, rising. He looked down at the shiny frock coat. "This has been a real hard day," he added mildly. "I'll be back before dawn, cap'n. You want to start at daybreak, I guess. G'night."

Delaney, propped up by a pillow, lay in the darkness and watched the light in Proeper's cabin shining—a yellower, brighter companion to the stars. The rumble of voices downstairs died away. He heard Dover come on tiptoe to the door and whisper his name. He did not answer. There was a creaking of springs and a double thump of boots in the next room. The lamp in the Proeper house still burned steadily. Something hid it for a minute. Delaney started, and his shoulder throbbed its protest.

He waited, breathing as softly as though the folk in the distant cottage could hear him. He heard the night wind rousing the leaves and, from far down in the valley, the faint whistle of a locomotive. Again the lamp was obscured, and in an instant resumed its radiance. After an interminable wait it disappeared momentarily once more.

Proeper and his daughter were getting ready for bed, he told himself disappointedly. Again the distant yellow speck vanished and returned. That could not be signaling. The spark had flickered in and out of being rapidly the night before. Now the breaks were caused, obviously, by someone moving across the room before it.

Could his fever have made the flashes appear more rapid? Could a temperature above normal have made time pass so quickly that these deliberate and infrequent interruptions of the light seemed to be signaling? If fever could make a light appear to twinkle in and out of sight at many times its real rapidity—why, then, if he had looked at his watch last night, he would have seen the minute hand swinging swiftly through its circle. Some things were so slow that they were invisible to normal eyes.

A jerk of his head made him realize that he had been dozing. He thrust himself deeper into the bed and threw on the floor one of the pillows that had propped him up. Doctor Suydam had promised to let him get up in the morning. Then he would ask McGovern about the ways of signaling. McGovern had been in the Navy.

Across the darkness the light on the hilltop winked, as if in confidence, at him. Delaney grinned at the idea. He slept, and when he woke the light was gone and the stars themselves had faded out in the twilight of dawn.

Mist lay heavy in the square. Out of it men materialized slowly like solidifying portions of the fog. They lingered—a gray, slouch-hatted quartet, at the Bordenfield gate. One of them tested the trigger of his carbine and then fed long, slender cartridges into its breech. All four stiffened and saluted as Dover joined them. A minute later the broad figure of Constable Dave, girt with the ancient revolver, broke through the mist. There was a brief conference, the sound of footsteps, swiftly deadened in the mist, and they were gone.

An hour and a half later the early sun was thrusting long lances down through the foliage when Dover, at a word from the constable, paused, held up his hand and summoned those who followed him. They gathered around him, breathing heavily, faces grave and exalted by the spell of the hunt.

Before them the forest of second-growth saplings through which they had floundered was pinched into a deep valley by hills that crowded in from either side. Farther along, they could see brown rock walls where a brook had cut itself a ravine. Dover spoke:

"The constable says Warren's Cave is a mile ahead on the left-hand side of that brook. The underbrush is so heavy that we'll have to wade up the watercourse. I'll go ahead. You men follow—quietly. When I sight the cave I'll signal."

They were an hour making that mile. Brush shouldered in on either side of the narrow stream, and sometimes briers linked hands across it. The water was icy; the rocks, moss-grown and treacherous. At last Dover, in clambering over a bowlder, halted, pointed, and looked inquiringly at the constable. Proeper nodded. The captain slid cautiously down the farther side of the rock and his men followed.

Ahead, the brush stood away from a crescent of gravel beach beside a pool. Back of the beach the bushes clambered up in a steep incline until a slanting rubble of frost-broken rock checked them. Where this talus slope joined the cliff a ragged black hole yawned in the stone.

Dover whispered briefly to his men. McGovern and he stepped across the little beach and into the thicket. The others stood, knee deep in the water, with carbines ready, their eyes on the cave mouth. At first only the trembling and jerking of the bushes marked the progress of captain and trooper. Then they stepped into view at the foot of the rock slope. Stones clattered beneath their feet, and abandoning all caution they raced for the cave. McGovern won. For a second's fraction his gray figure was silhouetted against the blackness of the opening, tense, carbine poised. Then he plunged in and Dover followed him.

There was a faint smell of wood smoke in the cold air of the cave. The captain's searchlight played along the uneven wall and brought its far end out of darkness. The cavern was only a shallow pocket in the cliff's breast, and it was empty. The questing circle of radiance ran back and forth and then centered on a tattered slip of blue paper dangling from a niche, held by a pebble upon its upper end.

McGovern detached it and held it close to the light. He chuckled and handed it to Dover.

"He's been here—and gone," he said.

The slip had been torn from a tobacco package. Letters had been printed on it with a charred stick.

"Help yoreselfs dam you," the captain read.

McGovern picked up a strip of white cloth. It was long and splotched at intervals with brown stains.

"Bandage," he pronounced. "He's hurt."

Dover stood silent for a minute, running the fabric through his hand. The diminishing series of blots upon it indicated that it had been wrapped about a wound.

"Let's get out of here," said the captain suddenly. At the mouth of the cave he called to the men below, "He's gone. Got away. Somebody——"

His hat flew from his head and went rolling and bouncing down the slope before him. McGovern grunted, staggered, lost his footing and fell. Out of the distance came a sound like a handclap; then another.

Across the ravine below them, a hill ran back from the cliff's edge. It was covered with spruces. In their shaggy green darkness, somewhere, the assailant was hiding.

Dover slipped an arm about the cursing McGovern. Together they avalanched down into the cover of the underbrush. Something smacked against the stone beside them as they fled. Again they heard that far-away report.

In the stream below, Constable Dave Proeper roiled the water with his anguished dancing.

"Oh, the fool!" he lamented. "Oh, the gosh-darned, crazy fool!"

The late afternoon sun was striking fire from the windows of Constable Proeper's hilltop cottage, when Daniel Delaney, who had been walking cautiously about the room, regaining confidence in a recently treacherous pair of legs, heard the clamor of an approaching car.

He returned to the chair in which Doctor Suydam had left him when summoned by telephone to an outlying farm whither they had taken McGovern, and reached for his pipe. The doctor had brought him this to contain the tobacco that a man with one arm strapped to his side could not roll into cigarettes.

Feet scuffled and pounded on the stairs, and Suydam and Constable Proeper entered, half-supporting the pale but smiling McGovern.

"Hello, Mac," Delaney hailed. "Where'd he tag you?"

"Left arm," McGovern grunted. "Nothing to make this fuss about."

"Welcome to the hospital ward. Maybe we'll have more company."

Proeper shook his head deprecatingly at the jester.

"It ain't no joke," he reproved.

"If it is, it's on us," Delaney replied. "What happened?"

While Suydam rebandaged the arm, Proeper told Delaney, with husky interpolations from McGovern. Dover and the rest of his men were still combing the hill from which the shots had come. If they got nothing more, the discovery of the cave had given them at least a trail to work on. On the morrow the captain was going to run down Rance with bloodhounds.

"Think you'll get him?" Delaney's eyes and voice were innocent.

"Certain we will," Proeper answered gravely. "Cap'n's comin' up to my house soon's he gets back, and get Rance's clo'es for to use for scent for the dogs. With them and the bandages we found and the trail warm like it is, we'll run him down. Yes, sir."

"You did a hitch in the Navy, constable, didn't you?" Delaney queried.

"I did," Proeper returned, and stared at his questioner with mild blue eyes.

"And so did Mac here," Dan said cheerfully. "You're a fine pair of sailors, you two."

"I don't know," McGovern grinned. "Service seems to put pep into Rance, anyway."

"I'd lie down," Doctor Suydam advised, straightening up from his work. "Stay quiet until that hole granulates well. By tomorrow you ought to be pretty near as good as new, only you'll have to carry that arm in a sling for a while."

It was twilight when Dover, entering the room, found Delaney sitting by the window smoking and talking earnestly to McGovern, stretched on the bed.

"Don't you men want a light?" he queried.

"No," Delaney answered; "the dusk's sort of peaceful—and illuminating. Mac tells me Rance almost got the captain too."

"We'll use dogs tomorrow," Dover replied with a nod. "I've phoned to the sheriff and he's bringing them up. Mac tell you you hit Rance?"

The smoker nodded.

"I told the captain I hit him," he corrected.

There was a moment's uneasy silence. Then Dover cleared his throat.

"We'll cancel that bet if you care to, Delaney. Forget about the sergeant's warrant and the resignation, and if you have any theory, come across."

Delaney puffed reflectively.

"It was a bet, if the captain pleases," he said at length.

"If you're stubborn about it—of course," Dover said coldly.

"I haven't a thing but my hunch," Delaney continued; "if I have the captain's permission I'll play the cards as they lie."

"Have you any actual information that you haven't given me?" Dover snapped.

"I have not." Delaney's answer was swift and frank. "If I had had any real clew I would have told the captain at once." He hesitated. Then he asked, "May I have a word with the captain in the morning?"

Dover nodded.

"Proeper and I just brought all Rance's effects from the house up there on the hill," he said, pointing to the speck of light.

Delaney thrust a cautious finger into his pipe bowl and looked soberly from the window. He spoke casually.

"Did the captain find anything?"

"Plenty to furnish scent for the dogs, even if we didn't have the bandage. His uniform, some shirts and shoes and a book, The Bluejacket's Manual. Hello!"

A sharp popping noise preceded the exclamation. Delaney bent over hastily and picked up his pipe from the carpet.

"I dropped it," he explained. He did not add that he had bitten the mouthpiece clean through.

"Delaney," Dover said as he turned toward the door, "Doctor Suydam says you can come downstairs to supper tonight if you feel like it."

"Thanking the captain," Delaney returned, "I think I'll sit for a while here in the dark. I'm still sort of weak, and I've got Mac for company."

"I'll send you up something," the captain promised as he retired.

Delaney sat, tapping upon the chair arm with his broken pipe, until McGovern broke the silence.

"Then you think that Proeper is double-crossing ——"

"Mac, would The Bluejacket's Manual, or whatever it is, have signal codes in it?"

"Blinker, flag and semaphore," McGovern responded.

"And the blinker—what would that be?"

"Signaling by light flashes—long ones for dashes, short ones for dots. There's a special contraption they use. You can reel it off pretty fast."

"Do all sailors have to learn it?" Delaney persisted.

"Sure. All deck men, anyhow. What you got, Dan?"

"Listen," muttered Delaney, and hitched his chair closer to the bed.

Their heads were still together when Trooper Tarleton, laden with a tray of food, bumped into a chair in the darkness and spoke about it fervently.

He lit the lamp on the bureau, still growling, and then nodded toward the tray.

"Either of you invalids want to be fed?" he demanded sourly. "Pretty soft for both of you!"

Delaney glanced at McGovern and they both laughed. There was an excitement in their voices that made Tarleton suspicious.

"What's the joke?" he queried.

"You wouldn't understand it, waiter," McGovern replied condescendingly. "You needn't wait. We'll leave the tip on the table when we've finished."

When the grumbling Tarleton withdrew, they ate. Then Delaney set the tray in the hall, closed the door, blew out the lamp and resumed his seat by the open window. Clumsily with his one free hand he refilled the broken pipe and for a long time smoked in silence, his eyes fixed on the distant hilltop light, his face sketched now and again, crimson against the darkness, by the glowing pipe bowl.

McGovern on the bed stirred impatiently.

"Anything?" he demanded.

"Nothing yet," Delaney responded evenly, and glanced at the luminous figures of the watch he held in his hand. It was a full half hour before he spoke again.

"Now what," he asked in a low voice—"now what would three light flashes of equal length mean, Mac?"

McGovern snapped out of his doze.

"Three of equal length," he repeated. "Were they long or short?"

"I don't know."

"Three dots would be 's'," McGovern debated; "three dashes, 'o'."

They waited, silent in the darkness for another long interval.

"And would 'k' be a dash and a dot and another dash?" Delaney asked quietly.

"Yes."

After a while the light on the hilltop vanished and Delaney rose from his chair and lay down, without attempting to undress, beside McGovern. For a long time they talked in hushed voices while the dew

(Continued on Page 97)

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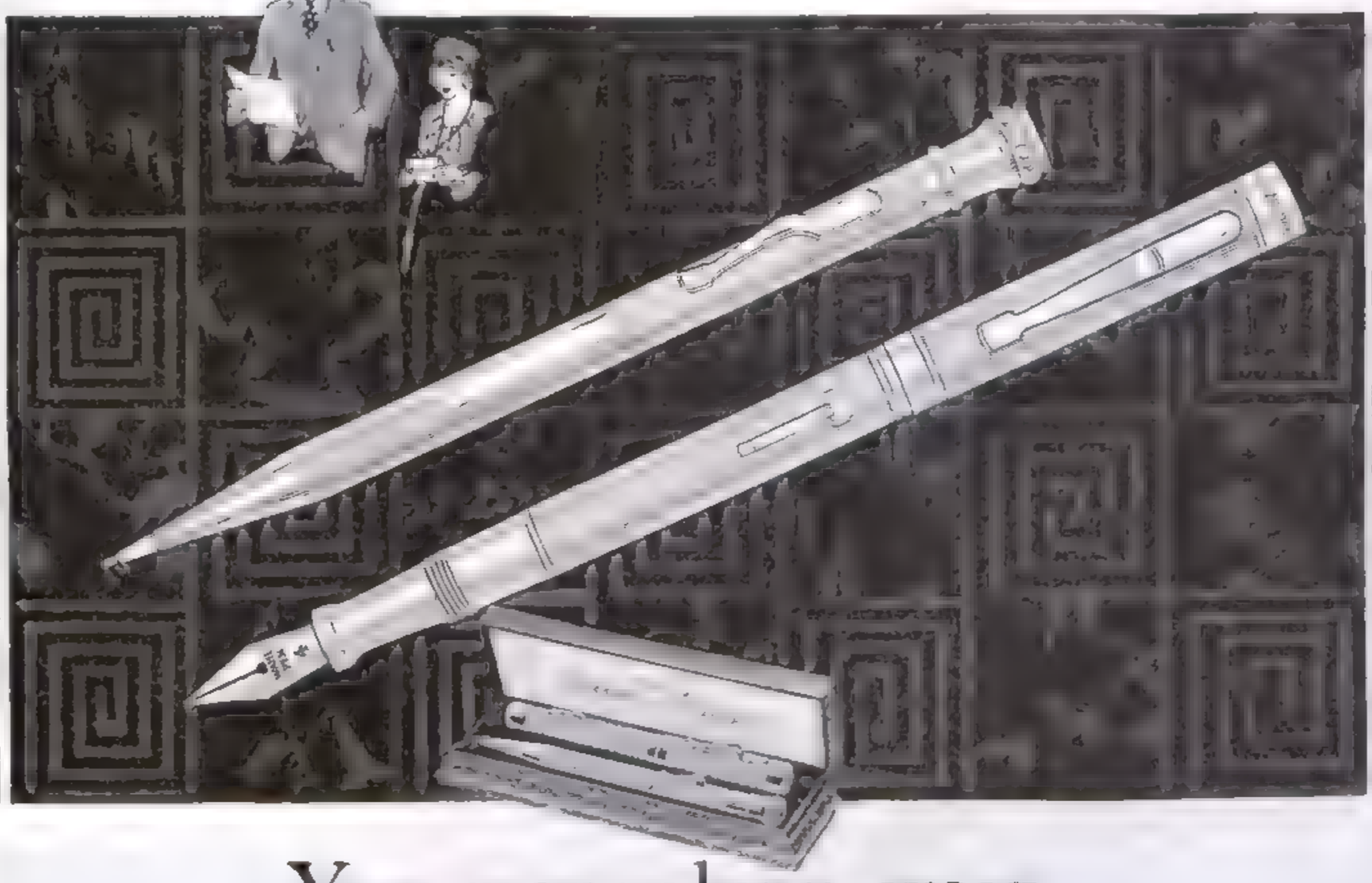

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It's somebodys birthday today

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(Continued from Page 92)

dripped from the eaves to the tin roof of the porch and the sound of solemn snoring rose from the adjoining room, where Bordenfield slumbered.

Two sleek little black-and-tan hounds were tethered in the tonneau of a car drawn up before the gate of the justice of the peace when Delaney came cautiously downstairs the next morning. They wriggled and sniffed and grinned placatingly at the men in gray who waited beside the running board. Dover stood on the porch, talking with the fat sheriff. Delaney clicked heels and saluted.

The captain accompanied Dan into the house.

"What is it?" he asked impatiently. "Hurry. It's time we started."

"If the dogs don't follow trail today," Delaney asked, his mouth dry, but his face impassive, "will the captain put the case in my hands for twelve hours and detail Trooper McGovern to assist me?"

"What do you mean?" Dover asked doubtfully.

"Just this: If Rance isn't caught today will you let McGovern and me try and catch him tonight?"

The captain looked sharply at his subordinate. Delaney's face was earnest, his eyes steady.

"What do you want me to do?" Dover queried at length.

"Three things," the other recited smoothly. "First, I want you to tell Proeper now that you have got word from Altair that Rance was seen there last night. Tell him that if you don't run him down today you're going to try and pick up the trail from there tonight. Second, I want you to order Mac and me back to barracks in Proeper's hearing. Third, when you don't pick up the trail today I want you to order the whole detachment down to Altair. I don't think you'll pick it up, either."

"Why not?" the captain snapped.

"That's part of my hunch," Delaney retorted. "Unless the captain orders me, I'd rather not go into that any further at present. If you don't run down Rance I want you to take the whole detachment away and after dark return by car with three or four of them. Wait at the top of the zigzag up from the valley until you see the lamp in Proeper's window move up and down."

"What is this—bluff?"

"Maybe Duff would call it that," Delaney responded smoothly. "If I don't hand over Rance to the captain tonight I'll give him my resignation from the squadron."

Dover spoke loudly.

"Very well; that's enough. If you and McGovern are well enough to move, get back to barracks today. There's no use in two cripples staying here."

Delaney gasped and started to speak.

"All ready, cap'n," a placid voice sounded behind him.

Constable David Proeper stood in the doorway. The trooper saluted and left the room, his eyes bright with comprehension.

"I wanted to see you, Proeper," he heard Dover say. "I got word from Altair ——"

McGovern sat on the edge of his bed. Suydam was preparing a sling for his arm. Behind the physician's back Delaney nodded to his mate. They both grinned.

There was a murmur of voices outside. A hound lifted its voice in a soft yodeling bay that was drowned by the roar of the starting car.

"Sit still there!" the physician growled to McGovern.

"Rance may have gone to Altair, at that," Constable Proeper said encouragingly two hours later. The hound at his feet snapped half-heartedly at a wood fly and then rubbed its tortured muzzle in the moss once more. Its mate, held on leash by Duff, sneezed for the twentieth time.

"Then who sprinkled this trail with red pepper?" Duff snarled.

Constable Proeper looked into the foliage above the heads of the thwarted trackers as though he expected to find the miscreant concealed there.

"Try them again further on," Dover directed, and the party circled through the brush, the constable and Duff dragging the disconsolate hounds behind them.

The effort was useless. The dogs refused to pick up the scent, ignoring command and entreaty with mild, obdurate eyes. Dover at length lifted his voice.

"It's no use," he called. "The dogs have quit. We'll go back and pick up trail again at Altair."

"That's a good idea," Proeper agreed solemnly.

Dover looked thoughtfully at the solid placid bulk of the constable, and held his peace.

Still grave and dignified, Constable Dave stood on the steps of the Eagle House that afternoon, a self-appointed reviewing officer, and, with the rest of Washington Corners' population, watched the departure of Captain Dover and his men.

The cars rolled away. Constable Dave hitched up his belt, took a fresh chew and ruminated while they swung out of sight down the road. He stood a moment in thought and then joined the council of his peers that held forth in fair weather on the benches of the hotel porch. Today they listened with unusual respect to his views on criminology and the apprehension of offenders.

The sunlight in the sleepy square deepened from yellow to orange and then faded out as Proeper discoursed. Eventually he rose ponderously and clumped away, pausing, as he went, to light the street lamp. His audience also departed piecemeal through the gathering dusk.

No one remained on the steps when the Bordenfield gate latch clicked and two figures in gray hurried furtively away through the gloom. The left shirt sleeve of one dangled empty, the right arm of the other was in a sling.

Halfway up the path that scarred the dark hillside, Delaney and McGovern paused to breathe. Above the light that shone on the crest a few stars were blossoming. Somewhere in the mist that clung to the slope a whippoorwill called. Delaney turned upon his companion.

"Your teeth's chattering," he accused.

"Sure they are," McGovern conceded fervently. "Why wouldn't they be? In ten minutes I'm going to break and enter, feloniously assault, and God knows what else. I'm scared stiff."

"Want to quit?" Delaney queried in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh, go to the devil," the other answered impatiently. "Only, Dan, we're going to lay ourselves open to indictments on more counts than we have fingers if our hunch is wrong."

"If my hunch is wrong," Delaney corrected. "I'm through anyhow if this thing doesn't pan out, Mac; but maybe it isn't fair to drag you in on it."

McGovern repeated his irascible invitation by way of reply, and they continued up the hill. They opened a gate and picked their way along a walk bordered with whitewashed stones, to the porch.

Below, faint in the evening mist, shone the scattered lights of the village. Beyond, the mountains lifted enormous dark shoulders against the sky. Over the western peaks a streak of palest yellow still lingered.

Delaney drew a deep breath, tramped across the porch and knocked on the portal. Something fell with a crash, within. Silence followed, and was broken at last by the sound of stealthy feet creeping toward the door.

"Who's there?" a woman's voice whispered rather than spoke.

"State troopers," Delaney replied boldly.

There ensued another long wait. Then, "What do you want?" There was a twang of suspicion in the voice.

Inspiration came to Delaney. "We've got Rance Hotaling," he replied.

Through the thick panel he could hear the harsh gasp. The key clattered in the lock.

"No indictment for breaking and entering, anyhow," McGovern whispered.

Sally Proeper stood, a slender silhouette in the golden light of the doorway. To the noses of the men came the odor of cooking.

"Too bad to bother you," Dan said politely, and stepped in.

She made half-hearted effort to close the door, but he set his foot against it, and McGovern followed. The woman turned upon them, her eyes fierce in her strained face.

"Where's Rance?" she demanded.

"Where's the constable?" Dan countered, following her as she backed away.

"He's milking. I'll call him. Where's Rance?"

"Don't bother."

A soft brogue was thickening Delaney's tongue. His eyes shone, dark and bright as sapphires. His manner was enormously courteous.

"We'll wait here for Dave," he continued. "Rance will be here in an hour or so. We'll wait for him too. Meanwhile, you're under arrest."

The second of bewilderment before she tried to scream, gave McGovern opportunity to clap his good hand over her mouth. Delaney's left arm pinioned her elbows to her sides. She struggled madly with the desperate vindictiveness of a cornered cat. Once she tore an arm free from Delaney's grip and hammered cruelly upon his wounded shoulder. The three reeled and stamped across the room, almost overturning the lamp on the center table; a contorted, writhing group, silent save for swift gasps for breath and the ejaculation of McGovern when her teeth met in his hand. At length they forced her into a chair by the sheer weight of their bodies. Delaney crammed a handkerchief into her mouth and was bitten while doing it. McGovern handcuffed her wrists behind her.

"Crime Number One!" he panted as he straightened up. Then he spoke pleasantly to the disheveled woman. "We hate to be rough, Sally. We're both sorry. It won't be long now before Rance gets here. Then we'll arrest you all over again, legally and gently, along with him.

"Sh-h-h!" Delaney cautioned.

He had been standing by the rear door, listening intently. Now he held up his hand and stepped back. His palm dropped to his hip and clasped about his revolver butt. The woman watched, eyes strange and wide above the handkerchief.

Constable Proeper, milk pail in hand, pushed the rear door wide. He opened his mouth to speak.

"Shut up!" Delaney ordered, digging the muzzle of his gun into the generous girth. "And put up!" he added.

Proeper complied with both commands, his face blank. McGovern searched him.

"Nothing," he said to Delaney.

"You can take down your hands now, Dave," Delaney continued; "only don't make any bad break. If you do I'll shoot, so help me, Peter. We've done enough already tonight not to stop at a little thing like murder."

"This," said Constable Proeper, as much in grief as wrath, "is an outrage."

"Crime Number Two—maybe Three," McGovern confirmed.

"Sure it is," Dan agreed; "but you got this comfort, Dave: If Rance doesn't come here tonight you can take it out on us tomorrow. As I figure it, you can send us each to jail for five years, anyhow. Meanwhile, sit down and nurse your vengeance. It isn't time for you to begin signaling anyway."

Proeper complied so rapidly that it was almost as though Delaney's concluding words had pushed him down. He had lost some of the color that wrath had pumped into his face. McGovern glanced at the ship's clock above the mantel.

"Two bells is the time you begin, isn't it?" he queried.

The constable's lips twitched. "I don't know what you mean," he said mechanically.

"Oh, yes, you do," Delaney reproved genially. "Hold out your wrists. Now Mac. So! We got another pair of cuffs, Dave. They're for Rance. In just eleven minutes we're going to start to call him in. We'll blink the old blinker for him—eh, Dave? Only we'll do it so slow that none of these fatheaded troopers will get wise. We'll make the dashes five minutes long and the dots two minutes. It will be so slow and casual-like that it won't look like signals at all, but just as if someone was moving about the room. We blink, or blunk, or whatever you seagoin' men call it, at nine o'clock. First we'll blink an 'o' and then we'll blink a 'k.' If he doesn't come when we call the first time, we'll blink it all over again at ten o'clock, just the way you did last night. Eh, Dave?"

Proeper's face was the hue of putty. "You boys is crazy," he said hoarsely.

He glanced over his shoulder at his motionless daughter, and shuddered.

"Just gagged and cuffed, Dave," Delaney assured him. "The stage," he added to McGovern, "could be set better. Suppose we move Sally. Dave's right. She don't look natural."

Together they tugged the chair and its burden out into the passage that led to the woodshed, loosed one of the girl's handcuffs, pulled her hands through the arms of the chair and then gyved her wrists again.

"We're tying Sally up out here," Delaney explained to the abject Proeper, "because we don't like to shoot women.

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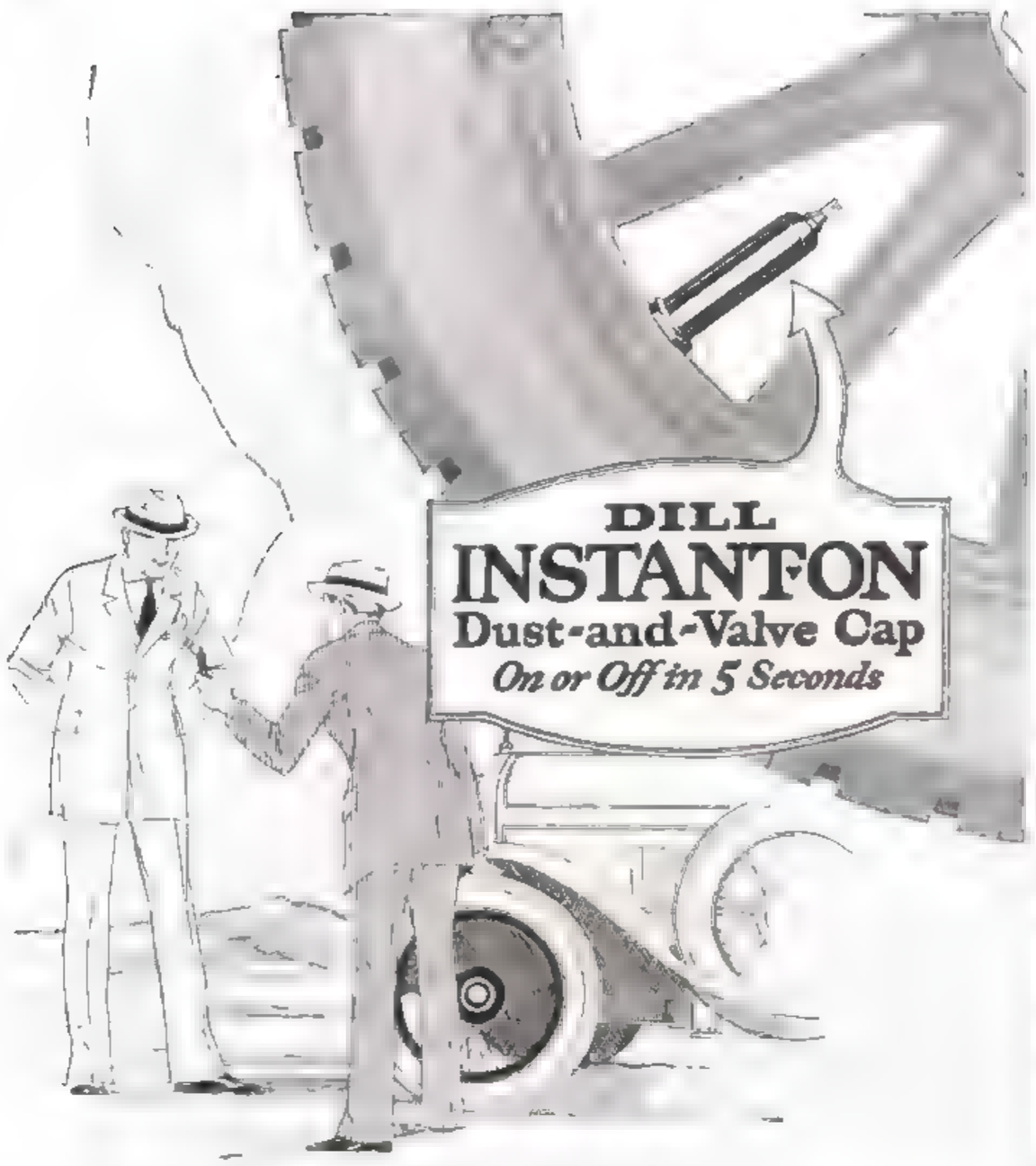

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But you're to keep right on sitting where you are, Dave. From the window Rance will think you're warming yourself at the stove. If you move I'll drill you. If any breaks of yours keep us from getting Rance tonight we'll get you. Compree?"

The constable nodded woodenly. He appeared to have shrunk in size in the last few minutes. He gasped, and there was the look of suffering in his mild blue eyes. Delaney felt a pang of sympathy.

"What made you do it, Dave?" he asked more gently.

Proeper opened his mouth and then shut it again. He shook his head miserably. A tear ran down his plump cheek into the heavy walrus mustache.

"You're a better man for not answering," Dan approved. "I'm thinking it was Sally. Rance, I recall, was throwing pebbles at her window when I caught him. I'm thinking, also, that she beaned you herself with the rifle when the lights went out, and then handed the gun to Rance. I'm willing to bet he came up here the night after the murder, and that he and Sally, or maybe you and he and Sally, cooked up this lamp-signaling idea. When you heard I had my suspicions you slowed down this blinker scheme until it looked innocent and casual to all beholders. I got an idea that it's mostly Sally's fault that you're in this jam, Dave, but I'll say this for you: You're a poor sort of a man, but you're a pretty good actor."

"I ain't," Proeper disclaimed in a rasping voice.

"Of course," Delaney continued reflectively, "it was your signals that got Rance out of his cave in time. Then, last night, you flashed that the coast was clear and he came in and you told him about the bloodhounds. So he—or was it Sally?—loaded up the trail from the cave with pepper early this morning. Eh? Won't talk at all, Dave? Well, I don't blame you. It might be easier for you if you did, though."

The ship's clock chimed twice. Proeper winced. Delaney nodded to McGovern and pulled out his watch.

"All right," he said. "We're going to invite Rance to the party now, Dave. Ah-ah! Don't move. It's dangerous. When we're through with the signals I'm going to stand in the angle of the door there. McGovern's going to step back beside Sally. We'll both have you covered. The first move you make will be the last you'll ever make. All right, Mac."

McGovern walked slowly across between the lamp and the window and then stood waiting, while Delaney kept his eyes on his watch. Only the grumbling of a pot on the back of the stove broke the silence. At length Delaney nodded.

"Five minutes," he said softly, and McGovern walked back.

"Dash," he confirmed. "Now repeat twice and we have 'o.'"

"Stand still in front of the light for a whole minute," Dan directed when the letter had been completed. "So. Now we'll begin on 'k.' Dash, dot, dash, isn't it? Let's go."

"Fine!" McGovern approved when the final dash had been completed. He walked carefully around the table behind the lamp. "And not a soul in the world the wiser," he added, "but Rance and us!"

The constable, his back toward the window, hitched convulsively in his chair. Delaney tapped on the table with his pistol.

"Quiet!" he ordered. "Dave, I'm going out of this room a sergeant or you're going out of it a corpse. Keep that in mind. Now, Mac, take your corner. Maybe pussy is coming."

He stepped back into the wall angle behind the door, where the portal, on opening, would mask him. McGovern walked out into the passageway and took his post beside the pinioned Sally. She struggled no longer. Her eyes held the dull steady stare of a trapped animal.

"Kind of tough, Sally," McGovern muttered, "but you brought it on yourself, now didn't you?"

She gave no sign that she heard. In the long silence that followed, the ship's clock seemed to build up its ticking into the heavy beat of hammer on anvil. The lamp on the cheap red tablecloth flickered once or twice. After many minutes the pot on the stove came to a boil. The lid clattered madly and the liquid, welling up, slopped over with a tremendous hissing and sputtering. Proeper flinched. McGovern took an involuntary step forward.

"Sh-h-h!" Delaney hissed. "Someone's coming."

There was a stir in the grass. A twig snapped faintly. A plank on the porch creaked and the doorknob rattled. Then silence again. All at once McGovern in his recess knew the portal had been opened, by the fresh breath of the night running through the stuffy room. After a long time he heard the latch click as the door closed. There was the sound of one heavy step; nothing more.

The voice of Delaney spoke quietly.

"All right, Mac," it said.

McGovern stepped into the room, his pistol ready. Rance faced him, stiff and motionless as an Egyptian idol. His rifle hung in the crook of one elbow. His great hands were stretched in front of him, fingers half bent and rigid. He started as McGovern came into view.

"Steady," crooned the voice of Delaney behind him, "or I'll blow you clean in half."

He dug the muzzle of his revolver deeper into Hotaling's spine by way of emphasis.

"Take the rifle," McGovern suggested.

"Am I an octopus then?" Delaney queried indignantly. "I've only one arm, and that's busy. Drop the gun, Rance."

At the pressure of the revolver muzzle Rance obeyed. The rifle clattered to the floor.

"Wrists," commanded McGovern, and clasped the handcuffs into place. "Now," he said with a long sigh, "go and sit down."

The revolvers of both troopers covered the man as he limped across the room and dropped into a chair. His eyes fell for a minute to the bright steel bracelets. Then he looked about the room with an air of eager inquiry.

"Watch him," Delaney ordered, and picked up the lamp, walked to the window and raised and lowered it several times. He started to replace it on the table, looked at the prisoner and grinned.

"No. One lamp smashing is enough—eh, Rance? I'll set it over on the mantel where it can shine on our old friend ——"

He broke off and bent over Proeper.

"Where's Sally?" Rance asked hoarsely.

McGovern answered.

"She's out yonder, Rance. Tied and gagged. It wasn't her fault; or Dave's either."

"She had nothin' to do with it," the prisoner said savagely. "Leave Sally outen this mess."

"Can't be done," McGovern returned. "She's deeper in it than Dave, and he's going to jail along with you. There comes the car, Dan. Hear it? Indictments dismissed. We're respectable cops once more."

"Leave Sally outen it," Rance persisted hoarsely. "She ain't to blame. You got me. Leave my girl alone. That's all I ask, boys. Leave my girl go."

He bent his head and his shoulders shook. For the first and last time in his life Adriance Hotaling petitioned for mercy.

"Please!" he begged.

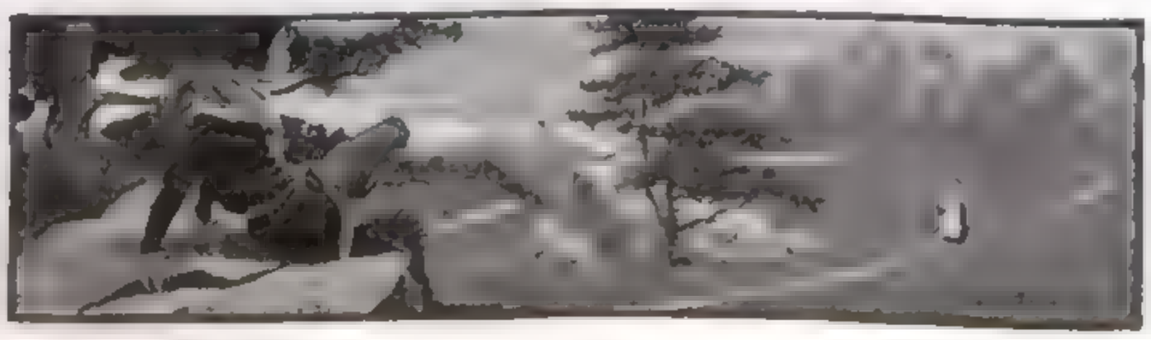
McGovern hesitated

"You can't shoulder the whole thing," he pointed out; "and poor Dave here won't want to stand for it alone ——"

Delaney interrupted him, straightening up from the bulky figure in the battered old chair

"We'll leave Sally out of it, Rance," he said gently. "We'll blame the whole thing on Dave. I think he would like to have it that way. Dave's dead, Mac. Heart disease, I guess."

The oncoming drone of the car ceased abruptly. In the sudden silence they heard the creak of the gate and the sound of many feet.



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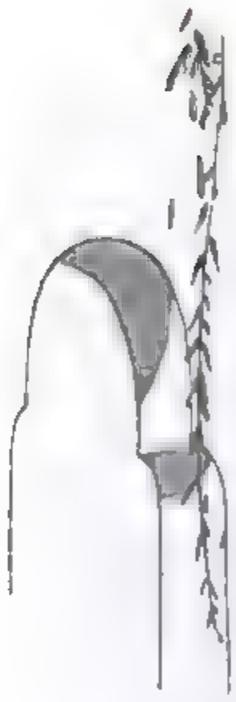

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THE PACE THAT KILLS

(Continued from Page 22)

a man for lunch socially, you understand, where he could spend a couple of hours in some cool, comfortable club restaurant, talking about how his golf game seems to have picked up this spring, or the wife and the kiddies, and how he always sends one bottle out of every case to be analyzed before he pays for it. No, indeedy! Meeting a man for lunch is work for Mr. Dill. In the first place, it can't be done in less than two hours; and in the second place, the sole reason it's done at all is in the interests of the Bicarbonated Valvular Steel Company. Mr. Dill, rushed to death as he is, would certainly never take from one o'clock to three to eat his lunch unless it was absolutely necessary to the well-being of the Bicarbonated Valvular Steel Company.

This matter of meeting a man for lunch is conducted with all the efficiency and dispatch we naturally associate with the idea of New York business men. Mr. Dill meets his man—who is, let us say, Mr. Blout, head of the turnover and purchasing department of the United States Mattress Company—in the cool, luxurious restaurant of the Harness Dealers' Club, separated from the rush and bustle of New York's traffic by at least thirty-nine stories. We might explain just here that the Harness Dealers' Club is so called because its membership list is composed chiefly of bankers, and that it has a huge round table at which several public accountants lunch daily, as well as various smaller round tables where process servers, newspapermen, lawyers, motormen and train dispatchers are duly classified and segregated.

Here, at a table overlooking the bay, and out of sight of anything faster moving than the Atlantic Highlands ferryboat and the Statue of Liberty, Mr. Dill and Mr. Blout spend at least ten minutes making up their minds what to order, deciding in the end to leave it to Otto. They then, for the next hour and a half, discuss their respective golf games, wives, kiddies and the necessity of sending one bottle out of every case to be analyzed before you pay for it, with fifteen minutes taken out for Mr. Blout, known to his associates as a typical New York business man of keen judgment and quick decisions, to select a pastry. Suddenly out of a clear sky, as if the waiter bringing the check made him think of it, Mr. Dill says that although conditions look pretty bad just at the moment, he feels sure they are in for a big boom in Bicarbonated Valvular Steel, and if the United States Mattress Company has any idea of getting in on the ground floor before the coming rate raise goes into effect on the first day of the fiscal year they had better —— Well, to make a long story short, these two hustling New Yorkers have jumped right spang into the brass-tack stage, as you might say, without our noticing it. It fairly takes your breath away, doesn't it?

Things to Look At

Luncheon over, Mr. Dill is a little late getting back to the office owing to his interest in a safe which is being hoisted to the fourteenth floor of the Ungetatable Building. He is not the only New Yorker interested, either, for quite a crowd of them have collected. It fascinates Mr. Dill because, although he's watched the same thing a thousand times, he never sees how it's going to get up there without falling down and killing hundreds of people. And yet it does, somehow or other. Not until it is safely landed, however, can Mr. Dill resume his rush back to the office; and as luck will have it, he has to stop again on his way across City Hall Park to watch an aviator sky-writing. Not for long, though, because Mr. Dill is getting rather fed up on these sky-writers. It takes them so long to spell that you get a stiff neck.

No, Mr. Dill doesn't get the kick out of sky-writing that he does, say, out of watching the excavating for a new building's foundation. Now, there's something that he could watch for hours and never tire of—and he often does. Take those what-you-may-call-'ems, for instance, that swing down into those masses of blasted rock and débris, and nose around until they find their load and then swing up to empty it into a waiting wagon. Why, as Mr. Dill often says to the man next him, they can do everything except talk! Positively, they're almost human, that's what they are! It sometimes takes Mr. Dill as much as half an hour to recover from the wonder of it all! And the way those massive and intelligent iron girders swing up into their appointed places, and the way those fellows toss flaming rivets from floor to floor as we might toss a handkerchief—well, it's certainly interesting to watch.

There seems no end to the distracting things to be seen in City Hall Park, anyway. It's really a wonder how Mr. Dill, or in fact any New Yorker, accomplishes a thing, what with window washers thirty stories in the air, and flagpoles being painted by steeplejacks, and on hot summer days little boys bathing in the park fountain. The latter particularly intrigue Mr. Dill and several thousands of his similarly sentimental fellow citizens into forgetting for a considerable length of time the mad rush of the city that has no heart; and because it takes them back to their boyhood and the ol' swimmin' hole—possibly because it's so different—they take precious minutes from their busy lives to fling pennies to the scrambling, splashing urchins.

And Yet They Envy Him!

But meanwhile figure to yourself the work that has piled up in Mr. Dill's absence, and that Miss Mink hands him upon his return to the office! Sheaf after sheaf of typed pages with little pieces of paper attached with: "Memo. in re Smelting Works," or "Immediate," or "Attention Mr. Dill" written on them

"The accrued-interest department," says Miss Mink, approaching with a small wire basket in which some particularly dull-looking papers are nestled, "is very anxious for your O. K. on their increased-advertising-appropriation proposition."

It is the last straw. Mr. Dill, hurried, harried, harassed, can stand no more. Not a thing! Not even an O. K.!

"Put those on my desk and I'll sign them the first thing in the morning, Miss Mink," he says with an evident effort to control his quivering nerves; "and please get the North American Linoleum By-Products Company on the telephone, and tell Mr. McCloskey that Mr. Dill will stop for him in his car inside of ten minutes, and to be sure he has his locker key. And if anything important comes up before you go home, Miss Mink, you can get in touch with me at the Piping Hot Country Club."

"Phew!" we mentally ejaculate as Mr. Dill plops, exhausted, into the cushioned limousine. "What a day! And what a city!" We can't help being reminded again of Aunt Ella Cuddy's *bon mot*.

Some days, of course, are worse than others for Mr. Dill. Days, for instance, when the weather is inclement and instead of Piping Hot or the Polo Grounds he must seek some brief respite from this rush, rush, rush in his club. The pity of it is that instead of resting and relaxing he is called upon almost immediately to join a sort of self-appointed ways-and-means committee to settle the problems of the universe. Practically everything from reparations to Russia and back is discussed. Perhaps "discussed" is not the proper term to use, for the majority of the members of Mr. Dill's club are, happily, of a mind when it comes to world problems, differing only on such topics as the exact strength a player should have to justify doubling no trumps. No, "settled," rather, would be the better word. But it's the excitement as much as anything that takes it out of Mr. Dill. You should see him, for example, after a bout on the subject of a third party! He's simply a wreck! Really, there's no let-up on the strain of just plain living for Mr. Dill, except during the grand-opera season, and then every Monday evening all through the winter he just settles down in the back of his box at the Metropolitan and relaxes. And yet there are probably unthinking members of the proletariat who have seen his face framed in the artificial flowers of his limousine, and envied him his car and his money and his three winter weeks at Palm Beach, and his ten days' fishing in Canada each spring, and his summer in Europe. It's just that they don't know, that's all—they simply don't know—what it means to be a business man in New York.

As for Mrs. Dill—well, all the words we ever learned at our mother's knee or elsewhere just leave us flat when we contemplate the hideous rush, rush, rush of Mrs. Dill's existence, and we are forced to fall back on man's most primitive expression of pity—that sound, probably emitted for the first time by Adam when he found Eve with only the apple core and a few seeds beside her, which is formed by a thrice-repeated pressure of the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth and feebly indicated in current literature by the letters "t-t-t!"

As someone has said—and very truly, too—a woman's work is never done; and the person who coined this phrase might well have had Mrs. Dill in mind at the moment. Mrs. Dill herself puts the thing even more graphically when she says that a woman in New York City is constantly on the go. "On the go," though of itself a most happy phrase, is—like so many of the very happiest of French phrases, albeit in a slightly different way—practically untranslatable. One really has to be a woman in New York City to know the full flavor of "on the go."

So, suppose we take up Mrs. Dill's day where we left it. She was, if we remember rightly, having her breakfast tray in bed; and she was very, very tired. Well she might be, too, after what she had been through the previous night. For had she not successfully pulled off, as the boys say, the benefit bazaar, costume ball and cabaret for the after care of taxi drivers, which marked the climax of Keep-New-York-Sweet-and-Neat Week, originally organized by Mrs. Dill and a select coterie composed of some of New York's very busiest women? To say nothing of having spent the whole afternoon awarding prizes—perfectly darling little replicas of Civic Virtue made into paper weights—to the Subway guards who had kept their cars sweetest and neatest during the entire week.

Indeed, the major part of Mrs. Dill's average day is spent in the interests of sweet—as it is commonly referred to by those who seem to know most about it—charity. Aside from being a patroness of practically every charitable entertainment in greater New York—not necessarily going to them, you understand, but lending her name—she is chairman of innumerable committees; which means a lot of work for her and, of course, for her secretary, Miss Kling. And if you think it isn't work, as Mrs. Dill once or twice has exclaimed to Mr. Dill, just you try it.

The Personal Touch

Take last night's affair, for example. It isn't necessarily the bazaar, ball and cabaret in itself that has exhausted Mrs. Dill so much as the preliminaries, or, as she herself expressed it, "the getting it up." That's where the work comes in—and work it is, in every sense of the word, as Mr. Dill is unkind enough to insinuate whenever he is called upon—as he was in this instance—to make up the deficit in the accounts of the odds-and-ends booth, of which Mrs. Dill was chairman. Nobody—least of all, Mrs. Dill—can imagine how last night's deficit occurred. It must have been either because Mrs. Gerald Magley—who, according to Mrs. Dill, always tries to run everything—confused the money she took in selling chances on two darling little rabbits with what she took in for chances on an almost brand-new Midge sedan; or because Mrs. Dill herself has made a mistake in her accounts, which seems well-nigh improbable. Nevertheless, before accusing anyone unjustly she will have Miss Kling go over her check book, while she lies there in bed worrying herself sick! Miss Kling—one of those rare, unhurried New York women like Miss Mink—knows Mrs. Dill like a book, as the saying is, and it will be only a question of time before she finds that Mrs. Dill has simply added or subtracted—she can't remember which—the date at the top of the page. But though the matter is thus cleared up, it is just another one of those things that takes it out of Mrs. Dill.

And then there's the selling of the tickets! Mrs. Dill, busy as she is, never shirks a duty just because there is a little extra work connected with it, and always makes a point of sending intimate little notes to all the people she knows and lots of people she doesn't—notes written, of course, by Miss Kling—inclosing six tickets at ten dollars the tick. She is a firm believer in the personal touch.

Although there is a great deal of detail work connected with the getting up of these

(Continued on Page 105)

DON'T GUESS
Buy the Coat with a Double Guarantee

Thermo
KNITTED
SPORT COAT

King of Comfort Coats

BEFORE you buy a knitted coat, make sure of its quality; later is *too late*.

Every Thermo Sport Coat carries a double guarantee ticket. Thermo virgin wool fabric wears longest and is washable.

Buy a Thermo for wearing at home, in the office, at work or play. Elastic knitted fabric, gives warmth without weight. Straps at wrist for tight or loose cuffs, as you wish.

Worn all the Year 'Round

Thermo is a he-man's coat, made in attractive Scotch Grain and heather mixtures; retail from $7.50 to $10.00; Vests $5.00.

Look for the Thermo Virgin Wool hanger in the neck of each coat. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Send for free copy of "Virgin Wool vs. Shoddy," an authoritative booklet.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
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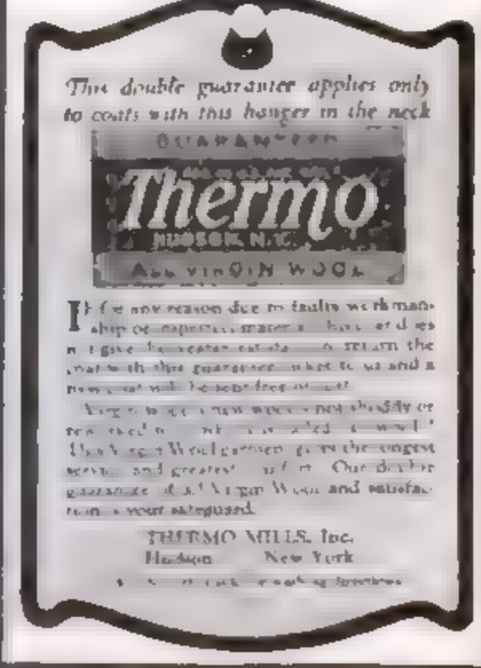
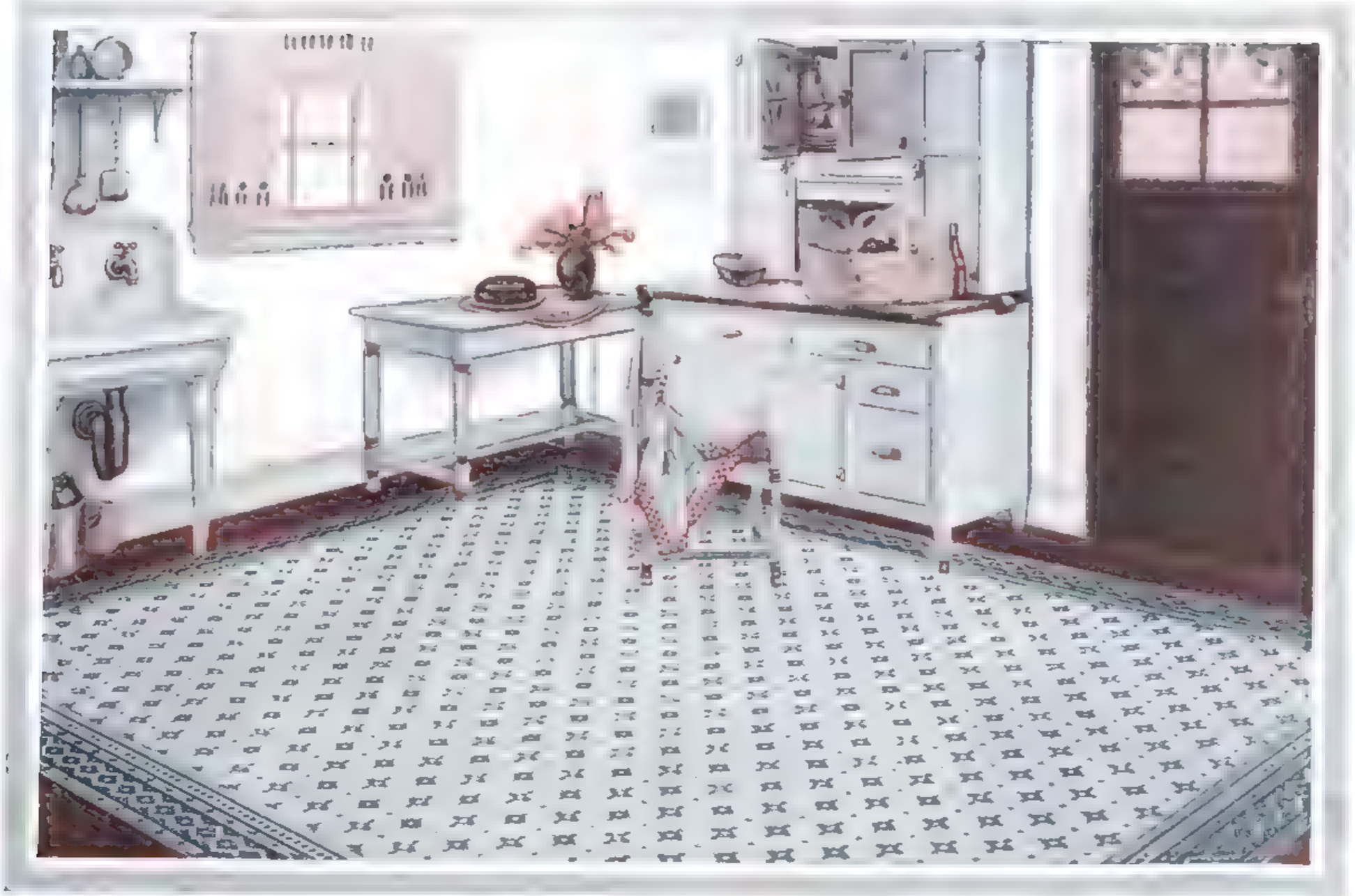


"From Sheep's Back To Yours"



It may not make your kitchen bright and beautiful with this very neat one and state the pattern. It is No. 408. Inches 6 x 9 feet. Size the price [illegible]

GOLD-SEAL CONGOLEUM

Will Brighten Up Every Room
Lighten Your Work—Save You Money

Moving time! That's when you really appreciate your Congoleum Rugs. They are so easy to handle. Wipe them off, roll them up and they're ready to go. What a relief from the tiresome sweeping and beating of dusty woven rugs and carpets.

So Easy-to-Clean

And you'll like Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs just as much at house-cleaning time—and every day too. For all the cleaning they ever need to make them spotless, fresh and bright as new, is a few strokes of a damp mop.

Tremendously durable, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are made without seams on an absolutely waterproof felt base. Neither grease nor spilled things can stain the firm "enamel" surface. The rich colors never fade.

Lie Flat Without Fastening

Another advantage of these popular rugs—they lie perfectly flat on the floor without fastening of any kind. They never curl up at the edges or corners to trip hurrying feet.

Patterns for Every Room

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs come in patterns that are as artistic as those found in rugs that are far more costly. There are designs appropriate for every room in the house. Rich, elaborately colored Oriental motifs for living rooms and dining rooms—dainty floral creations for bedrooms and neat conventional effects for kitchens and bathrooms.

Look for the Gold Seal

You will find it (printed in dark green on a gold background) pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. The famous Gold Seal Guarantee means exactly what it says: "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." It is your protection against imitations.

803

On the dining room floor is shown another pattern of a popular Congoleum design. In the 9 x 9 foot size the price is only $9.00

RUGS

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Pattern No. [illegible]

Pattern No. 396

Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 534

From the reproductions on these pages you can get only a hint of the real beauty of these rugs. Not until you actually see them at your dealer's or on your own floor can you appreciate how artistic they are. And with all their desirable features Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs are within the reach of the most modest purse.

Write our nearest office for free copy of booklet showing all the beautiful patterns in their actual rich colors.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 9.00	Patterns No. 408 and 386	1½	x 3	feet $ .60
7½	x 9	feet	11.25	(illustrated) are made in all	3	x 3	feet 1.40
9	x 9	feet	13.50	sizes. The other patterns	3	x 4½	feet 1.95
9	x 10½	feet	15.75	are made in the five large	3	x 6	feet 2.50
9	x 12	feet	18.00	sizes only.			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Kansas City Minneapolis
Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

(Below) Alden Park Manor, Detroit, four typical apartment buildings of this group which are fully equipped with Davenport Beds

(Above) Photograph of a typical living room in Alden Park Manor apartments. Note how homelike and comfortable

In Modern Apartments and Dwellings

Modern conveniences mean greater comfort with less exertion and less expense. The Alden Park Manor apartments in the exclusive Indian Village section of Detroit (shown above) provide modern Davenport Beds as one of the many conveniences for occupants. In modern homes everywhere the Davenport Bed is counted as one of the modern conveniences.

Two distinct and separate pieces of furniture are incorporated in the Davenport Bed—each different in its particular duty. By day the davenport is graceful and roomy—the springs of its cushions serve only as davenport springs; the fine seat coverings are not marred by use as a mattress at night. The bed is good size, with real bedspring—luxuriously comfortable and sleep-inviting.

Davenport Beds are designed by master craftsmen. In their wide range of designs, in the variety of their upholsterings and in the assortment of splendid woods employed, it is an easy matter to make selections that will blend with any environment.

Wherever good furniture is sold, you will find Davenport Beds in variety. Ask your furniture merchant to demonstrate one to you.

Our brochure, showing nearly a hundred styles, is yours for the asking.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
900 South Michigan Avenue CHICAGO

The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

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(Continued from Page 101)

affairs that may be—and is—safely delegated to Miss Kling, Mrs. Dill must personally procure the donations from the merchants with whom she deals. This takes several mornings' work, driving from shop to shop in her car, threatening said merchants with the loss of the Dill patronage if they don't come through, and so forth. Then again, the artists' services must be secured for the cabaret performance; and it is here that Mrs. Dill's genuine talent for getting up things really comes conspicuously to the fore. As the affair is for charity, naturally the artists can't be paid; so Mrs. Dill, in order to offset this little discrepancy, has to work hard to persuade them that really worth-while people are certain to hear them and offer them innumerable engagements in consequence, her chief talking point being that once it gets bruited about the highways and hedges of New York that So-and-So has been taken up by Mrs. Dill—well, they are as good as made. The more hard-boiled artists are a little cagy of Mrs. Dill, having learned through bitter experience that her worth-while people probably won't hear them at all above the rattle and clash of dishes and the jazz orchestra—the latter, by the way, invariably composed of a little group of willful men who wisely take theirs in cold cash—or, if they do, will know they are singing for Mrs. Dill for nothing and will offer them other engagements at exactly that, so to speak, round sum. Happily for Mrs. Dill—not to mention sweet charity—artists, like the well-known hope, spring eternal in New York City. But it's things like these that take time and make Mrs. Dill's life just a constant rush, rush, rush. She often says she looks back on New York's Take-a-Tonsil-Out Week—she was chairman of the pledge committee and signed up seven hundred and forty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight persons who pledged themselves to have at least one tonsil removed during the year—and wonders how she ever lived through it. So do we! While as for Bigger-Better-Baby Week ——

He Has to Snatch a Glimpse at the Headlines While He Hurries Through His Breakfast

But we mustn't keep Mrs. Dill in bed forever. Not that she wouldn't love to stay there, worn out as she is; but you must remember that she is a New Yorker and rest is not for her. No, just as soon as her masseuse leaves—and oh, how tired she makes poor Mrs. Dill, who, with no time to exercise, must have her hips removed by hand, as it were—she must be up and off to her current-events class.

What Miss Stagger Says

Of all the tiring things Mrs. Dill has to do, this is probably the most tiring. Not physically, perhaps, for physically it simply means sitting an hour and a half on a little gilt chair in the Biltritz ballroom; but mentally—ah, that is another story! Miss Stagger, who conducts the class, thinks nothing of jumping Mrs. Dill and some twelve hundred other equally alert-minded ladies from continent to continent, with two-minute stops at all the most important questions of the day. We agree absolutely with Mrs. Dill that Miss Stagger is a wonderful woman. Problems that have puzzled and are still puzzling the statesmen of Europe and America, and Colonel Harvey, are disposed of almost instantly by her. She has a lot of inside dope—some of it pretty dirty, too—given her in strict confidence by prominent officials who know she'll never repeat it except to her classes. Yes, it is indeed an inspiring sight to watch Miss Stagger juggling facts, for it is child's play to her to keep the World Court, the agricultural bloc, the Near East and La Follette all in the air at one and the same moment, while Mrs. Dill *et al*, as we used to say when all Gaul was divided into three parts, try earnestly to follow. It's not easy, by any means, and you can see their wind is getting pretty short towards the end. But Miss Stagger's isn't. Often and often when something rather important has come up—like an ultimatum or a Balkan war or something—she'll talk right on five or ten minutes past the regular time the class is supposed to be released for lunch in the restaurant below. Naturally, they all feel better after chicken à la king and éclairs. Miss Stagger's facts are perhaps difficult to grasp just at first, but somehow or other one does retain them; for by evening Mrs. Dill is able to give Mr. Dill a truly remarkable *résumé* of the lecture, and of how Miss Stagger said that Bryan said the men who drew up the present tariff couldn't have been descended from monkeys, and that Germany was right on the verge of a great big war with somebody—Rumania or Russia or Rasputin or one of those countries—Mrs. Dill isn't perfectly certain which, but she's pretty sure it begins with R. And that a very prominent senator told Miss Stagger there positively will not be a third party because—well, because God's in His heaven, or something like that. Anyway, you can see just from this how much Miss Stagger's class means to Mrs. Dill in keeping her posted, for it's simply impossible to find time in New York to read the newspapers.

Perhaps you are wondering what Mrs. Dill is going to do with her afternoon. If you were to ask her, she'd tell you that she had so many things she didn't know where to begin—bridge, benefits, fittings, teas—in fact, the usual rush, rush, rush. So she'll probably start with a facial. She'll feel terribly guilty—positively profligate—because a facial is the most restful thing in the world to Mrs. Dill, and rest has so little place in her life. One might almost say that her only quiet, happy hours are those spent beneath a mud pack. Of course, the henna shampoo, manicure, eyebrow-plucking, and so forth, which follow are unpleasant duties which must be got through as part of New York's grind. To say nothing of her permanent wave, which she must get the first time she has three or four free hours. We simply mention these things to show where and how time goes in New York City.

Tired Parents, Tired Offspring

And it isn't as if poor Mrs. Dill could tumble exhausted into her bed at the end of one of these perfectly hectic days. No, indeed! No matter how tired, no matter how late at night it is, she must touch the floor fifty times with her finger tips, keeping the knees straight, and then lie down and roll one hundred times to the right and one hundred times—oh, well, you know the rest!

No, a New York woman's work seems never to be done; and one asks oneself, after contemplating Mrs. Dill, if it can really be said to have ever begun.

There seems no hope for the next generation, either. Eloise, only eighteen, is already following in her mother's footsteps. If all the programs and cigarettes sold by Eloise at her mother's benefits during the season of 1923 alone, mind you, were laid end to end they would reach from Times Square to—well, we do not think we exaggerate when we say somewhere in New Jersey. Not to mention the hours and hours the poor girl has spent in tableaux, dressed in white chiffon, with her hair down her back and wabbling on one foot as Ravished Armenia. Or the innumerable civic pageants and Junior-League plays in which she has appeared as almost everything, from the Spirit of Columbus Circle in the former to A Frost Fairy and Little Miss 1923 in the latter. And with it all she's trying to keep up with what Mrs. Dill calls the finer things of life by taking a course in Aztec art, short-story writing and zither playing in the twelfth century, at Columbia.

As for young J. Ellerby Dill—or Junior, as a happy inspiration led his parents to nickname him in order to distinguish him from his father—he's always tired. Tired in college, tired when he's home for vacations, from the time he gets up at noon until he goes to bed the next morning.

Tired, tired, tired. That's the only word that describes the Dills of New York City. It even makes one a little tired just to read about them, doesn't it?

4 times as big as Pittsburgh

Photo by United States Army Air Service

The greatness of DUNLOP TIRES

Including the greatest of all Dunlop Tire plants at Buffalo, U. S. A.—Dunlop interests have expanded so widely over six continents in 35 years, that, now, the combined area, covered by Dunlop properties, is four times as big as all Pittsburgh.

Built on honor to honor its Builders

DUNLOP

Transform your windows —with Brenlin

The window shade material of lasting beauty

A room decorated and furnished in perfect taste may have its beauty greatly enhanced or marred by its window shades.

Windows, as areas of light, are the most conspicuous single element in a room, and therefore require most careful dressing.

If your shades are cracked and worn, unsightly with the stains of rain and sun, or simply out of color harmony with their surroundings, they strike a false note in your decorative scheme which nothing but new and thoughtfully chosen shades can remedy.

At very small cost you can literally transform your windows, and your whole home, with shades of beautiful and durable Brenlin.

Brenlin is a linen-like fabric, strong and flexible, which hangs straight and graceful, giving several times the wear of an ordinary shade. It is all fabric, so finely woven that it needs no chalk or clay filling to give it weight.

This filling, in the usual shade, soon crumbles and falls out, leaving the shade lined with tiny cracks and spotted with pinholes.

Finished in a wide variety of soft, rich colors which are applied by hand, Brenlin shades offer you a perfect dress for every important window in your home. Brenlin Duplex, made with a different color on each side, blends with both interior and exterior.

Defying the strains of constant rolling and unrolling, resisting the discoloring action of sun and rain, Brenlin has become known as today's most economical and beautiful window shade.

You may identify this shade by the name Brenlin, perforated or embossed on its edge. If you do not know where to get Brenlin shades, write us; we'll see that you are supplied. Write also for our free booklet, "How to Shade and Decorate your Windows," with which will come samples of Brenlin in several colors.

For windows of less importance, Camargo or Empire shades give you the best value in shades made the ordinary way.

Scratch a spot of ordinary window shade material here and BRENLIN has no spot. Note the pinholes of several ordinary window shades

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY
2045 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio
"The oldest window shade house in America"

Factories Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE
Brenlin
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

OUT-OF-DOORS

When Trees Fall in the Woods

I WAS coming down from the West Canada lakes a good many years ago, carrying a pack load of jerked venison and three nice foxskins, which I had picked up about the middle of November. A good freeze had come early and all the lakes were frozen over. The creek rifts were open, but the stillwaters were frozen, and there was snow about six inches deep over everything.

I don't suppose there is anything more treacherous than a few inches of snow in the woods. It slicks all the roots, logs, stones and even the ground. It loads the branches of trees and it messes up the walking in more ways than anyone dreams of unless he has been in the woods a good deal and knows the way things are.

The day was dull overhead, looking like more snow. The snow was damp, which made it worse. I couldn't see any better through the witch hopples and underbrush than I could six weeks before, when the leaves were all on. I had my eyes open, of course, carrying my old 38-55—one of the first of this caliber ever used in my part of the Adirondacks. I had a dog with me, Jap. He didn't like the snow and would walk along, throwing the clots off his feet every two or three steps.

I was headed right down the old trail back from the creek a few rods when I heard something crackling, louder and louder. The dog gave a yelp and I looked around, startled. As I did so I saw a dead stub, probably forty or fifty feet high, weaving. I could just see the motion out of the corner of my eye, and as I turned to look I saw that big deadfall coming down straight at me.

How I did it I don't know to this day. I just jumped, like a deer that has been pricked a bit across the hams by a bullet. I broke the pack-basket strap on one side and left the basket in mid-air as I leaped. I threw the rifle thirty feet ahead and it landed muzzle first in some soft ground. The deadfall landed on the pack, just hard enough to tear the back of it, cutting the splints more than halfway down like a knife. A hole about an inch long was slashed in one of the fox hides.

I cleaned out the rifle and tied my coat around the basket so it would hold the load and then fixed the shoulder strap. In about an hour I was ready to go on again, but I didn't go more than a few miles. I was as weak in my knees as though I had run up Spruce Mountain as fast as I could go. It was several days before I was over that scare.

I have seen quite a few dead stubs falling in the woods. They have a queer way of doing it sometimes. Over on Moose River I was still-hunting a few years after this escape when I saw another stub weaving. The day was perfectly quiet, with a slight mist falling. The day was so quiet that the raindrops fell noisily. I ought to have seen a lot of deer, but missed them somehow. Suddenly I saw a motion. I swung my carbine to be ready.

The Dance of the Beech Tree

Then I saw what it was An old stub had started to sway. It was a beech, sixty-odd feet high, one of those tall timber trunks, with woodpecker holes in the top and the bark scaling down where the ants had worked up under it. The motion was only two or three inches at first but in that stillness the eye caught it like a jumping deer's tail

The sway increased, only a little each time, half an inch or so at first, but more and more as the movement swung farther The sweep was six or eight feet at last and the branches of a spruce on one side were being pounded till they cracked. Then, with one enormous swing, over it went, coming down through light trees and the witch hopples with a great crash

Why didn't it fall with one swing down? Some trees do just that, especially in the wind, but this one didn't. I looked at the roots, which were broken off, dry-rotted, on all sides. The woods loam had been plowed up on one side by a snag root four feet long. For yards around the fibers of the soil were loosed as that tree went through its strange dance.

In those old days I always traveled alone; I made a little money guiding, but I didn't like the work and did enjoy the solitude; but always, when I went into the woods, I felt the menace of the green timber, of the mountain slopes, of the water, and what the Indians must have meant by the Spirit of the Woods. Something always hung over my camp, whether I was rolled up in a blanket and piece of canvas, or whether I was in a safe log cabin in some old burning or cutting.

One night I threw up a lean-to of spruce bark on Metcalf Lake. The woods there were seldom visited except by us woodsmen in those days. I scalped a tree and laid the bark, shinglewise, on poles. In an hour I had a good camp, with a fire before it. Then I jointed my rod to catch some fish, fancifully, on flies. As a boy I had laughed at sports who used jointed poles, and now I was using one!

I caught a brook trout of about twenty-one ounces, the first cast. I broiled him on a forked stick for my supper. I sat looking into the flames for an hour, then rolled up in my blanket. How long I slept I don't know. I was awakened by something. Probably it was a tremor running through the earth. A woodsman hears things when he doesn't know it. That gives rise to curious ideas. He sees things, too, and wonders where he found the notion.

I stepped up to look around. As I did so I heard roots breaking, heard the rending of lumpy humus, and broken stones underground grinding against one another. I wonder sometimes how a man can hear so many different things and distinguish them, one from another, at a time like that. I knew what was coming and I straightened out, springing over the fire, which I was coaxing up, right into the woods. Behind me a tree crashed down.

Time to Get Up

I suppose from the time I awakened to the time I heard the crash was an interval of ten seconds. I had some idea of starting the fire to see by its light. The dead spruce landed across my bed and broke down my pretty bark camp. It was time to get up anyhow, nearly daylight. I dragged out my blanket and rescued my pack basket, going on to Indian River to spend a few days fishing there.

Trees are curious creatures. One autumn I built a trapping cabin back on Indian River. I hid it against a ridge on Spruce Mountain. The sides and front were of logs, the roof of spruce poles covered with scalps of spruce. In one corner was a trickle of a spring, and in the other corner, against the rock, was a fireplace. I used this camp three winters, every trip through on my line. Night after night I've slept in it, listening to the north wind blow whistling through the trees a hundred feet above me, on the west end of the mountain. I slept soundly and never thought of anything being wrong. Of course I had looked around to make sure that no stubs were near—the first thing in picking a woods camp site.

The fourth autumn I went in to distribute my traps and hang up venison for my winter meat. Usually I kept one big buck or two small deer at each camp. I went to the Spruce Mountain camp and listened to an autumn wind blowing out of the northwest. There were voices in that wind. They kept me awake. Twice I went out to look up the mountain slope, making sure all was well. Suddenly I heard something break. Probably I had been hearing the fibers rending for an hour, or even for hours. Nervous, I was ready. I started too late, however, for a hemlock, more than three feet through, came down the mountain headfirst. Its top branches were slithered off by striking stones and tree trunks. The top of the tree darted out over me on the rock but fifteen feet above my cabin roof and thrust into the roots of a big birch about twenty feet in front of my door, and, with a hum that was a roar, came to a stand. I looked it over and went back to bed, to sleep soundly.

When a tree comes headfirst down a mountain the spectacle is one of the most thrilling in the woods, to my mind. Several times I have happened to witness this phenomenon. Many woodsmen travel the woods for years, and, though they hear the fall of trees in the wilderness silence, may never be present at the spectacle.

A tall pine used to stand on a mountain north of Spruce. I called this Flea Mountain, though probably no one else did. The pine was forty or fifty feet higher than the other trees, nearly all spruces, on the stony top. Ages ago, when the Adirondacks were covered with glaciers, this granite height was rounded off and worn smooth. Then frosts and grass rootlets opened up some crevices. In these, tree rootlets found hold and the forest struggle for possession began.

The spruces spread down with big heavy taproots, looking for a hold. Many lasted fifty, eighty, perhaps more years, but every few years a storm would come along and throw down a few of the spruces. Thus the top was always a tangle of windfall and low brush with sun-fed leaves.

The pine tree stood on the rounded granite knob, with roots that spread down on all sides, clinging to the surface, and hanging fast to the crevices with ten thousand rootlets holding. I used to go up over that knob in the late autumn. Always the big buck of the neighborhood would choose this windfall for his yellow-horn days. Enough wind would keep the bluebottle and other exasperating flies down, and the hiding was good from hunters.

One buck—Old Bluehead, I called him—kept escaping me. I went after him four autumns in succession and did not get him, though generally I used up some cartridges amusing him. Then one terrific day I climbed up the mountain. A gale was blowing. I doubted if the buck would be up there, but took a chance in the sleety cold of the knob. I was at the edge of the windfall when I saw the buck lift out of his bed, in the lee of a big trunk, and start down the mountain toward the south, away from the wind. I slammed a bullet after him but couldn't tell whether I did any damage. The next instant there was a roar. The tall pine had weathered perhaps two hundred years of storms. It now let go with all holds and started down the mountain, top first.

I saw the great green head swinging over, and the butt, splintered twenty feet up and broken, bounded up and away, the trunk headed down the mossy rock, slashing up the underbrush and sapling stuff and booming from side to side as it drummed on the big timber. I watched the yellow butt crashing and slipping along down for perhaps two hundred yards. Then it stopped. I went down and found that I had hit the deer behind the short ribs, the bullet ranging forward through the heart. He was a big buck, and I needed only one venison for my near-by trap-line cabin.

Those were great days in the Adirondacks. We didn't care much for game laws or private preserves, but we old-timers know now that we were wrong. We learned our woodcraft on trap lines, under bark roofs, instead of from books in pretty camps built by the state—and we find from the books that we don't know it all and never did know as much as we thought.

High Wind in the Woods

When I go into the woods now I find trees lying prostrate across my old trap lines. I trim them out to make the walking easier if I am running a line. I look oftener at the tree tops than I used to. The habit has grown, for when one has seen a few trees fall, especially those slashing, fast-falling dead stubs, he wonders if sometime he will not be caught under one. I never put up my tent near any tree that looks bad. I put the tree down for firewood, perhaps. Or I go somewhere else for a safer place.

I've seen a branch break without warning from a big black birch and slap down only ten feet ahead of me. Deer and other wild animals are afraid of falling trees and they are always nervous, anxious and on the move when the wind is roaring through the tops. I have seen one's tracks in the snow, galloping half a mile from where a tree had fallen near it. The buck was pawing in the tracking snow for beechnuts when a birch stub slapped down. I came along two or three hours later, judging by the snow, and followed up the deer's track to see what had scared it.

I one time found some deer bones under a tree trunk. I could not tell whether the deer was killed by the falling bole or if it had been wounded or winter-killed and then the tree come down on it. The animal was a buck, but its horns had fallen. That is one of the tragedies of the wilderness—a natural tragedy, as distinguished from the artificial tragedies of the hunting season.

Many things kill trees in the woods. A tree falls and scrapes the bark on another tree. Fifty years afterwards the wound kills the victim. A great tract of land in the Adirondacks was one time logged off for wood alcohol and charcoal. When the hardwoods were felled, the hearts of the trees were found to be all decayed. Some pestilence seemed to have afflicted the wilderness. The forestry experts looked into the matter. They found at last that a fire had swept through two townships and the burns had exposed the sapwood to the fungus, and instead of a strong and sturdy forest, the woods were terribly afflicted—and the camper in that timberland might easily be caught in jeopardy, for the trees showed few signs of their rotten trunks.

Many trees show their weakness. They wear the slits of lightning, of old wounds, of checks and cracks due to storms or weight of snow. But the spruce is sound of heart, standing strong or going swiftly to pieces. The trouble with the evergreens is they are too ambitious. They grow on too insecure footing. They dare the treacherous root-hold of rounded bowlders or of glacier-planed rock or of levels of glacier drift. Spruces are more apt to go down in dozens all together than are hardwoods. The large windfalls of the woods are evergreens; spruce, balsam, and, in their land, pines.

The Fall of Big Cherry

I have watched a forest fire working through the woods. At night the spectacle is strange, gloomy and full of menace. The hardwoods resist a forest fire, but the evergreens seem to rejoice in it. Before a big wind the tall spruce and pine burst into torches that flare to light the mountain ranges. The best the hardwoods do is when a birch allows the flames to go running up the trunk through the curls or ragged paper. The hardwood lives on long after the fire goes through, but is treacherous and dangerous to the passer-by, for a rotten tree falls when in full leaf or in the wet silence of a rainy day, or in a gale, or under the weight of snow. The green timber—the evergreens—burns and has it done with, perishing in one sweeping conflagration.

I have seen an avalanche, when many trees started under the sweep of stone and snow—but not in the Adirondacks. There are old scars of slips in the Adirondacks. The great claybanks of the lower West Canada show where trees have come down the high bluffs, to fall into the creek. On some of the steep mountains of the northern Adirondacks are scars of small avalanches. But the sweeping of many trees at once, whether by slide or fire, is less startling, less inspiring of certain emotions, than to have a single tree in the stand of its fellows suddenly begin to weave, its day come, and then to fall with a single crash in the dark forest.

The familiar woods change because of these incidents. For years a great black cherry was a landmark on a ridge that I trapped. I came to think of that ridge as the Big Cherry. My thoughts refused even to think of the tree as a temporary thing. At least it would outlast me and my hunting or snowshoeing days.

I was coming down the line after setting my traps fifteen years ago. I came over the Big Cherry Ridge. I was pounding right along, with light pack, hungry stomach and night coming on, with camp four miles beyond. As I reached the back of the ridge, where the twilight was less obscure, I saw that the Big Cherry was in trouble. The trunk was quivering in the silence and stillness. I heard it humming. I could see the branches shaking. A rain of dead twigs fell upon the ground. Then the top began to sway.

The trembling came to an end. The great trunk stiffened, but the roots were done for. I heard the snapping, first on one side, and, as the spring threw the trunk the other way, snapping on the other. Deep in the gravel and broken stones the treading of the tree ground the rocks together. I seemed to feel the whole ridge trembling. Perhaps it was!

Leaning first one way, then another, and circling a little, the huge cherry tree went farther and farther, and finally fell with a rolling smash twenty or thirty feet, half sliding down the slope. The old-timer had ended its days. The fall split the trunk forty feet, and broke it in two near the first branches. The wood was beautiful dark red and as fragrant as ripe cherries.

I went on to camp, feeling old, and mourning that old tree. —JIM SMILEY.

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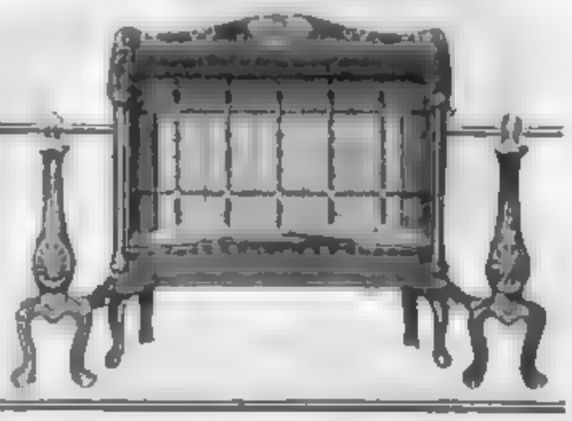

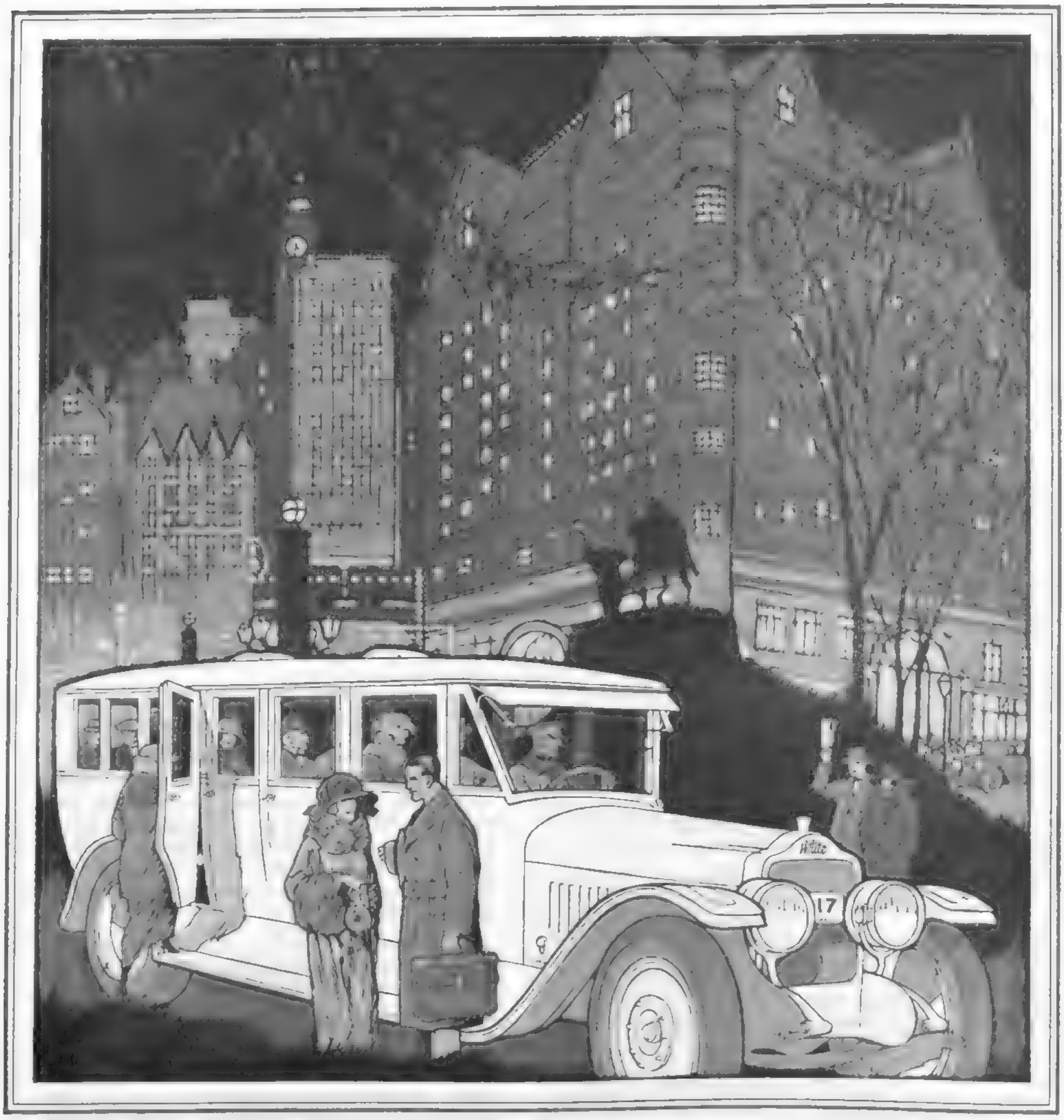

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Moving people has become the twin problem of moving materials

TO facilitate the movement of millions is a problem of deeper significance than the promotion of any one means.

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Railroads opened the way to all America. Added to them, street cars, subways and elevateds made it practical and convenient to live and work in crowded cities. And now, with increasing demands on these, modern motor bus transportation, carrying on over streets and highways where rails can't go, supplements, feeds and binds together our whole passenger transportation system—to make it adequate and enduring.

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White Busses were pioneers. More than 5,000 are in use—more than of any other make. Their use is under conditions where a year's work means 365 days of running. Hundreds have been running for years—in some cases as much as 300 miles a day.

Excepting certain types in New York and London, the largest bus fleets in the world are White. As time goes on, one White Bus after the other demonstrates its unusual utility with a record of 100,000, then 200,000, then 300,000, and even up to 500,000 and more miles. Through the experience of such long and severe tests, the White Bus Model 50 was perfected—to give the speed, power, balance of chassis, low loading height, good looks and comfort which make it what a motor bus should be.

You see White Busses, flexible auxiliaries to rails, playing a big part in handling crowds in cities and in building up intercity travel. You see them standard equipment in the National Parks and a great convenience for visiting playgrounds and resorts. You see them serving communities not otherwise reached and carrying children to and from consolidated rural schools. Along organized routes, you can set your watch by a White Bus through all weather.

Thus—where rails end, rubber carries on. Rails and highways are effectively joined together.

White Busses, built in the same great plant as White Trucks, came to leadership because of kinship of two growing problems—to move people more comfortably and conveniently and to move materials more quickly and economically.

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Various types of White Busses will be on display at the American Electric Railway Association Convention on the Million Dollar Pier, Atlantic City, October 8th to 13th.

BUSSES

RESTFULNESS

By EDGAR A. GUEST

The friend departs, the latch is turned,
The embers on the hearth are dead,
All that the day shall bring is learned,
Now comes the time to go to bed.
Restful the room wherein I sleep
And wait the coming of the day;
Restful and sweet the slumber deep
Which smooths the lines of care away.

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As announced in our advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post (December 9, 1922)—we have shown a series of stanzas written especially for Lucas by Edgar A. Guest under the general title, "My Castle of Happiness."

The titles of these several stanzas are:

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THE PARK BENCH

(Continued from Page 25)

"Holdin' her own," remarked Withrow, scrubbing his bristly face.

"No more," added Roberts. "And I can't understand it. We must be pretty close to the pocket, for when I left off last season the triangle was narrowing appreciably."

"Beats all!" agreed Withrow, fumbling for the towel, his eyes full of soapy water.

Roberts was beginning to distrust Withrow in earnest now, but nothing remained to him but to hope that the man might prove faithful to their partnership agreement. True, it had been verbal merely, and not a pen scratch existed to prove that they were in equal partnership. However, it did not seem possible that any man could be so inhuman as to violate such a compact. In the West it is a heinous thing to play false to one's partner. Even the lowest of camp followers regard such a man as beneath contempt. Through all his uneasiness Roberts counted on this fact.

"Might be better," admitted Withrow, blinking over his towel. "But at that, it proves we still got her. Ain't I some pocket hunter, like I told you that day on the park bench? I'm hangin' onto that trace like a tick to a dog's tail. That's me. Never give up. Only way that pocket can get away from Big Jake is to crawl into the mountain so far you couldn't find it with a search warrant. But pockets never disappear without leavin' a fan-shaped trace behind 'em, tellin' which way they went; ain't I right, pardner?"

Roberts nodded absently. Yes, the man was covering up. Covering up what? He wondered about this all the rest of the evening, his mental distress joining hands with the hellish malady that was forever dragging him down whenever his fingers laid hold on the ladder of hope. Withrow babbled on, but Roberts paid little heed. His mind was going over the slender chances that yet remained to him. The little hoard of cash in the tin tobacco box upon the mantel was dwindling. Jake was an enormous eater. The summer was gone and winter would soon be here. What was going to happen to him?

"You and me," Withrow was saying, "we'll hit San Francisco and bust it wide open. Yes, sir, we'll show that there bunch of shacks what a couple of men with money can do to a town! I'm tellin' you, pardner!"

Roberts arose wearily and placed his pipe upon the mantel beside the money cache. "I'm going to bed," he announced.

Withrow eyed him narrowly, the calculating look springing anew into his hard eyes.

"Feelin' worse, pardner?" he inquired.

"About the same."

There was a short silence while Roberts undressed and climbed into his bunk. Then: "Say, maybe you better hit it up for down below. It's fall now, and the nights is beginnin' to get cool. What say?"

Beneath the apparent solicitude of the speech Roberts seemed to sense something ulterior. He choked back a cough.

"I'll stick," he said.

"You better think it over good. Be hell if you was took bad away up here in the mountains. You been lookin' worse lately, seemed to me. Well, think it over."

He tumbled into his own bunk and settled with a coarse animal yawn of comfortable content. In less than a minute he was snoring. But for hours the sick man lay looking at the ceiling, where continued to shine a faint glow from the dying fire.

Across the room was the little tin box. It was all that now stood between him and the end of all things; the tin tobacco box and the doubtful loyalty of his partner. And always each avenue of his distracted thoughts ran back and stopped at a green-painted park bench, which now began to symbolize death itself.

Somewhere outside a little night voice arose and sang in a long sustained minor overtone to the noise of the breeze in the pines and the subdued murmur of Barrel Creek down below. "Chir-r-r-r," the little voice sang, like the long trilling of a tiny roller canary. "Chir-r-r-r."

"Fall cricket!" thought the harassed young man. "Jake was right. Winter will soon be here!"

III

IT WAS just before the first of November when Withrow came in from work garrulous and flushed. Roberts thought at first that the man had been drinking, but soon put this thought aside, knowing there was nothing to drink nearer than Seelyville. Withrow laughed often and loudly He was in an excellent humor, talking much but saying little.

"Anything new today?" asked Roberts, using the formula which he had worn threadbare through monotonous repetition.

"Same old thing," replied Withrow with what seemed studied nonchalance. "Still goin' uphill. Beats anything how that there pocket climbs! Just like a squir'l! Seems to be makin' for its home on high!"

He chuckled at the jest and rolled up his sleeves on his way to the washbench. When he came in again he remembered and took the little bottle from his pocket to exhibit the day's pannings. It was the invariable custom. Roberts studied the gold carefully. As he did this, his eye was caught by a single grain of gold, rather larger than the rest of the collection. It seemed to him that he had seen it before, and he wondered. It was shaped much like a sand bur and carried a tiny fleck of grayish quartz upon one of its points. The longer he looked the more he became convinced that he had seen that little golden sand bur before. He did not mention this, however, but handed the bottle back and began placing the dishes upon the table.

"Pans run about the same still," he remarked.

"Reg'lar as clockwork," agreed Withrow. "One day's pannin' won't vary a cent, hardly, from the other days. Good honest ole trace, all right."

After he had gone to bed, Roberts' mind still went over the perplexing mystery of the golden sand bur.

"Oh, Jake!" he called.

Over in his own bunk, Withrow yawned and roused. "Hello!" he answered.

"The way that trace was running two months ago we ought to be close to the apex now. What's wrong with it anyhow? How far apart are the lines today?"

"Oh—still scattered all over the slope. Seems like it's the craziest pocket I ever hunted. Way it looks to me, we won't catch it short of the summit."

"But—at the way we're going now it is sure to take another season!" Dismay and a bitter disappointment were in the sick man's voice. "We aren't grubstaked for a long stay."

"Say," bawled Withrow from the darkness, "maybe you ain't satisfied with the way I'm workin'! Maybe I been committin' a crime, comin' home to sleep when I ought to've stayed up there and shoveled by moonlight. Wouldn't be surprised if they could arrest me for sleepin' when I'd ought to've been puttin' in that time ketchin' doodlebugs and playin' with rocks and snarin' grasshoppers!" Encouraged by his own brilliant sarcasm, "Say, look here!" he went on. "Ain't I been on the job every day, reg'lar as a clock? Blisterin' my hands and breakin' my back—and you sittin' pretty with nothin' to do but wait till I come down off the hill some bright day an' pour a bushel or two of nuggets in your lap! Say, I was a prize boob when I come in here with you! Ought to've stayed in San Francisco. I could've got me a drink down there once in a while, anyway."

"That isn't the point," insisted Roberts, overlooking the other's bluster. "You knew as well as I did that we were coming in here on a shoestring. You've no right to imply that I in any way violated the terms of our agreement. Nor have you any right to blame me if I am concerned when we get near the end of our shoestring—and apparently no nearer the pocket than when we started!"

Withrow growled in supreme disgust. He turned over and almost immediately began snoring.

Outside the fall crickets were filling the night with their long, insistent droning. "Chir-r-r-r," they sang, hundreds of them now, and to the sick man their droning medley was like the humming of the thin thread of life, drawn taut and ready to snap.

Withrow was off early next morning. Contrary to custom he did not lie in bed and wait for his sick partner to prepare breakfast, but hurried away without even building a fire. When he returned in the evening it was apparent that he was tremendously excited; apparent also that he

(Continued on Page 113)

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The home that's Sunbeam Warm-Air Heated is *healthfully* heated. For the Sunbeam Warm-Air Furnace—either Pipe or Pipeless—is more than a *heating* plant. It is a heating system, a ventilating system and an air-moistening system all in one.

First, the Sunbeam Furnace takes pure, fresh air and warms it to exactly the right temperature—heating it *directly* just as the sun does when it sends its warming rays streaming through your windows.

Then, as the warm-air rises to the rooms above, the vapor pan, which is a part of the Sunbeam Furnace, adds the proper amount of moisture for health and comfort.

Finally, the Sunbeam System *circulates* this healthfully heated and moistened air throughout the home, keeps it in constant, natural movement—always changing—always fresh and pure.

Providing this perfect circulation of properly warmed and moistened air, you can readily see why the Sunbeam Furnace positively assures a healthfully heated home; you can appreciate why the air in a Sunbeam-heated house is never stuffy or oppressive, as it is in so many homes where the heating system furnishes nothing but hot, dry air.

While it delivers this broader, more healthful heating service, the Sunbeam Furnace is extremely simple in its operation. Take the Sunbeam air-moistening device. You just fill the Sunbeam Vapor Pan with water (as shown in the illustration above) and the air in your home is kept as balmy, healthful and invigorating as the ideal atmosphere of June.

You'll certainly want a copy of our new booklet, "June Weather Made to Order". It tells in greater detail why Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating is healthful heating; how it saves fuel, time and money; why it will prove the most completely satisfactory heating system you could have in your home. Just write your name and address on the corner of this advertisement and mail it to us. Your copy of the booklet will come by return mail.

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(Continued from Page 110)

tried hard to conceal it. He was a poor dissembler, however, and Roberts was hopeful when he offered the conventional greeting. But he was disappointed.

"Same old thing," Withrow told him, producing the bottle indifferently. "Gettin' monotonous. Sometimes I most wish I'd draw a blank once in a while. Give the thing a li'l' variety, anyway."

Roberts did not reply. In rolling the bottle between his fingers that same familiar little sand bur had met his eye: a little golden sand bur with a tiny speck of grayish quartz clinging to one tip. He looked up. Withrow was watching him with elaborate indifference.

"Don't vary much," observed Withrow.

"It's remarkable!" affirmed Roberts.

"It's all of that. One day's pannin's almost identical with any other day's pannin' "

"Might even be the same panning," said Roberts.

Withrow looked at him sharply, but the sick partner's pallid face was masklike and expressed nothing. Roberts handed the bottle back.

"Might even be the same pannin'," agreed the big partner cheerfully.

"Well, let's eat."

Roberts sat down at the table with the other opposite. Suddenly there arose from the eaves a long, eerie whining—a mournful sound like the wailing of a banshee.

"Winter wind!" said Withrow. "Hear her squealing under the eaves! Early winter, sure! Ole-timers tell me they often get two-three feet of snow down here in the gulch as early as this."

Roberts nodded. "And that would mean four or five feet farther up the slope."

"Minute it starts to snow—why, it's kiss that ole pocket good-by till spring!"

Roberts agreed and it was a black thought to him. Outside somewhere a donkey brayed. Withrow listened.

"That there wasn't one of our jackasses," he said positively. "That one was up the river a ways."

A voice called, and Withrow went outside. Roberts heard him talking to someone. When he came back he was wearing a pleased grin and smelled of whisky.

"Ole jackass tramp from up round the Yola Bola peaks," he explained. "Wants to camp back of the cabin and I tole him to go ahead and camp."

He hurried through the meal and then went outside again. Once more the sound of conversation, growing louder as the night wore on. Later it gave place to song. There was little melody in the singing, but a vast enthusiasm. About two o'clock in the morning came silence, and poor Roberts was able to sleep.

When he arose next morning Withrow had not yet come in. But as he was preparing breakfast he saw the jackass tramp weaving away down the gulch trail, bawling hideous insults at his donkey and flailing the patient beast with a club. Withrow stumbled in, wearing a surly hang-over.

"Why ain't breakfast ready?" he demanded.

"I slept late," rejoined Roberts. "I lay awake half the night listening to the singing."

"Listenin' to a couple of live men enjoyin' themselves? You that ain't able to pull an angleworm in two—let alone pickin' up a shovel and doin' reg'lar he-man work! Say, but I sure got a rotten pardner!"

"Well, if you make all your boasts good," retorted Roberts hotly, "we won't be partners much longer! That comforts me as much as it does you, and don't you forget it! The day we uncover that pocket and split it, we separate—for all eternity."

"'We?'" The calculating look was upon Withrow's face as he lighted a cigarette with a big hand shaking from last night's orgy. He grinned. "You won't be here!" he said brutally. "I ain't afraid to tell you. I ain't afraid of anybody a-tall. When that pocket's pulled out of the hill you'll be Over Yonder, ticklin' a harp and makin' it squeal! Pickin' up rocks and testin' 'em! Pullin' weeds and pastin' 'em in dinky books and tellin' the angels about that little skirt of yours you told me about on the park bench."

"That's plenty!"

The sick boy's voice was low but deadly. But Withrow did not heed. A sick man—and unarmed. The only gun in camp was Withrow's rifle, hanging empty above his bunk. He was quite safe.

"Say," he went on, "that's what I been countin' on all along! Might's well tell you, so you won't keep on hangin' round here. You're not in on this thing any more. You ain't earned it. Besides, what's money goin' to mean to you in—say, three months? I know. I seen a lot of 'em come out here to California—too late! You'll hop off in three months. Maybe sooner, but three months sure. It'll take another season to find that pocket. It'll take a he-man to dig her out. Who's goin' to do it if I don't? Nobody! Me, I'm goin' to take it easy from now on—and wait!"

A long silence fell upon the room. The sick man stood rigid, feeling the horror that one feels who is under the curse and knows that he may never hope to get out. The bony hands hanging loosely at his sides shook violently.

"No hurry!" grinned Withrow, rolling another cigarette. "Me, I got all the time there is!"

"That's robbery!" burst out Roberts. "It's exactly the same as though you killed me and robbed me of my share!"

"Aw, say!" grinned Withrow, his malevolent stare still on the ravaged face of his partner. "Wouldn't be as bad as that! Not near! You got to admit that you ain't got much longer to live, so what's a few days more or less to you? Why, I could tap you in the stummick with my little finger and you'd cash in quick. But I wouldn't do a thing like that. No, sir," he assured his partner virtuously. "Big Jake Withrow ain't no murderer. I'll just wait—and let Nature take its course!" He chuckled at the rare conceit, choked on the tobacco smoke and wiped the tears from his bloodshot eyes. "Just let Nature take its course!"

"No," said Roberts slowly, standing tense and shaking upon the hearth, "you wouldn't kill a man with your hands. You're too much of a damned coward!"

"What's that?" Withrow came closer, incredulity and amazement spread across his gross face. A dying man standing there and saying things like that to him! He shook a blunt heavy finger in the younger man's face. "Say, I'd give that whole pocket if you was a well man instead of a totterin', unburied stiff ——"

"If I were a well man," interrupted Roberts evenly, "I'd beat you up until you wouldn't know yourself from a country sausage!"

Withrow laughed loudly. It was a huge joke. He stood with his feet spraddled apart upon the hearth and blew smoke in the sick boy's face.

"You're a liar!" he said.

Something seemed to come out of his joyous past and nerve the young man's arm with a sudden access of dynamic energy. It concentrated itself in the one blow which cracked upon the prognathous jaw, and Withrow crashed down upon the hearth and lay still. Following the man's fall Roberts collapsed and slid to the floor also, gasping for breath. Even he was astonished at what had happened. Of course he had been a skilled boxer prior to the accident that had wrecked him, and so the scientific planting of the punch had been mechanical; but that his weakened arm could have done this ——

Withrow moved, struggled finally to hands and knees, looking at his fallen partner with eyes that still reeled dizzily. Painfully he arose and stood swaying uncertainly, still striving to focus his gaze upon the sick man lying at his feet. To him Roberts seemed to be dying.

"Must've hit him!" he muttered. "Though I don't remember it. What happened to me, anyway?" He put his hand to his numbed jaw, bewildered and apprehensive. "Say, I oughtn't to've done that! If he croaks off on me I'm in a whale of a bad fix!" He staggered to the door, casting frightened glances back over his shoulder as he went. Outside, he sat upon the wash-bench and his mind began to clear. Presently he remembered.

"He hit me!" he muttered, uneasy and incredulous. "With that skinny fist of his! I didn't think he could break an egg with it. Knocked me out! Me, Big Jake Withrow! How did he do it?"

After a while he arose and peered in at the door. Roberts had crawled into his bunk and lay there with his eyes closed. The reaction had left him sick and weak and barely conscious. Withrow went in and stood watching, holding his breath. He was still uneasy and afraid. Roberts had spoken truly. The man was a coward. He could indeed have killed the sick man with one blow; nevertheless Withrow was afraid.

The silence became oppressive. The sick man's eyes were still closed. Withrow

—and then he began eating sauerkraut

"Well, I suppose you're going to order sauerkraut again today."

"I sure am, if it's on the bill. Oh—I brought that little booklet down. You know I told you about all the wonderful things the doctors say about sauerkraut—well, here they are. Maybe now you'll believe."

"Oh, I believe you, Bob. I know sauerkraut tastes mighty good, anyway. But I never knew it *did* any good."

"Well, for instance, just listen to what Dr. Wiley says about it. You know who Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is—Director of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, conducted by *Good Housekeeping*, and one of the highest authorities on foods. Here's what he says:

" 'Cabbage is one of the vegetables which is found to be the richest in vitamines. It contains all three of the vitamines. I am therefore a great believer in the free and extensive use of cabbage, especially when it is raw. But after all, I think there is no form in which cabbage can be used to such an advantage as in sauerkraut. The slight acidity of sauerkraut also safeguards against the destruction of the vitamines in cooking. It is a well-established fact that vitamines resist high temperatures much better in an acid medium than they do in a neutral or alkaline medium'. "

"Well, that certainly is convincing."

"There are many other statements by eminent scientists in the booklet. Here—take it. You'll find it interesting. And don't forget—I can add my own humble testimony. As I told you the other day, I feel so much better in every way since I began eating it. And it certainly isn't 'hard to take'."

"All right, me for sauerkraut! I'll ask Grace to get some tomorrow."

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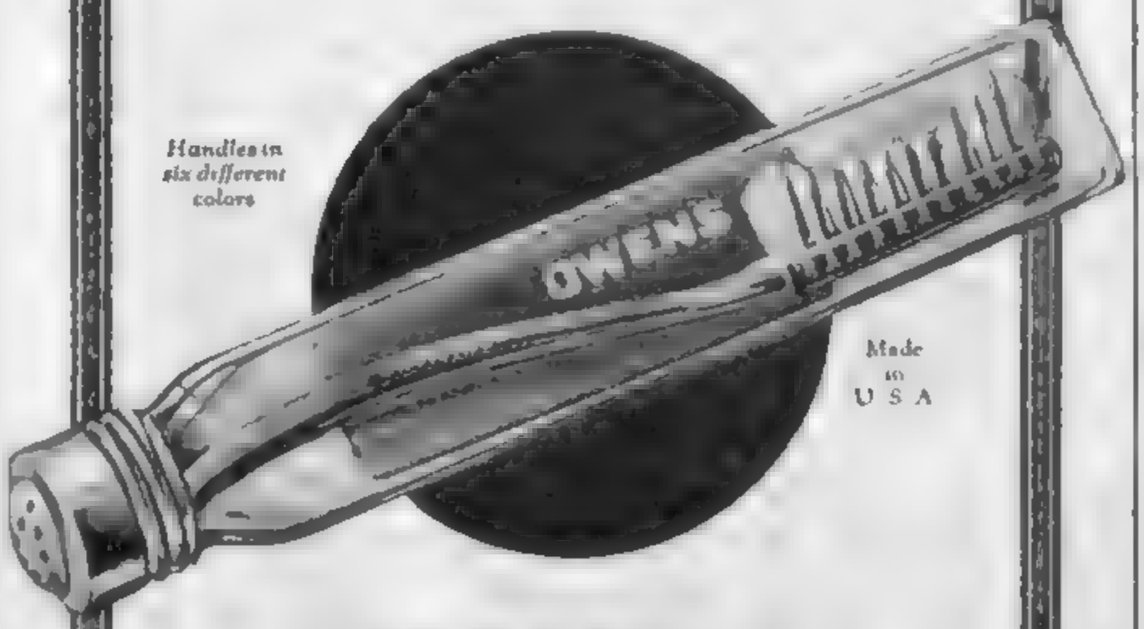


OWENS
Stapletied TOOTH BRUSH
THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO.

made certain furtive trips about the room, his fierce thirst arising again, half maddening him. Presently he went out. Roberts struggled out of his stupor, hearing heavy feet clumping down the gulch trail. He looked through the window and saw his partner hurrying away, every motion of his thick body indicating eagerness.

"Going to Seelyville!" thought the young man. "He got a taste last night, and now he's off for a spree!"

Half a mile down the gulch, Withrow's assurance began to return. "Best thing I could have done!" he thought confidently. "I'm down at Seelyville, relaxin' from the strain of the long summer's grind and havin' a good time. While I'm doin' that, I'm tellin' all the boys I left my cook in camp to watch things for me. Tell 'em he's a sick bum I brung up into the hills out of pity. He'll croak while I'm away—sure. I'll find him there and then I'll hurry right back to Seelyville and mourn a lot and tell 'em my poor ailin' cook was gone after all, and everybody'll feel sorry for me and buy me a drink."

The beauty of the thing appealed to him more and more strongly until he was lost in admiration of himself.

"Hot dog, Jake!" he applauded. "Ain't no use talkin', you got brains! Yes, sir, you got more brains than an elephant!"

IV

ROBERTS awoke early next morning with a singular feeling of relief. He lay for some moments, wondering why he was not so depressed as usual. He looked across at his partner's bunk, then suddenly recalled that Withrow had gone away. It came to him that his feeling of relief was due to this fact, and it was no wonder. For months he had been waking to an atmosphere of malignity and hate; an atmosphere as stifling and deadly as a tangible drug. It was as though some hideous reptile of mythology had suddenly withdrawn its poisonous breath from the cabin, leaving him feeling light-hearted and hopeful. He smiled as he heard a water ouzel singing on a rock down in the stream below the cabin. The air was chill and the sky overcast, but there was no wind. The water ouzel burst into another joyous rhapsody and Roberts got out of his bunk.

He felt remarkably well! It did not occur to him that this was but one of the many sinister symptoms of his malady, and he exulted. He was feeling better! He built up the fire and made his breakfast. Once he paused and regarded his bony fist, and the green scarab flashed from the white skin, confirming his hope.

"Good luck, old bug!" he smiled whimsically. "Maybe you're going to see me through, after all! Good old bug!" He glanced down at the hearth where his enemy had fallen and actually laughed. "One sock left in the old bone, after all!" he said. Why, he had a chance! Optimism seemed to flow from the green scarab ring as he regarded it again. Now if only the little tin tobacco box would hold out a while longer!

Suddenly he arose and crossed to the mantel, struck by a premonition. The little tin tobacco box was quite empty.

For a full minute the young man stood there, rigid and cold, staring into the box. This was the end—just when he thought he had a chance; Withrow had kicked the crutches from beneath him. The utter inhumanity of his partner was unbelievable. To murder for money—one could understand that. But to rob a dying partner of life merely to finance a drunken spree ——

And then he noticed the little bottle, which Withrow had forgotten and left standing beside the tobacco box. Roberts picked it up and rolled it mechanically between his white fingers. He ceased to roll it when the tiny golden sand bur tumbled into view, holding up the speck of grayish quartz upon one spur. For a single moment it poised, then the beating of the man's pulse shook the bottle, and the little telltale scurried on and was lost beneath the tumbling grains.

The man went to the window. By twisting his head and looking up past the eaves he could see the slope of Greenlog Mountain rising into the gray sky. A sheet of thin mist was crawling across the crest, a sure sign of approaching storms. Wistfully Roberts studied the slope. It appalled him. Then he noticed the two donkeys browsing down by the creek and he decided to ride up the slope.

Fifteen minutes later, riding one donkey and followed by the other, Roberts was jogging up the trail worn by Withrow's feet through the summer. A quarter of a mile up the mountainside the outside panningsof the triangle began coming closer together. Another quarter and they were but fifty yards apart. Withrow, thinking the sick man never would get up here, had said they still held far apart. Withrow had lied.

A hundred yards farther the pannings reached the point of the triangle. Here the ground was torn up for several yards in every direction. There were no trial holes above this place.

In the middle of the torn area was a line of fresh earth that some way or another distinguished itself from the other dug ground. It ran up and down the slope, and to Roberts it suggested a trench that had been refilled carefully. He dismounted and stuck a pick into the lower end of the line of earth. It sank to the head in fresh earth. He repeated the experiment time after time, traveling upward, always with the same result. At last he took a shovel and dug into the upper end of the suspicious earth. Almost immediately he came upon a collection of loose rocks. He brought one up and examined it. This rock did not belong there. It was dry, sun-baked, covered by rock lichens, like the thousand other fragments of float rock littering the slope all about him. He dug out others and found them the same; loose fragments gathered hurriedly, flung into the trench and covered with loose earth.

Roberts studied the work. Apparently it was about a week old. This corresponded with the time when he had noticed his partner's air of suppressed excitement. He sat upon a stone and began piecing together the many details, leaping into the light of understanding now that he had found the key.

For days, perhaps weeks, Withrow had been showing him the same panning, hoping to discourage him off the lay. A week ago the man had found something—and covered it with rocks and earth, then beginning his campaign of waiting—for his partner to die!

The little golden sand bur had given his victim the clew!

"And now he's down at Seelyville celebrating his great strike!" thought Roberts, a battle light coming into his eyes. "Hoping I'll be so accommodating as to die while he's away! Well, I'm not going to be such a poor fish!"

He got to his feet and rolled up his sleeve, contemplating his arm. It was shrunken and soft. But again that unnatural access of nervous energy came to him, though now it was from the stimulus of excitement and a great and righteous wrath. Make a fool of him? Use him for a good thing?

"Old son," he apostrophized himself, "you used to be a regular he-man! Let's see if you've got one more kick left in you. If you have—why, we'll land it in Big Jake Withrow's slats! You'll probably die trying, but here's hoping! Come on, shovel—let's go! For the first time in your career you've an honest man at the end of you, anyway!"

It did not seem probable or possible that he could last through the task. But it was as though the indomitable spirit that once was his had come back and taken authority over the stricken body. He worked in a sort of mental ecstasy, resting often, but going grimly on.

Next day it was snowing heavily. The wind had risen and was howling down the gulch. Halfway home, proud and happy, Big Jake Withrow surged up against the storm, stumbling over rocks and staggering now and then, bawling a song to the indifferent hills, now rapidly turning white:

"I'm a bad, bad man, and my name is Bill;
You never saw a badder, and you never will;
I never miss a drink nor pay a bill;
I'm the best bad man on Vinegar Hill ——

"Well, look who's here!"

Suddenly out of the smother of flying snow two figures had appeared in the trail before him—a heavily laden donkey, followed by a coughing man. The donkey stopped and went to sleep. Withrow walked round him and stood staring in astonishment at the drooping figure of his sick partner.

"Well, by gum!" he exclaimed. "I sure thought you'd be dead!"

Roberts leaned against the rump of his donkey and grinned valiantly, smothering a cough.

"Fooled you, didn't I?" he said.

Withrow grinned, too, showing his yellow teeth and rocking unsteadily, his pockets full of bottles. "You sure did!" he admitted. "Where you goin'? Decided to beat it, after all?"

Roberts looked at him, a level look, but the boy's face was masklike as usual. "Yes," he said, and the tone gave no hint. "You can have the ground. I'm through!"

"Attaboy!" Withrow was delighted beyond all measure. "You got a little sense, after all, even though you are shy on lung. Goin' drink to you!" He drew a bottle from his pocket and tilted back his head. "Ah-h-h! Say—why!" He reached out and put a hand on the bulging pack. Then he roared with delight. "You're packin' out your gosh-rammed pile of rocks, ain't you?" he said. "Couldn't bear to leave 'em behind after pilin' 'em up all summer!"

Roberts grinned but made no reply. But his eyes were not smiling. Withrow failed to notice this important fact. "Goin' to drink to you a thousand times after I dig out my pocket!" he promised. "Drink to you all over San Francisco—while you're sittin' on the park bench with the rest of the bums. Say, I bet you I'll be surprised when I dig out that pocket!" He was half talking to himself now, maudlin. Roberts struck the donkey with a stick and started on.

Over his shoulder as he went, "Yes," he called, "you'll be surprised, I bet you—when you dig into that pocket! Good-by—partner!"

And then he disappeared in the whirl of falling snow. A cough came back out of the storm, and Withrow laughed.

"Barkin' like a houn' pup chasin' a ringtail!" he said. "Well, back to the old home for me!" He went on up the trail, bucking the storm with the vigor of his gross body, bellowing to the universe: "I'm a bad, bad man, and my name is Bill."

■

IT WAS dark when Withrow reached the cabin and the remaining donkey was rending the heavens with weeping after his departed comrade. Roberts had tied him to a corner of the cabin. Withrow did not trouble to attend to the lonely beast, but went inside and sat down in solitary triumph before the fireplace, pulling out a bottle.

The bottles lasted two days, but it took two days longer for the man to get out of his stupor. By that time two feet of snow lay in the gulch. The depth increased steadily up the slope, and at the place where Roberts had found the apex of the trial pannings the fall was packed nearly four feet deep—and the storm increasing all the time. Withrow looked out at the prospect with bleary, blinking eyes.

"Good-by till spring, ole pocket!" he muttered. "Man'd be a fool to try to dig you out of such a snow as this. Lose half of it. Freeze to death too. Me, I'll just let you lay there till the snow goes off in the spring; that's what I'll do. You're safe, ole pocket; safe as though you was in a bank! I'm holed up here, warm and snug. Why worry? If I only had some more booze!"

Nevertheless, the man had a rough winter. He had spent nearly all of Roberts' supply of cash for booze. He made one trip to Seelyville for supplies, but spent most of his funds for whisky. The meager stock of provisions he brought back exhausted itself a month before spring broke. With the few shells he had left he managed to kill a half-starved deer now and then, but by and by deer meat became loathsome to him. When spring finally came he was a wreck, ragged, unkempt, half starved and lighter by twenty pounds.

There came a warm rain late in March and took away the snow. Withrow went up the hill, eager and triumphant. It had been a tough wait, but here he was, ready to gather in the fruits of his scheming. Roberts, no doubt, was dead. Fine! Didn't matter, though, one way or the other. The claim wasn't covered by a location notice. Even if he were alive, Roberts had not the slightest chance in the world of proving anything. Well——

He found the pick and shovel where he had left them last fall. The top of the hidden trench was still covered with earth. "Not a thing been touched!" he exulted, and began to dig, his great hairy hands shaking with excitement. "Ole pocket," he panted as he dug, "come out of it! They's a man callin' you! A reg'lar he-man with whiskers! And brains! Brains like a flock of elephants. What's this?"

It was an old tin can, hidden beneath the rocks with which he had covered his find. He turned it over and examined it, puzzled beyond measure. Inside it he found a piece of paper, neatly folded and wrapped in tinfoil from a tobacco package. He unfolded it and read:

I hope you had a very pleasant winter. If it came to the worst, of course you could eat the jackass. Myself, I never cared for jackass meat.

That was all. No; scribbled lower down was:

P. S.—Dig deeper. I am a just man and I have left your share for you. You have earned it.

Something seemed to burst in the man's paralyzed brain. He seized the shovel and began digging madly. And as he dug, the horrible truth began to coruscate in his frenzied mind—somehow or another Roberts had beaten him to it! While he had been down at Seelyville having a good time that accursed lunger had risen from the gateway of death, come up here and robbed him of his pocket! "Why, he must have had it on that jackass the day I met him goin' out—the low-down, double-crossin' houn'! And I thought it was rocks! Throwin' down his pardner—and me thinkin' he was dyin'! Playin' possum, that's what he was doin'"—all the time shoveling madly, his breath coming in sobbing gasps as he worked, hoping against hope.

His shovel hit another tin can. He examined it and found another package: a bit of paper wadded about some small object. He opened it with fingers that shook so badly he could hardly control them. Out of the paper dropped into his palm—the little round bottle which he had carried home every night to hoodwink his invalid partner! He stared at it, veins throbbing in his neck, congested eyes almost bursting from their sockets. A little nugget poised for a moment on the heap of tumbling grains; a little golden sand bur with a fleck of grayish quartz stuck upon one point. A moment later and with an impish flirt it scurried over and was lost amid its fellows.

"Ruined!" sobbed the man. He dashed the taunting little bottle into the empty rock cavity and danced upon it in a frenzy of despairing fury. "Ruined—by my own pardner!"

Two weeks later a tramp clumped up the walk through the little city park, heading aimlessly toward the Stevenson Monument. He was dressed in tatters, dirty beyond belief, hungry and, above all, thirsty. His haggard eyes fell upon the figure of a man sitting in the middle of the green-painted park bench; a senile, bleary, toothless specimen, perfect type of the city bum, old in years and sin. Opposite the bench the tramp stopped.

"Got anything to drink, pardner?" he asked.

"Besshir life!" cackled the old wreck shrilly. "Goin' to keep it too! Besshir life!"

Withrow hung about wistfully, the aged derelict watching him. He sat down upon the bench. "I been done dirt, pardner," he said, and sighed—the sigh of a wronged man, broken of heart and spirit.

"Cheerrup!" urged the other. He pulled a bottle from his pocket, looked at it, and drank. He looked at it again, hesitated, then passed it over reluctantly. A tiny modicum remained in the bottle. "Cheerrup!" he exhorted again. "Drink hearty! I got 'nozzer bozzle!"

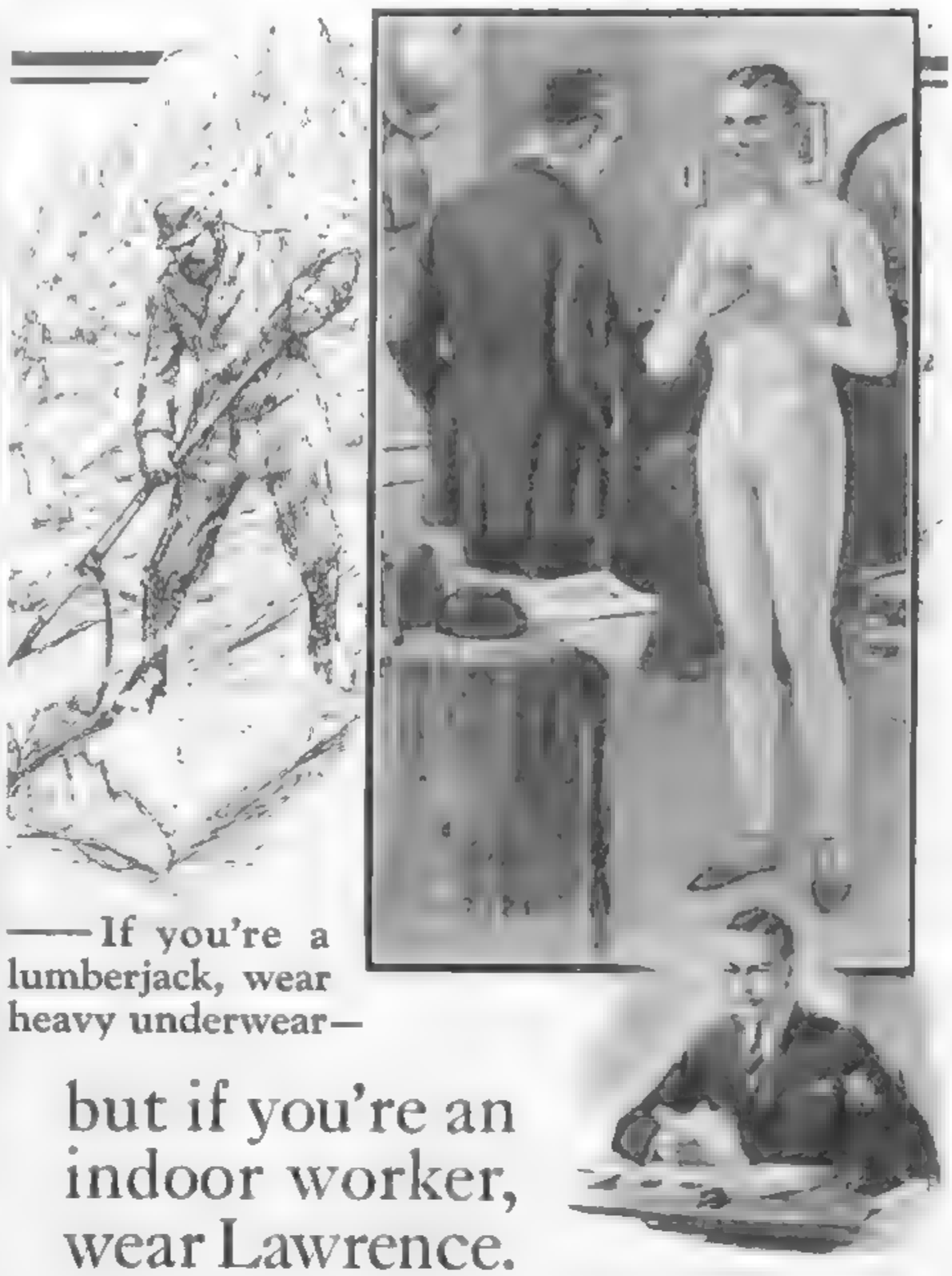
"Where'd you get it, pardner?" wheedled the big man.

"Got it offn a young feller," replied the bum. "About two hours ago. A good-lookin' young feller, dressed like the King of England and smokin' a cigar that smelt like the Queen of Sheby! He'd just come out of the hospital and was goin' east to marry a girl or somepin' like that. He told me all about it. People like to talk and tell their secrets to strangers. You know how it is. Well, this young feller comes up and stops, lookin' at the park bench, like he'd seen it before. Then he sees me.

"'I was holdin' down that bench myself,' he says, 'a year ago. Now I got fifty thousand dollars!' Just like he had to tell somebody or bust.

"'I ain't had a meal for two days, mister,' I says, workin' me old graft. He grins and hands me a five-dollar bill. 'It's worth it,' he says, 'to see you holdin' down that bench instead of me! I'm sittin' so pretty today,' he says, 'that I feel like givin' somebody somepin'!' He forgot me then and went on lookin' at the bench, thinkin'.

(Continued on Page 118)



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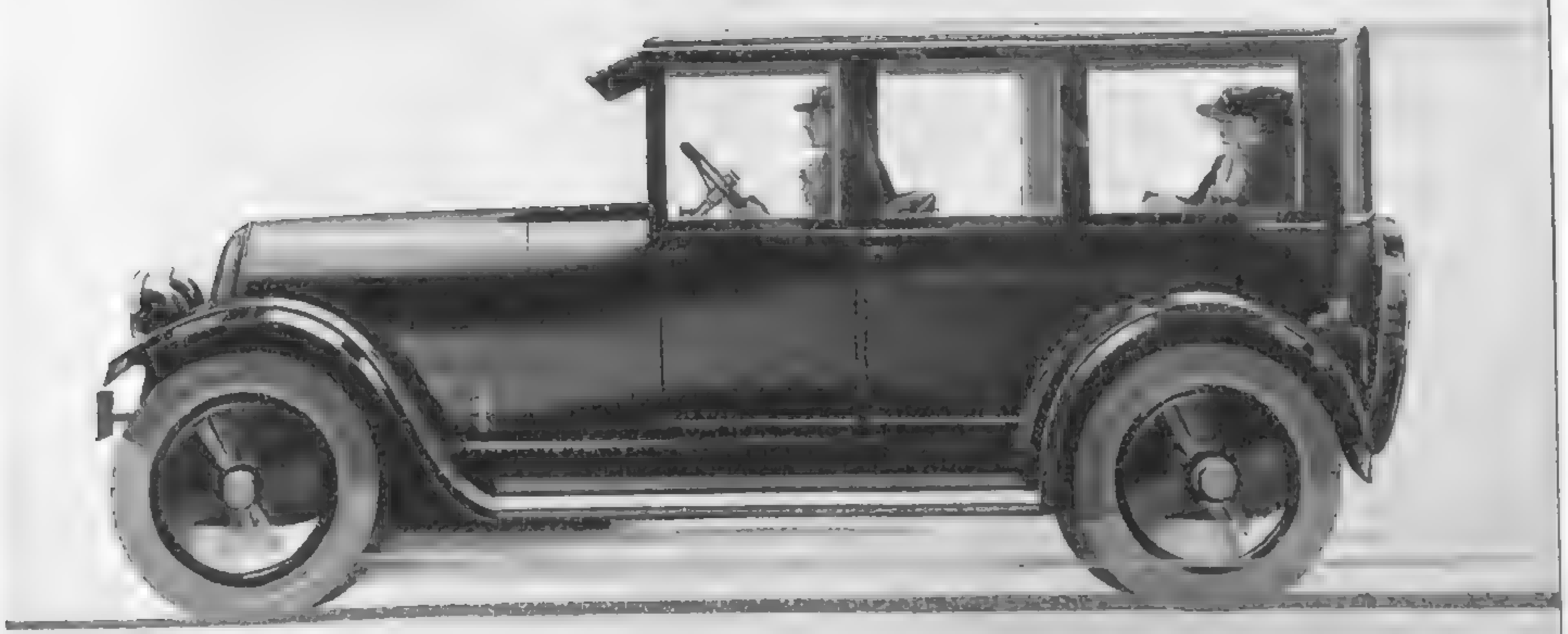

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New York Liverpool London

Wizard Arch Builders

(Continued from Page 115)

"'Yes, sir,' he says after a while, 'I was sittin' here, sick and all in. A big feller come along and I told him about a pocket I was huntin', up in the Coast Range. He wanted me to take him in as a pardner. So I did. But he was a crook.'

"I was anxious to get away, but I was too polite. 'Did he skin you, mister?' I asks. The young feller grinned again. He was a mighty good-lookin' young feller, and I stuck on, thinkin' maybe he'd come across again. 'No,' he says. 'He would have skinned me, only he didn't even have cup custard where he'd ought to've had brains, and I beat him to it! On my way out of the hills in a snowstorm I blowed up and fell in the trail and some fellers found me and took me to the dinky hospital at Seelyville. There was a young doctor there. He'd just come up to operate on the superintendent of the Liberty Mine. This young doctor looked me over. "You ain't got no t. b.!" he says. "Rib splinter ticklin' your lung. Abscess, prob'ly. You're in a bad shape, of course; but you lemme take you down to my hospital in San Francisco and I bet I fix you up better'n you was before!" He's just discharged me and now I'm goin' home.'

"'Why,' says I, 'you ain't sick none at all now, are you?'

"'Not even a bellyache!' he says, and laughs till you could hear him plumb to Market Street. I see he ain't goin' to come across no more, so I shakes me dogs for Dillon's. So ——"

"I bet you that's him!" burst out Withrow hoarsely. "The double-crossin', robbin' lunger that done me out of my pocket! Where was he goin'?"

"I dunno. I was in a hurry. But east somewheres."

The old bum drew a second full bottle fom his pocket and touched the cork lovingly. But happening to glance aside he caught the avid gleam in Withrow's eyes and got up, sidling away with the bottle hugged to his side.

"Hol' on, pardner!" begged Withrow in agony. "Did—did this feller wear a ring with a green bug on it?"

"Shore did!" said the old bum, still traveling with the bottle hugged jealously to his heart by a skinny claw. "He showed it to me. Said it meant good luck."

For a long time Withrow sat there—alone. Without hope. He did not know where Roberts lived. Worst of all, there had been no joint location notice recorded upon the property. He himself had seen to that!

Hungry, ragged, tired to death from his long hike down from Barrel Gulch over stony trails, beaten and broke, Withrow hunched forward in the middle of the little green-painted park bench. It was beginning to rain.

SIX ISLANDERS

(Continued from Page 23)

envelope which reached me while I stared at the spires of Southampton. Beatrice Maude deals with great situations informally, as an ambitious woman should:

You can come to my wedding with R. H. Prine of Wales on May 1, 1928, but before if Mother says at Westminstr Abbey, London, W.

I think it was Dryden who declared that the pangs of defeated love are soothed by the knowledge of an exalted successor.

II—Kippy

HE OWNS the best hotel in London, and is modest about his estate, and not given to making loud remarks unless you sit down on him while he is drowsing in the corner of the green couch in his office. Then he yelps in a thin, grieved fashion, wistfully. During the war he was sometimes spoken of by military men as "that damned dog," but this was owing to a fondness for spurs that raged in Kippy. He came a hundred yards down Jermyn Street to bite my spurs in August of 1918, and might have squired me back to Winchester and the American Expeditionary Forces if a policeman hadn't said, "That dog from the Cavendish is after you, sir."

It shocked me, because his attitude toward Jermyn Street is fearfully cold. He plants his gray paws on a window sill and considers the narrow way now and then after dusk when cars stop and dandies come filing to dine in the little restaurant with its green walls and clear lights, where there is no band. Occasionally he takes an old friend to the curb and waits for a taxicab. But a pedigreed Scotch terrier that has lived at Versailles and swallowed the ribbon of a Victoria Cross has nothing to say to Jermyn Street. One meets rather common dogs off the pavement. A swine of a Chow bangs about the Turkish baths a few doors off, and that lop-eared brute—whose mother might have been anyone and probably was—in attendance on the Hotel Jules, swings a nasty set of teeth. Kippy trots out of publicity through the calm brown hall, and perhaps goes to watch the person who thinks that she manages his hotel getting up fresh chintzes in one of the little suites that rim the courtyard. Or there is a couch covered in glazed mauve fabrics close to the fireplace of an oval room on the first floor. Or someone decent may be lunching on game pie.

Why bother with Jermyn Street? Let the dogs have it. The Cavendish is the best hotel in London, and hence the best hotel in the world. A dog that would live in a Turkish bath would belong to the Labor Party! Even in winter, when the hundred bedrooms are mostly empty, Kippy stays at home. I am not laughing at him. He is a little gray old dog that has a kingdom of handsome chambers, of rare furniture to be gravely studied with his ears perked, of tall mirrors between draped windows that seem to drag a view far off into a long, glittering past. His hotel could only be in London, where old things are renewed and last while brittle generations smash up and down, elsewhere, and make a mess.

But conservatism has its dangers. There comes the crisis to be met. The thing entirely strange and malevolent arrives. One gets—well, flustered. I have no standing with Kippy, in particular; but I gave him some of my tournedo Rossini one day in February and he lent me his company through the hall, through the doors. He sneezed at Jermyn Street, and the page let the door close behind him. So he waited for a taxicab to take me away and lifted his black nose to saline air that blew from the Channel across his island.

Then he smelled another smell and came down to the curb, growling. There was a negro in a red fez, leading a camel up Jermyn Street. Kippy looked at them and resolutely barked. This was a vulgar business and it put him out of countenance. Mustn't be allowed. Dogs, motors, horses, men, belonged on Jermyn Street, but this—no! He barked; sat down in the gutter to bark steadily, and his ears stiffened. The camel was in trade too. It was advertising a new brand of Turkish cigarette. Kippy's gray fur really bristled. His barks shot out, and after every lunging noise he stopped to watch the camel run.

But it didn't. It came on, larger and more yellow, swinging its silly feet. Its looped neck swayed with scarlet cords and bells jingling and flopping. Here! The cad in charge was letting it near the curb too. Kippy made his best noise. The thing looked sideways down at him with a supercilious ripple of its mouth. Kippy whooped a battle cry and leaped. He rolled over and over between the beast's feet, and it went on regardless, wagging its tail.

As Kippy limped past me his growl needed no translation. This was what came of helping Yankees on a bit. He went up his steps and sat with his back to me until somebody opened his door. It shut behind him with a dreadful bang.

III—Hilda

SHE was, like most English barmaids, extremely plain and by no means young; but she stood grandly behind a curving counter and pulled beer pulls and mixed gin with bitters and smiled at the racing men who filled the tawdry depth of the bar, which, like most English bars, was so ugly that it couldn't have been equaled in Paris. I delight to destroy legends. It may be that there are, buried in English cathedral towns, charming bars and barmaids. But the average bar and barmaid in London merely go to prove that the islander takes his alcohol seriously. Well, here was Hilda. She had given a friend of mine the right tip for a race somewhere and now received his thanks with "Oh, glad to oblige, 'm sure, sir," and swashed black ale into a prodigious glass for

(Continued on Page 121)

THIS IS THE ERA OF ELECTRICITY
IT IS WIDESPREAD AVAILABILITY
AND ECONOMY WE OWE MOST OF
OUR PRESENT-DAY PROGRESS SIMI-
LARLY WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS IN
STORE FOR INDIVIDUAL COMMUNI-
TIES AS WELL AS NATIONS WILL BE
LARGELY DETERMINED BY RURAL
ELECTRICITY AS AVAILABILITY AND
COST ACCORDINGLY IS IT NOT THE
PART OF WISDOM TO MAKE RATIONAL
DUE TO INTERESTS THEIR RIGHTS
OF PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANIES
WHOSE FUNCTION IS TO DISTRIB-
UTE ELECTRICITY ENABLE THESE
COMPANIES TO DEVELOP AND EX-
PAND AND THE COMMUNITIES THEY
SERVE WILL BE THE CHIEF
BENEFICIARIES.

Used for 10 years on her fine Rugs

Fifteen handsome oriental rugs—that have been beaten, electrically swept and air-cleaned by The Hoover once or twice weekly for the last ten years—are objects of frequent admiration in the charming home of Mr and Mrs Wm M Acheson, Greenwood Place, Syracuse, New York.

By their beauty of color, length of nap and unworn appearance, these rugs offer silent but eloquent testimony to Hoover care; for Mrs. Acheson never sends them out to be cleaned nor has a broom touched to them.

"People occasionally ask me if The Hoover wears off nap," she states. "My reply is that I cannot see where it has ever hurt my rugs in ten years of constant usage, and the experience of my friends has been the same—they are all perfectly satisfied."

The wonderful new light Hoover, with its easily connected air-cleaning attachments, will be gladly demonstrated in your home—without obligation—by any Authorized Dealer. Five to seven dollars a month quickly pays for a Hoover

THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS...as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Columbia Introduces Custom Coloring

An Innovation Among Moderately Priced Automobiles

The Columbia dealer in your city is now showing and demonstrating the finer and more beautiful 1924 series of Columbia Sixes.

Of special interest are the very striking new Columbia Hollywood models in custom colors—the Phaeton, Coupe and Sedan.

This is, we believe, the first time that the buyer of a moderately priced Six has been given an opportunity to express his individual taste and preference, not only in body colors but in upholstery to match.

Such a selection has been limited heretofore to purchasers of very costly motor cars or specially built custom bodies. It is now made available to Columbia owners in the beautiful new Columbia Hollywoods.

There are, in all, nine distinctive models in the 1924 Columbia line. While the basic design responsible for the enviable reputation of the Columbia Six has been retained, 48 distinct body and chassis improvements are embodied in these new models.

Smoother riding, more restful seating, even greater power and responsiveness and a notable refinement of detail and finish are immediately evident. The driver's control of his car has been made so completely positive that no car of its weight can be handled with greater ease or assurance.

In addition, the price of the very popular Columbia Phaeton has been sharply reduced, and every car in the line priced well under the figure you would judge it to be worth.

If you have not yet seen and driven one of the 1924 Columbia Sixes, we urge you strongly to do so at once. The Columbia dealer near you has a full line of 1924 models on display and will willingly place one at your disposal for a real road test with you at the wheel.

1924 MODELS Columbia SIX

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Nine Beautiful Columbia Sixes for 1924

(90)

Phaeton — Hollywood Phaeton
Sedan — Hollywood Sedan
Coupe — Elite Coupe
Sport Hollywood Coupe — Elite Sedan

To Automobile Dealers

The new Columbia line is accompanied by a new Columbia proposition, more attractive than any you have ever seen on a moderately priced automobile. Write for it.

Columbia

(Continued from Page 118

a man who was wearing a silk hat, a gray tweed coat and brown knickerbockers. But I could not consider his costume profitably with Hilda's voice in my ears

There are Americans who believe that all the English drop their h's and talk in a sort of falsetto stammer. There are other Americans, mostly elderly, who make incantations to some ghost which they call the beautiful English pronunciation. These last, I dare say, have not been much in England of late years. It was in 1896 that George Bernard Shaw inveighed against the fashionable voice of London, and in 1898 Harold Frederic wrote:

"Americans no longer need envy the British diction. The chatter of a London drawing-room begins to sound like a camp meeting in some backwoods district of the United States. If you want to hear English beautifully spoken, go to Cork."

Well, in London I heard English beautifully spoken by four people - spoken without a pinched syllable, crisply, perfectly. The four people were: An actress no longer in her first youth who has given up acting; an old clergyman beside a mummy in the British Museum who talked to me about Egypt; an American painter who lives in Paris; and Hilda. Otherwise the speech of London made me sorrowful.

Here was this dumpy, inconsiderable woman, whose hair resembled the skin of an aged potato; who wore a knitted pink shawl hauled together over a dress of some saddening blue cloth soaked in cheap perfume; from whose neck dangled four strings of utterly false and repulsive pearls, some cracked; who smiled as if wires dragged up the ends of her mouth; who navigated behind her bottles and machines in the waddle of a duck hunting worms, and spoke in a perpetual melody about horses and the owners and riders of horses and the backers of horses.

The refrain of her conversation was "What's yours, sir?"

She has been twenty years behind that curve of mahogany, they tell me; facing the harsh light and the smoke of the room, talking about horses. Her hazel eyes have seen slim jockeys turn to burly trainers and then to beggars.

"That chap who rode Minotaur in the Derby was here a while ago. Oh, quite a dreadful sight he was! I let him have half a pint. . . . The Yankee horse is my bet for the Grand National. Oh, he may be rather old, but he'll do. I've no patience with young uns for steeplechasin'. . . . What's yours, sir? . . . I'm from Shropshire, sir, where there's no horses to speak of."

This was a joke. She laughed, and I wondered why she had been allowed to leave Shropshire, twenty years ago. Ten men laughed along the bar; faces turned in the room's vaporous chill.

Hilda fingered her three wedding rings and asked a hulking lad, "What's yours?"

"Double Scotch, please, miss."

"Better have a beer, Teddy, or you won't stick three rounds tonight."

He said meekly "All right, miss," and drank his beer sedately, while a phantom grew alongside his elbow and croaked for gin. It was a female phantom, and horrible, being old. No one paid any attention to it except myself. There were six violets on the front of its black straw bonnet and they shivered while it fiddled with a scrubbing brush and waited for its gin, while it wept when Hilda didn't give it gin and wandered somehow out of the place, lugging a pail

"I don't approve of women in bars, you know," said Hilda. "What's yours, sir?"

IV—The Countess of X

BURY STREET is not broad and cars make a great racket when they come up its slope. This car was monstrous, anyhow, and it made an astounding noise before it stopped and shed a footman. Mr. Pont looked up from the gray-jade stork on a mat of blue velvet between us and gave a tiny moan. A dealer in rare curios should not moan when he sees an imperial motor at his door, but he moaned and said, "Do come into my office, sir. I've the most delicious bit of ivory straight from Peking. Do, please!"

The silk curtain dropped after us and I wondered if all these gleaming surfaces and carved gods had a scent, or if imagination works so when we look at ivory and lucid crystal ladies severely smiling on their little thrones of teak and malachite. Things from the East should smell of sandalwood. But Mr. Pont was not bringing me any delicious ivory. He stood against his curtain and listened with his hands locked behind his coat.

"Mr. Pont, if you please."

The woman spoke and Mr. Pont's assistant said:

"He's engaged, m——"

"Tell Mr. Pont that Lady X wishes to see him."

Stone Steps on Flying Squadron Mountain, Lafayette National Park, Maine

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

How to know a good bicycle store

THE merchant who shows this window-display (a happy boy coasting on an Iver Johnson Bicycle) is a good man to do business with.

Ask him to show you an Iver Johnson. Its stylish appearance will at once appeal to you as being far ahead of any other bicycle you have ever seen.

The experience and accurate workmanship, combined with the truss bridge construction and the high carbon seamless steel tubing used in the frame and forks, enable the Iver Johnson Bicycle to withstand all sorts of hard riding.

Fork-crowns, fork-ends, handle-bar stems, seat-posts, cranks and other vital parts are made of drop-forgings in our own plant. The two-piece crank set makes pedaling easy as walking. Fitted with two-point ball-bearings, which give greater support and better wearing surfaces.

Iver Johnson Bicycles are made in all sizes for men and women, boys and girls. Colors: Ivory Black, Copper Bronze, Poilu Blue, Iver Johnson Blue, and Maroon—put on with five coats of enamel; all nickel on copper.

Write for Catalog "B"

Describing our various models of bicycles for men, women, boys and girls; and also velocipedes.

Write also for Firearms Catalog "A" showing Iver Johnson Shot Guns and the famous "Hammer the Hammer" Revolvers.

IVER JOHNSON VELOCIPEDES
for little boys and girls

The same skilled workmanship and fine materials used in Iver Johnson Bicycles are also put into Iver Johnson Velocipedes.

Beautiful baked-on enamel, either red or blue, with white head. Nickel-plated fork and fittings. Made in three sizes.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
7 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass

New York: 151 Chambers St. Chicago: 108 W. Lake St
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DEALERS: A golden opportunity is yours to sell the entire Iver Johnson line. Write for information. Use the Coupon

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works,
7 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass

Gentlemen: Send me special Dealer Proposition and complete information

Name

Street

City _____ State

Kind of Store

-and NOW

The Gray Truck has been added to the already successful line of Gray Cars- With the world's official economy engine-with each unit and part designed and manufactured to fulfill every requirement of modern light delivery- This Gray Truck will speed up your transportation and lower its cost.

Gray

GRAY MOTOR CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan
Canada Chatham Ontario
Europe 63 Champs Elysees Paris
England 80 Brompton Rd London S W

Gray Prices at Detroit

Roadster - - $510 Coupe - - - $685
Touring - - $520 Couch - - - $785

4 Door Sedan $835
Gray Truck - $575

It seemed that each word slapped the curtain. Silk shook; Mr. Pont gave another little moan, stepping back; his assistant put in a worried face and made mouths; Mr Pont went out and the woman said "Ah!" in just the long note of one who finds the cat with its head in the cream jug.

She must be standing in the middle of the tiny shop One of the minute jars on the round case, there, jingled.

She said: "You'll recall that I bought several cups here yesterday, and you sent them for me? To Mrs. Struthers in Cromwell Place? So glad you do remember. Open that box, Rogers."

It took her footman three seconds to open the box. Her voice had roused every nerve behind my ears. It rolled and grated and bit. The whip cracked; I was hearing privilege lambaste the inferior person. I had always wanted to hear that scene played through as it is played annually in ten English novels. Well, I was hearing it and I wanted to see it.

"I'm so sorry, Lady ——"

"It's so good of you to be sorry! Wedding present, you know, for Millicent Struthers. . . . Why the devil"—the voice slowed—"can't you people wrap things decently? You rather should, shouldn't you? Eh?"

"I'm so very sorry, madam. Of course, the cups can be replaced. The wedding's for Monday, I think. If ——"

"D'you think it at all likely that I'd trust you to send anything anywhere after this?"

The curtain drifted. No, I could not see the Countess of X. I could see Mr. Pont's left hand twitching behind his back. He is seventy years old and the veins are singularly clear under his skin. It appeared that his hand was mobile ivory, with bands of porphyry pulsing inside its thin weight.

"I should be sorry to lose your custom, Lady ——"

"You damned well have," the voice assured him. "It's too beastly careless. Yes, you've quite thoroughly lost it. Who's that dealer in Duke Street? Eh?"

"Charters, madam. I ——"

"Thanks," said the Countess of X, and there was the small noise of the closing door, of course, and I could see her furs sway into the cabin of the great machine. The olive footman swung in two movements to his seat beside the driver. Bury Street resounded with the flourish of the horn. I wondered if Mr. Charters in Duke Street would keep her custom long, and if the Earl of X likes his wife, and what her servants think of her manners.

"Oh, Mr. Pont," said the assistant, "there's only one of the cups cracked!"

He answered, "Tell Wilson to be more careful packing things," and came back through the curtain with its embroidered apes and lilies. "This bit of ivory, now—let me see." His fingers went pottering among boxes and marshaled crumbs of priceless carving on a shelf.

I asked, "Why didn't you throw something at her?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do. . . . Here we are. Seventeenth century. One begins to see the European influence." He turned with an inch of wrought beauty on his palm. The palm shook a little. Mr. Pont looked at me across it and then he said, so gently, "Do you happen to know Lady X's people in New York, sir? Her father, I believe, is one of your very wealthiest greengrocers."

V—Spencer

THERE was once a retired admiral who halted me in the Grand Central Station and said: "You have written a story about an enlisted man in the Navy who wore a white cap on the streets of New York in the month of January. Have you no sense? Don't you know that sailors never wear white caps in winter, unless they are in the tropics and there is a specific order that they must wear white caps?"

I tried to say, "Well, but I've seen them wear white caps in win ——"

"Nonsense!" said the admiral. "The regulations forbid it. They ——"

Three gobs swung around the corner of the baggage counter with the snow of midwinter melting on their jackets. They were all wearing white caps. The admiral went home and shortly afterward died.

But that sort of thing seldom happens to me. I may have the honest side of an argument, but it crumbles under me and I am left wallowing. If I say that taxicab drivers are sober and reliable men, a machine promptly runs at me with its driver plucking snakes from his ears. If I tell an Englishman that American legislators are often intelligent, he at once shows me the news of a bill passed somewhere to prevent voters from smoking tobacco hashed and rolled in thin paper, instead of hashed and rolled in cabbage leaf soaked with shellac, or to prevent the foundation of schools wherein the children might discover that literature has existed since the deaths of Charles Dickens and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Or if I tell an Englishman that there is a vague appreciation of art in the United States he produces a dispatch relating that a committee of virtuous women and blacksmiths has smashed a copy of the Discobolus somewhere south of Chicago and put a flannel wrapper on the Venus de Milo in the name of public morality. However, there was an Englishman sitting in my rooms one afternoon and I triumphed over him.

"The average Briton," he said, "knows of just two cities in the United States, New York and Washington, and he couldn't for his life name three of the states."

Very feebly I murmured that I thought he was exaggerating, and a key rattled in the lock. Spencer brought back my boots and two suits, all radiant and refreshed, and asked, "Anything else, sir?"

"Spencer, can you name three of the United States?"

Spencer screwed his eyes shut, stood on one foot briefly and said, "Oh—er—there's Neberaskay and Kan-sas and Okklehoma and Illinwass and those two Dakkotas and Ohyoh and California and Texas, sir. Thank you, sir."

"You've been in the States," said the Englishman.

"I, sir? Oh, dear no, sir. Thank you, sir."

He gave me his beaming smile and went out on his portentous feet without the least noise. There was nothing mercenary in the smile. He regarded me as a special amusement sent to brighten his days as valet of the second and third floors in this hotel

When he was unpacking for me I happened to say, "Better steal me some more coat hangers," and that sentence smote Spencer double in a colic of mirth. He reeled into the hall and told Queenie, the chambermaid, and Arthur, the governor of the open-work elevator. I was established in his mind as a wit. He watched me as one watches an oil well lately dug; I might say something frightfully funny at any time. The English are strange.

But there was something odd about the long creature. He was six feet high, and his noiseless movements, bringing in my boots or breakfast or a case of fresh laundry, were supple. He had an ugly brown face filled with innocent circular eyes and his curly black hair owed nothing to pomatum. He was most unlike a London hotel's valet; I thought him like the farmer's son of seven thousand posters and tales; he should be chewing a straw on a gate. I have never known a farmer's son who was at all innocent or who chewed straws unduly, but the characteristics of races are entirely fixed by their romances. The American thinks himself a superior man of business; the Briton thinks that he is a natural boxer; the Frenchman believes that he—and he alone—understands the fine arts. All three illusions have a remote root in fact. So I suppose that there was once an innocent farmer boy who sat on a gate and chewed a straw. But Spencer somehow, and in spite of his excellence as a valet, was plainly an amateur. He did my boots and clothes with charm and merit, but

"Where are you from, Spencer?"

"Oh—er Hampshire, sir. Quite close into Winchester. We'd a farm, sir."

"Like London better, Spencer?"

He stood on alternate soles and thought about it for a while.

"I really can't say. Be a bit lonesome if I went back, sir. Mother's gone out to Fred. Cissie's husband has the farm now. Anything else, sir?"

"Where's Fred?"

"Oh—er Neberaskay Done very well for himself Only thirty-six and he's got ninety acres and the agency for a kind of motor car, sir Took mother all around those Dakkotas last summer. She's left off wearin' corsets Wants me to come out. I'm youngest, sir. Baby of the family, in a way of speaking. Fred sent me the money. But I don't know. I can't swim, sir. Never could."

"But three thousand steamers get across the Atlantic every year without sinking, Spencer."

"Oh, er, sir, yes," said Spencer; "quite so. But there was a chap in my regiment that'd been in that there regiment that got strafed on the transport in that Med'terranean, you know, goin' to the Gallipoli business. And he couldn't swim neither. He was fair drowning, and one of those nurses gave him a pull into a lifeboat. He felt horrid about it."

"Still, it's only one chance in three thousand, Spencer."

He screwed his eyes shut to think and then he sighed, "Well, sir, yes. But it'd be horrid to go splashin' around in the wet and have a woman pull you into a boat, sir. I'd feel such a fool, sir."

VI—Shadow

IF YOU play bridge until three o'clock in the morning, not even London will sit up to find you a taxicab. The Haymarket is a slope of yellow, smoky fronts in daylight, all solid. Night knocks holes in this solidity. The night of London is a dramatic thing everywhere. They have spoiled Piccadilly Circus and Oxford Street with American flaming signs, but the Haymarket after midnight has this evil loveliness of shadows slashed into stolid planes of respectable gray, and bodies dwindle up the inclined pavement as if in flight from—the romantic mind or something. You come suddenly down from American talk and the sight of American papers flopped on a table of a room that might face on Fifth Avenue. An American elevator lets you out in a hushed lobby, and then you are so swiftly in an English street, queerly lighted by lamps that seem not to want to light it; and you remember that your passport is locked in your trunk, miles away, if anything should happen.

That clever poet who put together the one word "darkness!" Two slow syllables that toll and then sigh off and haunt the head. For it is only darkness that we fear, after all. Night may mean anything—a jolly show, kisses, the colored patter of cards on bright wood, ease of limbs in the fine grain of linen and a fresh pillow cool under one's neck. But darkness means—whatever it meant in that most distressed bed when you knew—knew that hands were creeping on the window sill among the honeysuckle and that the nursery stove had changed into the clanking Iron Man from the gardens behind the moon. Or was it a tall nothing that stood in the doorway and looked, motionless? Or did something come bulging down out of the roofless black to crush you silently? You screamed at last and no one heard, and you lived the beat of a million hearts until the lamp blazed up and it was just a dream, they said. But we all know that there was something there.

I had to walk down the Haymarket and I thought about an ace that might have saved a trick if my partner had played it. I forgave her just when I was turning into the narrow street beside an ugly little brick palace that is guarded by sentries who wear bearskin shakos on their heads and tramp very loudly so that the prince inside the palace will feel safe if he wakes up for a drink of water. The street goes on into the shimmer of a park and I stared ahead at bare trees that seemed a little green, tinted by the lamps, although my breath was going up in pale steam and my feet were cold.

And then he said, "I say—I say," out of darkness.

It was as though the voice spouted from a blank space of the wall. He was a shadow; but he was real, because cloth brushed brick and he said, so politely, "I say—sorry; but it's so dark here. It's frightfully dark!"

I nodded. The shadow moved on the wall's brown height and England was too small for us. Darkness held us together, and he said, "Two shillings—if you could ——" And a hand came out of the darkness with three black patches on the wrist as if he had pricked his white skin with a needle. The hand dropped with the silver.

He said, "Thanks, so very much," and I was walking on.

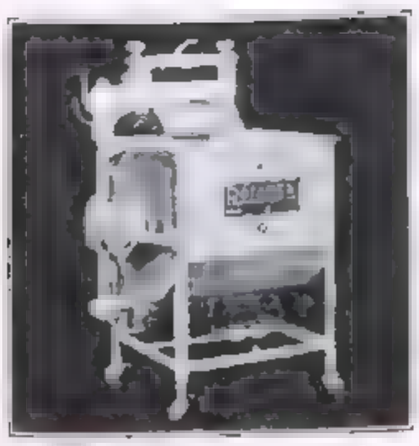
After a breath I looked back, of course; but he was still a shadow in the shadow of the wall.

Then a policeman said, "Good night, sir," in the broad light of the calm roadway.

A taxicab took me so comfortably on to the bright warmth of my hotel and the sight of flowers in a red bowl beside my green ticket for Saturday's boat.

"—and, notice, please, Madam"

"that while the APEX nozzle has only one mouth, it has *two* throats, lying side by side, through which it swallows the dust and dirt, lint, hair and litter.



"A single throat would permit the air to flow faster and more freely through the center of the nozzle than at its two ends, just as the water in a river runs faster in the middle than along its banks.

"But these twin throats (or this divided throat, if you prefer) develop the same degree of powerful suction at every point across the entire length of the nozzle.

"The advantage in time saving is the same as that of an 18-inch lawn mower over one with 12-inch blades. Instead of covering a path only six or seven inches wide, the clean swath left behind the APEX measures 13 inches in width, and no part of it has to be gone over again.

"The sloping lines of this nozzle are another patented APEX improvement. The dust and dirt that gather under heavy low-built furniture, the edges of your piano, and in other crevices where it can be seen but cannot be reached by any other means, is quickly and easily removed by this long, 'duck-bill' nozzle.

"At the same time the removal of dust from the *inside* of your piano is only one of scores of difficult cleaning tasks performed easily and quickly by the APEX cleaning attachments."

We bring our store to your door. Write for our local dealer's name. Ask for free copy of "From A to Z in Home Cleaning"—100 New Ways to Save Hours, Work and Money

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING CO.
1079 E. 152nd St., Cleveland, Ohio

Factories at Cleveland, O., Muncie, Ind., and Toronto, Can.

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ROTAREX
ELECTRIC CLOTHES
WASHER

The new type aluminum cylinder of the ROTAREX with its perforations in the ends of the cylinder embodies an entirely new washing principle by which the dirtiest, light or heavy garments are cleansed perfectly *without* wear or friction.

ROTAREX
HOME DOUBLE ROLL
IRONER

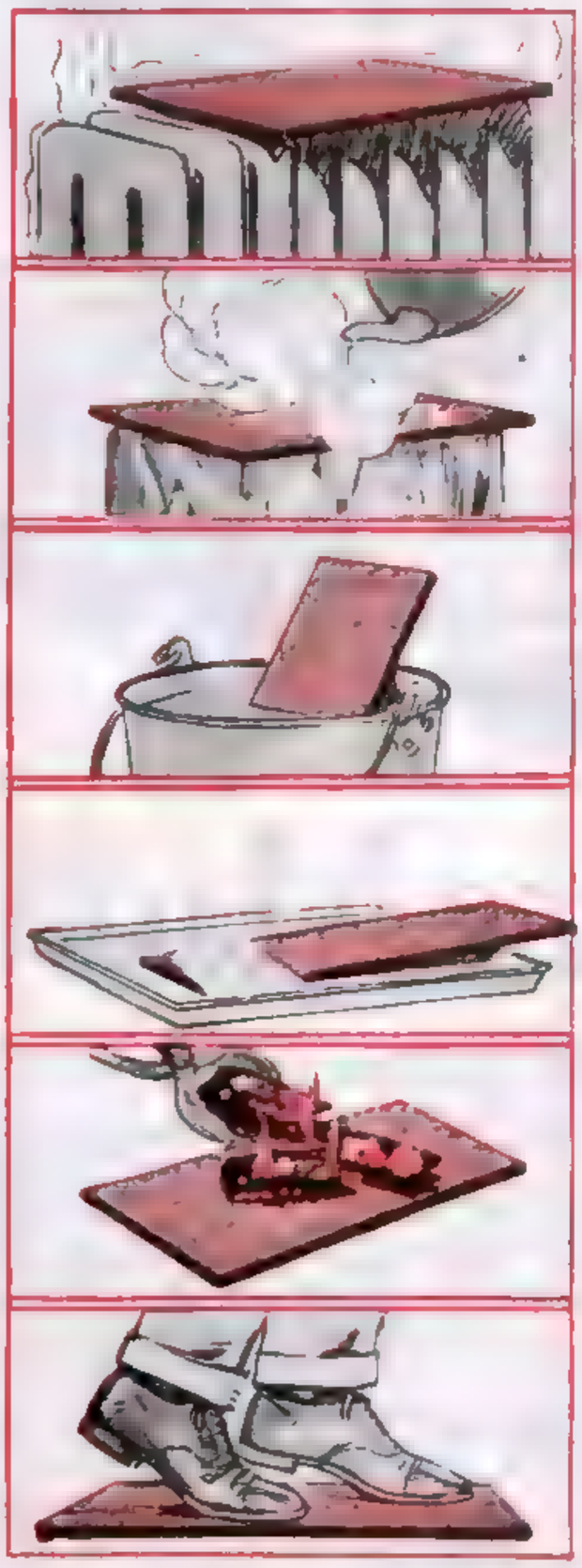
Does ALL the ironing and irons direct from the wringer when desired. The first roll dries and smooths; the second roll gives an added finish Equipped with revolving heater roll.

ROTAREX
ELECTRIC
Kook-Rite

Connects to any lamp socket. Bakes, roasts, browns, boils, broils and stews. Top heating unit reverses for frying, etc. TIMETER makes cooking automatic. No pot-watching.

6 Daring Tests

that prove VULCANITE quality



The Heat Test

1 Lay a sample of Vulcanite Slate Surfaced Roofing on a hot radiator for 12 hours. See if it will melt or dry out.

Years of scorching and baking in the sun will not affect Vulcanite. It's made of quality felt and quality asphalt. It never melts, dries, warps or curls.

The Ice Test

2 Now, lay the sample on ice for 12 hours. Then pour boiling water over it. See if the extreme sudden changes of temperature have affected its tough pliability.

Frost, sleet and temperature changes are not enemies of Vulcanite. Zero weather can't crack it. The rag felt "backbone" of Vulcanite roofing is carefully selected and of only the highest quality.

The Water Test

3 Soak the sample in water for 12 hours. See if, by weight, it absorbs any water.

Cloudbursts or hours of pelting rain roll off Vulcanite like water off a duck's back. Triple saturation under pressure (the famous Glendinning Process) waterproofs Vulcanite permanently.

The Acid Test

4 Immerse the sample in hydrochloric acid. See if it is affected in any way.

Smoke, coal or chlorine gas, acid or ammonia fumes do not harm genuine Vulcanite. Vulcanite Roofing can be used on homes, industrial or farm buildings without fear of discoloration or disintegration.

The Fire Test

5 Lay a burning ember on the sample. See if it sets the roofing on fire.

Live sparks, blazing embers on the roof will not set a Vulcanite roof burning. Vulcanite is approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

The Scuff Test

6 Lay sample on the floor; scuff it hard with your shoe. See how little of the slate surfacing will come off.

The beautiful non-fading crushed slate—not ground rock—is embedded in Vulcanite under pressure; no service could ever be so severe as this foot-scuffing test.

Be sure the roofing used for these tests bears the Vulcanite label and the Beaver trade-mark.

BEAVER

VULCANITE

A BEAVER

And VULCANITE *Shingles build a more beautiful roof*

In addition to the durability which is assured you through the six daring tests on the opposite page, Vulcanite Patented Shingles build a more beautiful roof.

Above is pictured the beautiful Hexagon Slab, an exclusive Vulcanite Shingle which gives a deep tile effect with heavy shadow lines. The exclusive design speeds up laying and insures double protection.

The Vulcanite Hexagon Slab Shingle is finished in attractive rich red, green or blue black crushed slate. It is only one of the many exclusive Vulcanite designs.

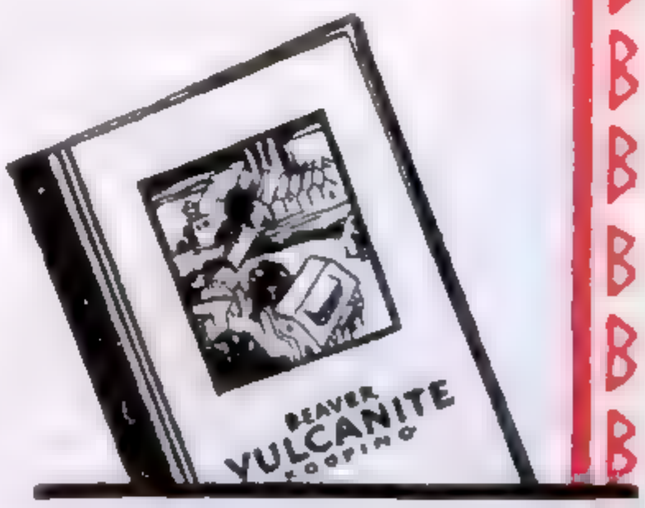
The complete Vulcanite line includes many types of slate-surface shingles and roll roofing in both standard and jumbo weight. Also smooth surface rolls finished in mica, talc or sand to meet any roofing need.

The Beaver Products Company, Inc.
Buffalo, New York
Thorold, Canada · London, England

Send for this new FREE BOOK
and samples of Vulcanite Roofing

Write today for your copy of this interesting book. It is illustrated in colors and gives all the facts about Vulcanite Roofing.

The Vulcanite Hexagon Slab Shingle builds a roof of extra thickness at every point, giving better protection and longer wear.



The Beaver Products Company, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Please send me without obligation a copy of your new Vulcanite Catalog, also sample of slate surface roofing.

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Address ..

Town or City..... State

Dept 4

ROOFING PRODUCT

To manufacturers of quality products

How to help your salesmen meet price competition

CHEAP-SUBSTITUTE competition is the bugaboo of every manufacturer of quality goods.

We, too, manufacture high-quality products—lubricating oils for plant machinery. We suggest that your salesmen may be interested in the following line of arguments which our own salesmen use successfully in meeting price competition. Very possibly your salesmen will find that they can adapt some of these points to their own selling.

We say:

·1·

The value of high-grade lubricating oil does not show in the check your cashier mails for it. It shows in the net profits your treasurer distributes at the end of the year.

·2·

The Vacuum Oil Company offers you the most *economical* lubrication you can buy. Not always in price per gallon, but in the thing you really pay for—*lubrication results*.

·3·

The time to judge the value of high-grade lubricating oils is not when you are billed for the oil, but when you come face to face with the savings—power saved, repair bills saved, production assured.

·4·

The bargain hunter, temporarily proud of his cheap lubricating oils, forgets that repair bills and replacement costs are included in the bargain.

·5·

As a manufacturing problem, it is far more difficult for us to produce high-grade oil which will effect operating economies than to make cheap oil to sell at a price.

·6·

We could manufacture and sell any grade of lubricating oils that we choose. We consult your best interest when we manufacture high-grade oils. You consult your best interests when you use them.

·7·

Your plant will profit more from the use of our high-grade oils than we do from their making

·8·

Plants where real economy is practiced tell us they judge lubrication by its ultimate savings—not its initial cost. Executives of such plants say—"We buy the best lubrication we can get regardless of cost"—"We find the cheapest oil to be the oil that lubricates most"—"A few cents more per gallon is nothing compared to the cost to us of a single over-heated bearing"—"Our long use of high-quality oils has cut in half the annual depreciation on our engines and machines."

AS specialists in the manufacture of high-quality lubricants, for over half a century, the Vacuum Oil Company is dedicated to a broad service:

To help secure the fullest operating profits from every known type of engine and machine for every industry in every country.

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Detroit	St. Louis
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Pittsburgh
Milwaukee	Des Moines	Kansas City, Mo
Buffalo	Rochester	Dallas
	Albany	Oklahoma City

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 29)

may not be just, but along the line of retribution I deserve injustice.

My recollections of that first winter in Nashville are vivid. I had never lived in a city before, but always in country communities or in small towns where we knew each other even as we are known. Judgment days are every day. In this city nobody seemed to care much about extending his or her acquaintance. I remained a stranger within the gates for something like five years, and later discovered that Nashville is a hospitable and friendly old town.

A Methodist preacher and his wife always move in the best society everywhere; not rich or fashionable people, you understand, but good people who entertain naturally, without making a fuss about it in the society columns of the next morning's paper. With the exception of that one dead year after we left Oxford, I was always invited to everything, from the neighborhood picnics and the village sociables on up to tea parties and Sunday dinners. Now it was different. You must arrive some way before you are received into the polite society of a strange city. We were in Nashville, but we might as well have been in Kamchatka so far as social recognition was concerned. Lundy was totally oblivious of this situation, but it disturbed me not to be on smiling, speaking terms with this great town.

Our room in that Jerusalem barracks overlooked the fashionable residence street, and I remember how queer I felt one day watching a long line of carriages drawn up in front of the next house, where the hostess was giving a reception. I felt queer because I had not been invited—not that she knew me. That was the queer part of it—to be very much alive next door to a woman who did not know that I existed. But I have been saved by my sense of humor more times than by any other method of salvation. Another day shortly after that I stepped up into the street car at our corner on my way downtown. The only vacant seat was one partially occupied by this same lady.

"Beg pardon, this seat is reserved for a friend," she said, giving me a hoisting look.

"Well, I am a friend," I returned, and settled down with those motions a woman makes when she expects to be seated a long time.

The friend did not appear. We rode together like two graven images of different species downtown to the shopping district.

I might record many similar incidents during those early days in Nashville. I have always found it possible to be mischievous without being malicious, and I had to do something to keep up the sparkle of my own human nature. I was reasonably happy, infinitely relieved from anxiety about Lundy, and I was working very hard, with no natural diversions and practically no social life. But I doubt if I appreciated the advantages and freedom of being unknown and without any sort of reputation to sustain as I do now. Living up to your reputation is a fearfully exacting business. My present plan is to try it again at the earliest possible moment. My idea is to get a long way from where I have ever been, buy a few sticks of furniture, set up housekeeping, go to church every Sunday, pay my missionary dues, read the church papers and start another literary career from the bottom, under another name, and find out for sure what is in a name; also, how it feels again to be of no reputation and out to win on my merits if I have any.

But I must finish this present life first. It is not my plan to take anything of it with me but a few photographs, a Bible, some volumes of poetry and my last winter's hat and suit

My great mistake for the last ten years has been looking better off than I am, and I seem to be getting a slightly pompous air. Nothing reduces your power of presence in a strange community like wearing your former clothes

I began, during this period of human detachments, those studies of men and women which later gave me a reputation for understanding human natures. Nobody does; but if you put your whole mind on it, you may get a wonderful smattering of what people do not know about themselves until you tell them. You cannot know a man by his faults or a woman by her vanities, but by their good qualities; their strength in virtues rather than the incidental weakness of human nature. It gives you a grand feeling to go after your fellow man with this kind of focus on him. When you are ready to copy him out you merely put in his limitations by way of balancing the scenes of his character.

She Invariably Looked Straight at You, Without the Least Meaning, as If She Gazed Calmly at Your Dead Body, Not You

There was a little dark wren of a woman who worked in the Sunday-school department. She had a sort of twinkling homeliness and a comedian's gift for dramatizing the incidents of everyday life. She was the beloved Puck of our household. You could never have thought of her as an old maid, although she was far gone in her thirties and unmarried. She had no love affairs and apparently no memories. But she was subject to strange eclipses. Once in so often her light went out. Then she would sit like the smoking wick of herself in our background and have nothing to say. Never would she retire on these occasions and have her fit in her own room like any other woman. She was determined to be present but not voting, so to speak.

This was not temperament. She was famous for her good sense and her efficiency; humor and kindness were her attributes. If her wit touched you it was a light flashed on you, not a sting. But she had a thorn in her side like a poor little Saint Paul, some weakness, or a sorrow, bravely borne in silence. It requires more strength in a woman to keep her mouth shut than it does in a man. She had it. After fifteen years of faithful service, she finally let go and disappeared with the brief explanation that she was going home, when all along we had supposed the little room she occupied over the kitchen was the only home she had.

I have thought of this woman a thousand times. She has been one of the inkpots of my imagination for twenty years. Who was she and what was she? A sordid explanation will not do. My feeling has always been that she deserved the best one could think.

But my experience is that the mysterious character is not the best one to portray in fiction. Most people are simple, especially readers. They read for the pleasure of being illusioned, not many of them for the literary flavor of the tale. This is why mystery stories are so popular. They are simple—what you may call primer fiction, which appeals strongly to the not highly developed imagination of the general reader. I do not suppose anyone ever wrote a truthful tale of bandits, for example, because as a rule writers do not belong to the outlaw class. They get their material secondhand and garble it to satisfy the popular idea of what arson, robbery and murder are. Robbers do not write their own literature. They appear totally devoid of this talent, and if one of them should write a really truthful account of his exploits it would be sordid and disillusioning. The police would be the only people who would read the thing, and that from a sense of duty.

I have noticed this in my experience as an author, which has never touched the criminal classes. Most of the stuff I have written is the truth one way or the other. Most of the characters portrayed are at least composite men and women I have known. But I am careful not to reveal this fact to the editor I am planning to take in. If I do tell him it is the truth and nothing but the truth, he will send it back as sure as fate; and in an author's career nothing is so important as keeping your favorite editors spoofed. The long and short of it, my dear hearts, is that what we all want is fiction, not facts. This is natural when you consider how much more fiction we produce in living than mere facts.

Truth is a fearful thing. We have the strength to achieve very little of it. War is imagination fought out. The truth back of war is ugly, financial, political. Love is all romance and imagination. Just let the most literal-minded honest man of your acquaintance become a lover, and watch him lie. He becomes a noble exaggeration of himself. He sacks his real virtues and struts in the poetry of purely imaginary traits. He cannot help it. Observe the good little maiden, how she enhances herself with clothes that are not born on her, makes the very hair on her head deceive you about her plain little face by doing it up romantically above and around this face.

For all these reasons I contend that the simple good man or woman is easier to finance in fiction than the twisted, complicated types, because by nature and instinct the reader is closer kin to them. It is like reading yourself in large type, before you became what you are, to read the story of plain people who do their good deeds and their bad ones without highly sensitized perceptions of what they are doing; who repent and fall again, and get up and go on, precisely as you would do yourself if you had not been perverted by too much of the wrong kind of thinking, which complicates you and the conditions under which you now live.

Continued on Page 129

Warmth without Weight
Freedom without Danger

DO you know that *Winter Underwear* is now made to give Men and Boys the same fine ATHLETIC FREEDOM they enjoy so much in Summer—COMBINED with the perfect cold-weather protection hitherto found only in undergarments of heavy, clumsy body-restricting type?

Don't miss this healthy, happy medium between "too little" and "too much"! It offers you the MOST COMPLETE Winter comfort and safety you have ever known!

Avoid inferior imitations. Ask for genuine "AMHO" at any high-grade Men's Shop, Department Store or Dry Goods House. Your choice of various weights, in natural color or white. Boys' and Youths' sizes up to 36. Men's sizes up to 56

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The ORIGINAL knee-length, sleeveless, loose-fitting Union Suit KNIT of highest grade WOOL and Cotton mixed.

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You can do it. Just open a can of Effecto Auto Enamel and go ahead. Effecto is the original auto enamel — quick-drying, free-flowing and self-leveling. It wears longer than the finish on most new cars. Made in eight snappy colors.

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PRATT & LAMBERT

75th Anniversary

VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 127)

The wife of a high dignitary in the church who lived in our Jerusalem barracks belonged to this class. I had my first lessons in involuntary hypocrisy studying the moral antics of this good woman. She had regular features, beautiful hair, and managed to be homely in spite of these natural advantages, as if it were the duty of all Christian women to be as plain as possible. She invariably looked straight at you, without the least meaning, as if she gazed calmly at your dead body, not you. She was conscientious, and had a religious complexion—sallow from long repression of her natural emotions, I suppose. She had always lived an active Christian life, and was now at her wit's end to find enough good deeds to do to keep up her normal spiritual animus.

Heaven knows, I had not been a sluggish Christian myself; but I was frightfully busy that winter writing my first short stories and reviewing books. I remember what she said about one of these stories: "There is not a word of truth in it." When I told her it was full of truth, but no facts in it, she was scandalized. She thought the reading of novels was contaminating. She was the only person in the house who suspected our little Puck lady of not being what she ought to be. She would not do wrong, but she had a mind as irresponsible as that of a mischievous child. She was made up spiritually as a fashionable woman makes up her face, and did not know it. I have seen variations of her all my life, but the utter simplicity of her manifestations enabled me to write my first interpretation of these little blue-backed-spelling-book saints

Miss Mary Helm's room was across the hall from mine. It was plainly furnished like all the rooms in that house, but the moment you set foot across the threshold of it you had the feeling of entering a fine lady's parlor. You did not see the bed or the washstand, nor the litter of papers on her desk; but you saw her sitting before the fire, a little old hunchback lady with a fine lace collar pinned around her neck and her draperies spread. Her face was finished with the most exquisite wrinkles I ever saw, and she wore a rose in each cheek—her own roses, you understand, at the age of sixty. She would invariably greet you with the air of having just returned from an eighteenth-century salon where she had been with elegant company and shared much fine conversation.

As a matter of fact, she would have just returned from her office in the Methodist publishing house where she edited the Woman's Home Missionary paper and had general supervision of our home-missionary affairs.

She was descended from the famous Helm family of Kentucky. Her father had been governor of that state before the Civil War. She was a thoroughbred, an autocrat and a saint. She was also the ablest statesman of her times in our church.

Even with her affliction, if she had been a man she could have taken a city or led an army to victory. It is difficult to say such a thing intelligibly about a woman, but she partook of the nature of knights as we know them in song and poetry. She had a fine valor of the spirit; she was oblivious to whatever was mean or ignoble about her. Never shall I forget the magic of her presence in the dining room and the dingy parlor. The crockery became fine china; she lifted the scenes, and we slid up into elegant manners.

In that dull house, full of merely honest, pious people, she was enchanting to me. She had flavor and color like good verse and splendid memories. I could let out and talk when we were alone together as I had not done since the Oxford days. I probably displayed my wares. At such times she would regard me with a sort of quizzical affection. I had been well born and well bred, but I had no practice or experience of living in the world. She told me a few things: I must pay attention to my appearance. I might be a great writer some day. In that case clothes counted for so much and so much. Whatever I did, I must endeavor not to be a frump. And my health—I must be careful about that, take plenty of exercise. Perhaps we had better go now for a walk. And we would fare forth, Miss Mary, coming barely to my shoulder, caparisoned in her little black-beaded bonnet, her laces and draperies flowing. While I walked beside her with a mincing step, sometimes forgetting in the heat of an argument and taking two or three of my own strides. These would swing me so far ahead that she would raise her voice to a shrill command to fall back.

I never heard her accused of heresy as I have been, but we had much in common, spiritually speaking. She really believed in God. I have known very few people who do. They think they believe because they have been taught thus and so, but they have no convincing personal faith of their own.

I recall a conversation we had about angels one winter evening sitting before the fire in her room. We agreed that they might be with us. I remember how quiet this decision made us for a while, and how we looked at each other in this silence.

Years later, when her strength failed and she lay upon her bed, not ill, but passing safely and peacefully out of her little withered body, she finally saw her angels and recognized them as familiar presences that had been with her unseen a long time. I know what you think, dear friends—that she was under the influence of sedatives, but she was not; or that her heart action had grown so weak that she had become subject to illusions; but she was sane and serene and very active in her spirit to the last. If she said that she saw these angels, I know she did, because she was truthful, without one spark of the religious charlatan in her which makes the testimony of so many unreliable. And her assurance under these circumstances seems to me more important than if William James actually had been able years after his death to reveal the contents of that sealed letter he left in order to verify spiritualism. Suppose he had done this. We should only know what we already believe—immortality. But the proof would have everlastingly scrambled all our preconceived ideas of immortality. The angels Miss Mary saw have been vouched for in the Word. Good Lord deliver me from meeting any spirit who has no scriptural certificate to back him up as a reliable and beneficent spirit!

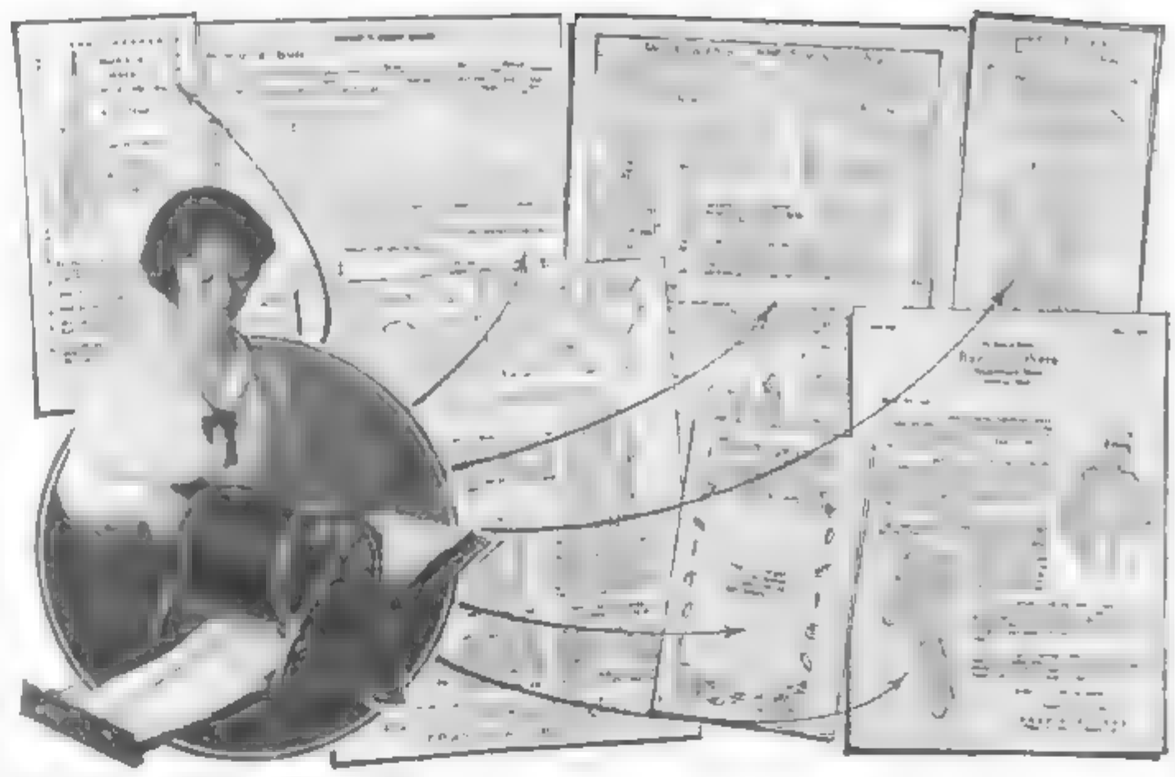
We live best by faith, dear brethren, not by what we call knowledge. We are mischief-makers frequently with the facts we assemble. I suppose this is the reason why we have never yet been permitted to lay our hands for sure upon the mystery of truth and everlasting life. Go ahead with your diggings and your discoveries. You cannot reach beyond the short-winded powers of mortal men to know. You will never discover a single fossil of Adam, nor the grave of Enoch, nor what became of the body of Jesus, nor what "In the beginning" means. Tear down, but you cannot build up except by faith in God. Nothing else can last or ever has endured.

The atmosphere and conditions under which I began to live and work in Nashville may seem stifling and narrow. But there is a fair and wide country in every man's mind, if he can discover it, where there is more space in which to think and do than a mere planet affords. You may go into your dark room at the top of a flight of steps and write great stuff, if you can do it anywhere. I have my doubts about hurrying to some great intellectual center the moment you get a literary bee in your bonnet. The dust of New York, for example, is full of the wings of these dead bees, and many of those who survive do a good deal of scratched copy.

In addition to my regular work, I wrote the Jessica Letters in collaboration with Paul Elmer More. They appeared serially in the Critic, which, as I remember, was then edited by Jeannette Gilder. Shortly afterwards I met Miss Gilder. She had the appearance of wearing a shirt, stiff collar and tie. She certainly did wear a frock coat. But her skirt was a skirt. This costume for a woman now might be considered conservative, but then it was a trifle thrilling. She was amiable and her manner was cordial. She expressed her gratification at some reviews I had written of her books. But she did not mention the Jessica Letters. I reckon this was just as well. Anyway, Mr. More wrote half of them!

These letters were finally brought out in book form. I have met only three persons who have read this book, and they merely said so without further comment. The faults in the thing were mine. I failed to lay my scenes. This gave the story an airy slant. Only one end of it touched the earth, and that only the books of the earth. But whatever Paul Elmer More wrote about books had charm and flavor. There was the added whisk of a romance to his touch in this instance.

When we were discussing the names of the hero and heroine I hurriedly named myself Jessica and suggested that he should be



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Send for them NOW!

Here are ideas—ideas that have proved wonderfully successful for every kind of business and profession—business-getting, money-saving ideas—and you can now have them without cost.

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Would you like to see copies of inexpensive circulars that doubled a retailer's business in four months? Would you like to see letters and bulletins which were used by another retailer and that increased cash sales 86 per cent in the dullest season of the year?

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Do you want actual copies of sales letters, folders, bulletins, office and factory forms that have earned real profits for manufacturers—stimulated salesmen to greater efforts—secured better cooperation among employees—reduced overhead and increased production?

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Would you like to know how banks, both large and small, have made astounding gains in deposits—secured hundreds of new accounts—and increased the average balance of depositors?

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One firm saved $1000 on their printing—another user netted a $300 profit from one day's work—churches have built up large, active, interested congregations—in fact, every manner of business and profession has had wonderful success with these ideas which we offer you.

If you want to see actual copies of these ideas—letters, folders, circulars, bulletins—that have produced startling results for other firms in *your* business or profession, then mail the coupon. We will send you working samples of these highly successful and profitable ideas. We will tell you how to apply them to your business, how you can produce them right in your office at a trifling cost with a

MAIL NOW

ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR

Without the use of type or cuts this machine prints clean-cut bulletins, folders, Store News, ruled forms, circulars and form letters. It does this work quickly, cleanly and economically. It eliminates delay, insures privacy, increases sales—and costs less than $50.

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We will send you a few ideas that fit hand-in-glove with your business and which will prove wonderfully effective for you. They will be sent to you without cost. At the same time we will tell you more about our trial offer and partial payment plan. Send for the valuable ideas, which may be worth thousands of dollars to you, and for this information. Fill in the coupon and return it NOW.

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SOFT wood floors—age-stained and spotted, need try your patience no longer.

KYANIZE Sanitary Floor Enamel covers the old floor with a glistening coat of waterproof beauty. On today, it's dry tomorrow—a coating that defies heels and the elements to injure.

Use it on porch floors, too, as well as on concrete or stone, inside or out.

It's solid in color, solid in value, guaranteed to satisfy.

Nine handsome, opaque shades.

Write for our free folders showing colors, and let us direct you to the nearest *Kyanize* Dealer.

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Save the surface and you save all

called Jack London. So we started off. Then Mr. More wrote that we must change the hero's name. He had just learned that there was a real person by that name; some fellow out West, he said, who was also writing a book.

This was a narrow squeak. I cannot think what might have happened if we had got these letters in print before Jack London charged, pawing and bellowing, into the arena of American fiction, to find himself already exploited there as the elegantly refined hero of an intensely literary novel!

It is queer what notions we get of people by the noise they make. London became at once a more sensational figure than any character he portrayed in his stories, which were remarkably good stories before he became so self-conscious that he stifled his own genius. From all he said about himself, I inferred that he was a huge, brawny man with a red face and a roaring voice; just as I suppose no one would suspect from this record I am writing of myself that I am a well-preserved, middle-aged woman, normally interested in country life and very active about getting everybody up early in the morning and started to work on the farm before I touch pen to paper or even think a thought worth setting down.

London had shot his bolt as a writer and was on the downward slide of his idiosyncrasies when I met him one evening at a dinner given by the Authors' League. I was astonished. He was pale, dressed like a mechanic in his Saturday-afternoon clothes; no magnetism, nothing at all in his manner to suggest that he had thrust his naked fist through the window of his bedroom to get fresher air when he was, you may say, the tiger guest of a certain lion-hunting millionaire—an incident about which London boasted at the time. Maybe he did it, but I am free to say that his fist did not look like that kind of a fist.

After that first visit to Woodstock, I stopped in New York on my way home for a few hours just to see the place. I have no sense with which to grasp the magnitude of that great city. It impressed me like a huge street fair with too many carnival features. A certain elderly newspaper man, who had probably practiced journalistic mischief a long time, was my squire. He is dead now, but I have no doubt his ashes smile at the tricks he played on me that day, if our ashes remember such things.

He asked me if I would like to meet James Gordon Bennett, editor of the Herald. I was delighted to do this. I was at the age of calling on all the celebrities to be seen in the great world. We went to the offices of the Herald. My friend disappeared, and returned presently with the news that Mr. Bennett was out, but might be back presently. I was willing to wait. There was a great stir, young men, old men and wild-looking men coming in constantly to report on the efforts they were making to locate Mr. Bennett. I should have waited indefinitely for the privilege of meeting this great editor if my squire had not suggested in high dudgeon that we refuse to cool our heels there any longer. It seems that Bennett was in Paris, where he had been for twenty years. I did not think much of this joke, but it may have been a good one. You almost never appreciate a joke at your own expense.

We had lunch somewhere. My guide and mentor suggested Roman punch for dessert. I said I had never heard of such a thing, but it sounded wrong. I preferred something without punch. He assured me that this was nothing more than ice cream with a clear sauce. It was, indeed, ice cream with a rich amber-colored sauce. Years passed before I learned that Roman punch is an island of ice cream entirely surrounded by rum!

I knew what whisky was, and have always been able to smell it on the breath of a man with a sort of indignant keenness. But my impression is that rum has a different, spicier odor. If you have been brought up with this kind of vicarious nose knowledge of intoxicants, it is possible to make the mistake I made that day.

My belief is that if I had not had a cheerful conscience and an enterprising spirit I might have become an offensively moral-minded person with highly developed powers of suspicion. But I have never been inclined to look for sin in myself or others. In my opinion it is a very ill-bred practice, and unbecoming Christian saints. I have known some notoriously bad people in my life without ever having discovered that they were until after their funerals.

My trouble has always been with the professing saints. I have a rogue's talent for rifling the secret drawers of their minds where they keep their cruelties and hypocrisies—and some animus for exposing them. I reckon this is because I have suffered more at the hands of saints than I have from the judgments of the world. When I remember Lundy I taste gall and wormwood in my piety. It is wrong. I beg the prayers of all Christian people that I may be purged of this perversity before I die. I have an awful feeling that some time it may cause me embarrassment when I come to settle my last affairs. But if the worse comes to the worst there, I shall refer the Great Accountant to the Psalms of David and ask where David is. He certainly was the author of some of the most vindictive poetry ever written by mortal man.

In this connection I may be permitted to say something about David, because in my spiritual life I have come to rely upon him, as Lundy used to seek mournful consolation in reading the life of Job. The difference is this: God afflicted Job. The scenes of his trials are laid with the afflicted Job sitting in the midst of them on an ash heap, scratching himself with an old piece of pot. No picture ever cast upon the screen compares in majesty and horror with the conflagrations, the storms and the disasters that overtook him, and that old man receiving his messengers of misfortune so briefly, himself such an unlovely figure, his friends so mean.

This is not the case with David. The greatest and only singing autobiography ever written was his psalms. But they contain no record of his scenes or his deeds, only the truly human and the truly divine emotions he had from the experience of living. They are the penitential scriptures of mankind. You read them when you are in such a bad fix all other scriptures fail you, and you find in them noble prayers with which to interpret your ignoble transgressions. This is a great service, because, when you think about it, most of the sins we commit are small potatoes, belittling, if we cannot find some anthem with which to celebrate them and exalt ourselves. If you have an enemy, and are a Christian man obliged to practice forgiveness, that does not change your human heart toward him, which cannot be made to lie. So it is a great comfort after you have done your spiritual pardoning duties by him to read a psalm which records the high-singing fury of David under similar circumstances: "Let burning coals fall upon them: let them be cast into the fire; into deep pits, that they rise not up again"; which is only a mild example of what our psalmist could do along this line. I do not remember ever to have asked the Lord for so much justice as this; but many a time I have resorted to the reading of some fiery psalm by way of exalting my feelings into the nobler forms of scriptural language.

But if you have a season of pious peace, there is nothing like one of his praise-ye-the-Lord psalms to clothe your emotions with fine and simple terms and deliver you from the meaner language of religious conceit. The thing that impresses me about David is this: He was not good, but he had the power to see God. The depths of such a man become his heights. He is the biographer of the secret hearts of all men and the master poet of the human soul. Personally, I doubt if there is or can be an entirely good man; and I know there is no such thing as a completely bad one, if you turn the leaves of his life from the inside. What I mean is that your honest sinner can write better praying scriptures than your Simon-pure saint; and that, to be truthful, any man's record must have some curses as well as some hallelujahs in it. It cannot be a calendar of his outside days and deeds.

This is not to intimate that what I have written or shall write in this record of myself approaches the dirgeful dignity of the noble sinner. I could never swear like David, nor reach his heights of great emotions in a flight of piety. I am a woman, and it is not the nature of woman to achieve more than the minor notes in living, no matter which way she lives. Our spiritual aspects do not seem to stir the imagination enough. If some ancient queen had cut off Mrs. Uriah's head for the same reason David sacrificed Uriah, very little would have been said about it. Least of all would she have written a penitential psalm to celebrate her iniquity. Catch a woman doing that! She could not have done it. You will have observed that a man always

writes the great tragic lines spoken by a woman, from Lady Macbeth on down.

By the same token, we seem to diminish the great virtues by practicing them. A sublimely virtuous woman attracts nobody's attention. Virtue is so much expected of her that it is commonplace. But I reckon a sublimely virtuous man would be a phenomenon in the mortal world. It is by our vanities and charms that we win the most praise and admiration. There is no such thing as a great autobiography written by a woman. We cannot do it. We lack the flare and trumpet note in living. Those who try this kind of living may be great forces for reform in social and political affairs, but they cannot ever become popular ideals. I suppose all this secret psychic stuff which determines our place in the order of things accounts for the fact that we have so few monuments raised to us. Probably most of us do not live at all except by reflection, images of love, soft sorrows and sacrifices which men take along with them, merely the finer substance of themselves.

But if we ever do become real people we will never produce a psalmist or an Isaiah. When you consider the prescient powers of women, it is a significant circumstance that there is not a single female prophet in the Bible. Apt as not she would have been regarded as a sibyl or a witch if she had tried to be one. Meanwhile my feeling is that all history and the whole of Nature conspire to keep us in our former place; and the only use I ever expect to make of David is not to imitate him, but to locate him. If he made it through, I ought to be able to do it. For, whatever may be said of our mortal existence, whether it is our own or a part of man's, we certainly are immortal; and more inclined, I believe, to live hereafter than men are.

I made my next visit to New York during the spring of that first year of our residence in Nashville.

One of the problems that confronts me in writing the truth about those days is to tell how I got the money to do the things I did. For until A Circuit Rider's Wife was accepted by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST we had very little money and none to spare. I must have economized frightfully in clothes and tips when I traveled. You can do that when you are born without a sense of style and have lived with all your feminine vanities prayerfully suppressed; and when you paid wages to your one servant, but had no occasion to tip public servants. I was a fairly well-to-do person and had been abroad in the world many times before I learned quite by accident that taxicab drivers also expected to be tipped. I thought the curious swollen glare with which they followed me into the hotel, or wherever I disembarked, was the natural ferocious look of these men, who must have a terrible time turning corners and worming through traffic. Now it requires a real moral effort not to surrender the extra change to them. But I always make it, because by the time I had learned that they also belonged to the gratuity class I had learned to tip waiters, porters, maids, bell boys and other people's servants. When I became aware of the taxicab man's levy I reacted. I became a conservative, otherwise known as a tightwad. My belief is that the people who expect tips are the ablest psychologists and hypocrites in the country. They sell you flattery and attention as distinct from service at so much per flatter, and they have well-practiced methods of forcing your generosity. I never have understood why the church people who so frequently tell how soon the world would be converted if the money spent, say, for tobacco, should be given to foreign missions do not make the same point about saving tips for the conversion of the heathen.

During this visit the Hamilton Holts gave a reception in my honor. Among the guests invited were the authors about town whose books I had reviewed, regardless of how I had reviewed them.

I wore a black dress as usual. Most women put on black when they become related by marriage to the Methodist itineracy. It is not exactly mourning, but a sort of habit like that worn by other women of religious orders. Now and then you merely add a touch of discreet color. My dress had a wreath of pale-blue flowers and black leaves appliqued around the neck—not the shoulders. Heaven forbid! I was the only woman present who proclaimed her neck and no more. This was a prim slim frock that trailed behind, nothing august or spreading about the train, you understand; the skirt was simply made a trifle longer behind. My straight bright hair was brushed back smoothly and tucked up high in a small honest knot, and I wore a good little look on my face. I am certain of this, because I was feeling a bit squeamish spiritually about being out in cosmopolitan society. The only thing I had that looked as well as anybody's were my hands. These hands have never registered the hardships through which I have passed. They still belong to the aristocratic branch of my family.

Please observe me, with them neatly folded about that black dress, with that good little look, no rouge, standing in the midst of a double parlor, meeting the world in its evening clothes for the first time.

I do not remember saying anything; only that many people talked to me and seemed to regard me with a sort of kind brightness. The very authors seemed relieved at the sight of me. No one can look more innocent than I can of myself. I doubt if there was a single trace in my face of the mischievous mind I showed as a reviewer of books.

Some of the best writers in this country do not write very much. I met a number of them. But they still seem too sacred to be called by name in this public place. They are private people with brains, genially serious, and their minds have not warped their personal sense of themselves, good-looking, well-dressed, far too serene to produce active copy.

This was a raw period when smart people wrote books on social economics. You get my meaning when you are reminded that Charlotte Perkins Gilman was regarded as an authority on this subject. She was among those present at this reception. We had just had a passage at arms in a series of articles designed to promote a theory she had about the Citizen Babe, a sort of orphan with living parents who was to be brought up without the sentimentalities and weaknesses of natural affections as I remember. Mrs. Gilman did not refer to this altercation, and I felt that I could afford to remain silent.

I met Ella Wheeler Wilcox on this occasion. The pleasure was all mine. She greeted me with a cold look and passed on. I had just reviewed an absurd novel she wrote entitled Sweet Danger. Just the kind of thing to be converted into a popular screen picture, and I think it recently has been put on.

Faith was still in the girls' college at Celestial Bells, but she spent the summer with us in Nashville. She was a happy girl, beginning to be pretty. She began with her nose. As a child this nose had been a soft little smudge in her dear little cherry-blossom face. Now it suddenly firmed up and became an exquisitely straight nose; what you may call a perfect-lady's nose, a rare accomplishment in my family. Perceiving this change in her countenance, I trembled, because I knew it portended some kind of excellence and correctness in sensibility, and it might lead to the practice of fine vanities in her appearance, or it might mean that she would develop the classical mind of her father, who had a similar nose, and whose invincible mental integrity had led him astray many times. I did not want her to strive too hard after perfection in any line. That sort of thing tends to a certain hardening even of the virtues. It takes away the evidences of those human imperfections which are so endearing, and makes you a formidable person. I have known it to make a pharisee of a Christian and an excellent old maid of a woman. Unless she is a monster of suspicion or of selfishness, no mother wants her daughter to shrink up into a spinster.

I do not recall that Faith ever showed any alarming religious symptoms. On the contrary she retained from start to finish an honest, tender human relation to her Heavenly Father, and was rarely ever disturbed by her conscience. But she was capable of rejecting some of the sternest doctrine of the Christian religion as taught. Sometime during this summer she confided to her father that she found it impossible to believe in the devil!

This is how much Lundy loved the child—he relieved her of that obligation. He told her that faith in the devil was not essential to salvation. He referred her to a book written by Canon Farrar on this subject. It seems that the good canon also had his misgivings about whether we created our own devil or had him thrust upon us by the Almighty, and he wrote this book to relieve his mind, and more particularly to mitigate the terrors we all have of an up-and-doing deity of darkness beyond our control.

(Continued on Page 134)

How Nature tries to comfort

IN time of great sorrow in a family it seems that Nature tries to comfort the sad hearts by providing an absolute and permanent protection for the remains of the loved one.

Nature does this through an immutable law which makes possible an absolutely moisture-proof burial vault.

Lower an inverted glass into water. The water cannot enter the glass, because the air within keeps out the water. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.

This means of perfect protection, The Clark Grave Vault, has been demonstrated for many years. So certain and uncompromising is the Clark Grave Vault that it is guaranteed for fifty years.

Necessarily with such definite quality required, the manufacture of this vault is handled with the utmost precision as to material and workmanship. The Clark Vault is made of Keystone Copper Steel.

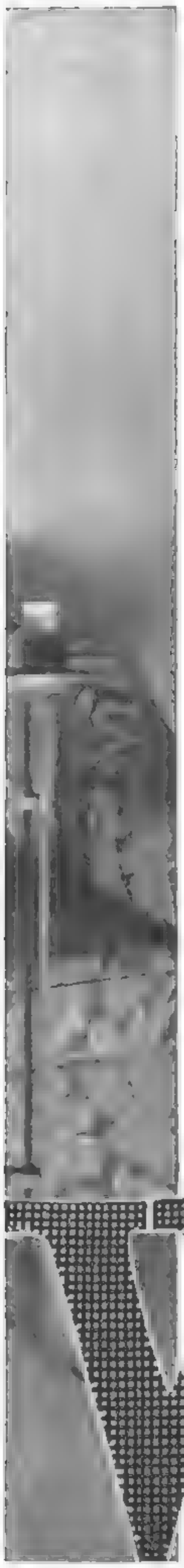
Leading funeral directors recognize the superiority of the Clark Grave Vault.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio

"You Get More Battery,

You Pay Less Money"



"Willard Batteries don't cost any more to begin with than the best of other makes—and when you buy one you save a good big repair bill right then and there.

"I've used Willards with Threaded Rubber Insulation for many years. I never had one reinsulated, I never had any kind of repair bill. *I have never met any other car owner who has found it necessary to reinsulate a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery.*"

The preceding statements recite the actual experience with Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries of the man who wrote this advertisement. It is the experience of scores of others with whom he has talked. And it is duplicated in the case of many thousands of car-owners, as Willard Service Station records show.

There's no way in which you can possibly get so much reliable electrical service *and pay so little for it*, as to use Willards with Threaded Rubber Insulation—and you can buy them today as low as $25.80, or a bit more in the West and South.

Willard also makes batteries with the usual wood insulation, which sell from $15.85 up. They are as good as a wood-insulated battery can be—but the builders of motor cars and millions of car owners can testify to the still greater economy of the Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
In Canada: Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Willard Rechargeable Radio Batteries save you money, reduce noises, increase efficiency. Send for the free booklet "Better Results from Radio", or ask your dealer for it.

Willard STORAGE BATTERIES

KAHN

Fine Custom Made Clothes

Tailored to Your Individual Measure

The Kind of Clothes Gentlemen Wear

If you could visit our great tailoring shops at Indianapolis—see how carefully each suit and overcoat is drafted and cut to the individual measurements of its purchaser—how exactingly it is tailored by hand—and how minutely every detail of the custom tailoring is inspected in order to insure undisputed quality,

—you would thoroughly appreciate that a Kahn made-to-measure suit or overcoat at $40 to $75 represents the utmost in clothes-values.

Kahn Dual — Everywhere

KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 131)

Lundy was a great physician who could not heal himself, but he could be trusted with the most delicate spiritual disorders of other people. So Faith lived and died, cheerfully controlling her own powers and principalities of darkness without ever suspecting her Heavenly Father of loosing a smart old Satan on her trail.

But can you see her, age sixteen, all pinkness and prettiness in her light frock, sitting beneath a huge elm tree, defending her young soul with what a brave old saint had written against the devil, proudly never dreaming that it would be read by anyone except bespectacled theologians?

I suppose such a performance would be regarded now as a travesty upon youth. But if you think about it, youth covers a very short period. We must live a much longer time under the grave responsibilities of bearing the burdens and performing the sober duties of life. I am wondering what kind of middle-aged people and old people this present motoring, dancing, pleasure-practicing generation will make. They will settle down, of course, because they must. Nature sees to that. But what kind of civilization will they produce? And what kind of old people will they become? They are learning enough now of what is wrong and weak to make them cynical then. But maybe our grandparents thought the same way about us when we were young, and we really have turned out very well in our old age.

Faith was a busy young person when she discovered that she had a mind of her own with which she could think for herself. She liked to use it as you use a broom, briskly, with a sort of cleaning fierceness. She worked up convictions on this or on that issue, only to discard them as a lady discards a torn fan. She was forever going off on some tangent, but never got far enough to affect her character before she would flirt around, come back and start in another direction. She was always tremendously interested in politics, and once she astonished us by becoming a Republican for conscience' sake. She would always take her conscience with her, whatever direction she took; a trait she must have inherited from her father.

No one reproached her for becoming a Republican, although this is not done in the best society down here unless you happen to be born one. But we remained Democrats. Presently that lonely little ewe lamb came back into the fold of her ancestral political party and remained a dutiful Democrat, without voting, until the day of her death. She was the same way about suffrage for women, which was barely beginning then to take form in the social consciousness. At first we thought she might be going to follow in the wide footsteps of Anna Howard Shaw. But her young indignant eloquence suddenly died down, and for a year or more she became a lovely old-fashioned girl, with all the mincing manners of this type—experimenting, you understand, to find out how it felt to be cast in this rôle. Then she grew up unexpectedly into a woman mentally, got her bearings and decided permanently that it might become her duty to vote, in which case she would do her duty.

Once when she was a sophomore at Goucher College she voluntarily relinquished the idea of marriage, never having had a lover, and decided that she would devote her life to social service. But this plan was abandoned when she made a classroom study of community kitchens and reached the shrewd conclusion that no sort of community life would be satisfactory to people born to be and remain private individuals in their personal lives, with contrary tastes about foods, religion, love and business.

Like her father, she suffered all the pangs of an accurate mind. How many times have I seen them race for the dictionary or some reference book to settle a dispute about a quotation or the pronunciation of a word!

With me, orthography is purely inspirational. I spell by ear, which has its advantages, because no matter whether you know the conventional way of spelling a word, you do not shrink from using it if you need it on that account. You merely sing the sound of it with your pen regardless of how many letters you use or leave out.

But I could never convince either Faith or Lundy that this was a virtuous practice. Lundy was always at great pains to correct this fault in me. He accepted without question my spiritual deviations from orthodoxy; but when it came to spelling, punctuation, little things like that, which can have no possible effect upon your salvation, he was positively narrow and tyrannical.

Faith had the same mind about it. After her father's death, when it became her duty to read and correct my copy, I have seen her sigh and lift her eyes tragically as if she called upon high heaven to witness how iniquitously her mother had spelled such and such a word.

But all this came later. In September, 1904, she entered the Woman's College at Baltimore, now known as Goucher College.

This was my disposition of Faith. We had no home in Nashville. Lundy's position there depended upon the political tides in the government of our church. He was doing well, but I never knew what might happen. The wisest thing to do would be to keep Faith in the active, objective life of youth during her formative years, lest a shadow should fall upon her mind. So away she went to this college, from which she graduated four years later. She may have been a stormy petrel at times. I think she was, but always to defend her convictions, never her conduct. She did very well and earned her share of the honors such places confer.

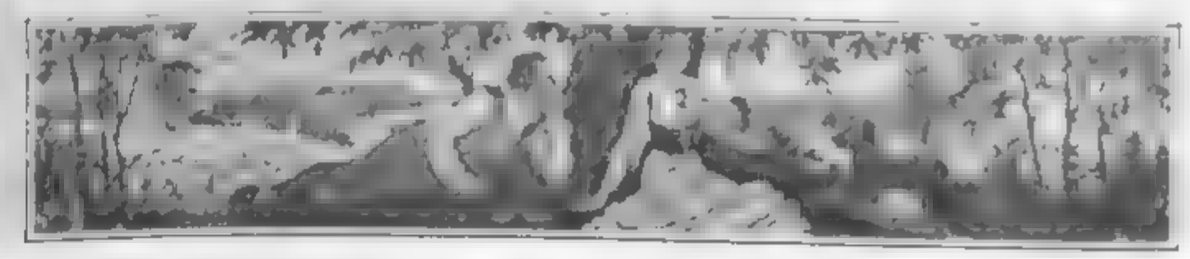
She was too high-spirited in all her affairs. She was not required to do it, but she used to send in an itemized expense account at the end of each month; every little penny she had spent over, if it had been spent foolishly. And there was always a minute balance at the bottom of this humorous little column of figures. She undoubtedly inherited this balance-holding power from her father, who would never contract a debt or spend quite all he had.

God was certainly with me during these four years. Otherwise I could never have kept Faith in this school. I have no idea how I managed to meet these expenses. Her father contributed what could be spared from his salary, but this was not half enough.

One thing I remember doing to increase my income. For the sum of eight dollars each week I wrote an article on the Acts of the Apostles for the Sunday-school magazine of our church. Bishop Candler also wrote on some phase of the same subject. Acts being the Scriptures studied in all Sabbath schools during that particular period. Nothing happened. We traveled together without speaking through these gospels more amicably than Paul and Barnabas did on their missionary journeys. For if I remember correctly Barnabas left Paul in high dudgeon one time and went to visit his kindred on the Isle of Cyprus. I reckon one reason was that these two apostles did speak to each other, and probably disagreed, as no doubt the bishop might have done with me if we had been within speaking distance. What I mean is that you can be much nearer some brother man, spiritually speaking, than you can as a human being endowed with the heinousness common to our species.

I have always, under all circumstances, felt rather near and kin to this particular bishop in the spirit. In the bottom of my heart I feel that unusual thing for me reverence. But I have never been able to resist the temptation to take a pinch out of him now and then, because it is so easy to do; which is not a moral reason, of course, but one anyone except a bishop can understand. And formerly, at least, he was not himself above taking a crack at me. When the Jessica Letters appeared I sent him an autographed copy of this book, because I wanted somebody to read the thing and I was by no means sure that there would be any voluntary readers. The bishop wrote by return mail, acknowledging the gift. He said he wanted to thank me before he read it, because he doubted if he would be inclined to do so afterwards! I doubt if he ever did read it!

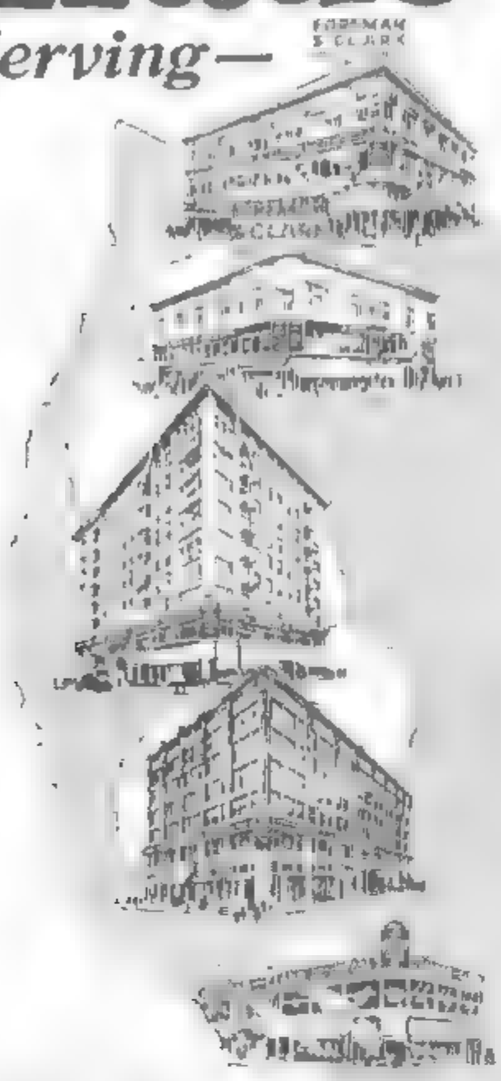
(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Map of Trade Upstairs *and* Save $10

Serving—

500,000 men with guaranteed clothes at guaranteed savings!



If there is no F & C upstairs store near you

Send COUPON for F&C personal, simplified Measurement Chart.

DIRECT *from* 4 *Great* F&C *New York Factories*

A retail slogan leaps into a national by-word! A little upstairs loft expands into a giant manufacturing-and-selling *industry*. "Trade Upstairs and Save $10" now flies atop four great Foreman and Clark factories in New York and a chain of upstairs stores from coast to coast!

Under this banner 500,000 men last year walked up the blue and white stairs of their nearest F & C store for guaranteed savings on F & C clothes.

Guaranteed suits and overcoats, built by Foreman & Clark tailors, shipped direct to Foreman & Clark stores, sold direct to Foreman & Clark customers.

"Trade Upstairs *and* Save $10"—

Originated by FOREMAN & CLARK

Nationalized by FOREMAN & CLARK

Virgin wool, hand-tailored clothes, with fourteen items of profit and expense, fourteen separate distribution costs—deducted from the price.

The fastest style service in the clothing world, supported by the strictest manufacturing standards known to the clothing industry—backed by the broadest written guarantee of satisfaction which ever dominated the retail clothing field from coast to coast.

1—Coast-to-Coast UPSTAIRS Stores
2—$497,568 Saved Yearly in Rent
3—$10,000,000 Written Guarantee
4—Our Own Big New York Factories
5—Cash Business, No Credit Losses

Return coupon for measurement chart, showing model and color desired, to our nearest upstairs store (see cities below) or direct to Foreman & Clark Mfg. Co., 85 5th Ave., New York, for

The famous F&C

14 OUNCE *Unfinished* WORSTED 3-piece SUIT

Pure Virgin Wool

Hand-tailored 29 separate ways—

$25

State name and address here:

_____

_____

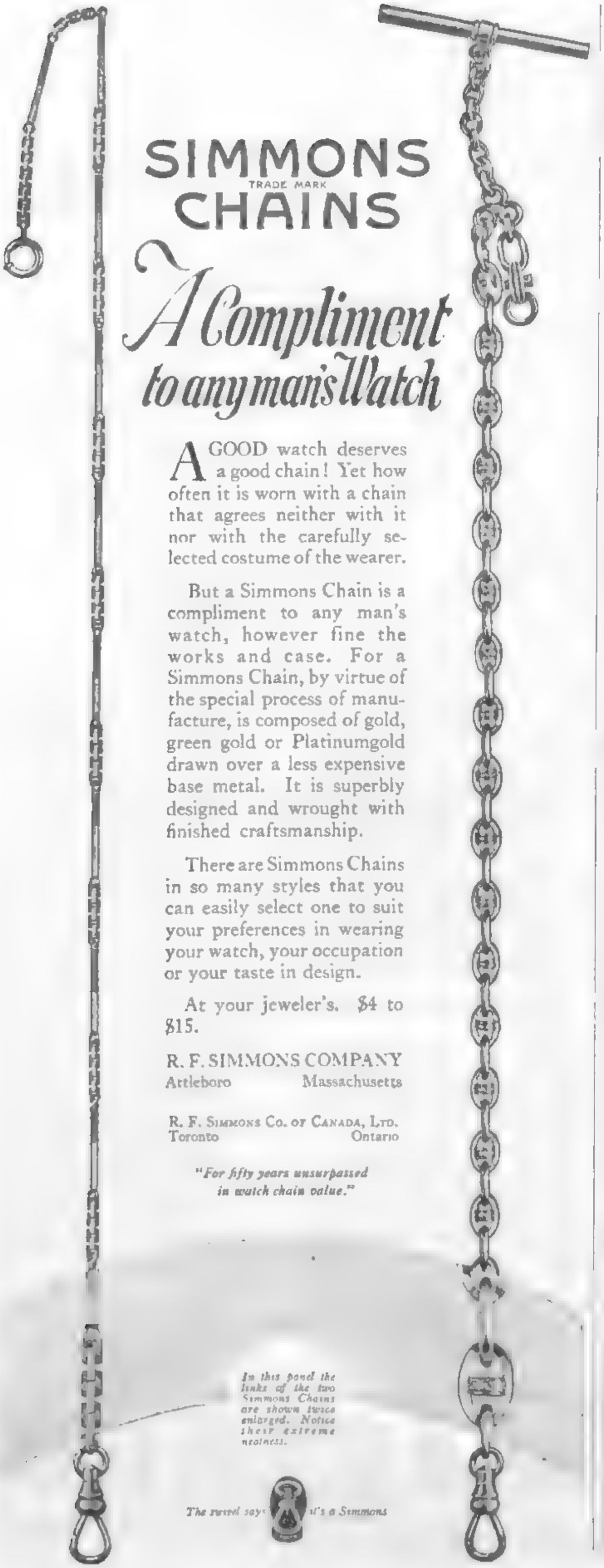
_____

Send No Money

FOREMAN *and* CLARK

Factories
No. 1—N. Y. C.
No. 2—New York City
No. 3—Troy, New York
No. 4—Watervliet, N.Y.

Upstairs Stores
New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, San Diego, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Des Moines, St. Paul



SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

A Compliment to any man's Watch

A GOOD watch deserves a good chain! Yet how often it is worn with a chain that agrees neither with it nor with the carefully selected costume of the wearer.

But a Simmons Chain is a compliment to any man's watch, however fine the works and case. For a Simmons Chain, by virtue of the special process of manufacture, is composed of gold, green gold or Platinumgold drawn over a less expensive base metal. It is superbly designed and wrought with finished craftsmanship.

There are Simmons Chains in so many styles that you can easily select one to suit your preferences in wearing your watch, your occupation or your taste in design.

At your jeweler's. $4 to $15.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts

R. F. Simmons Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto Ontario

"For fifty years unsurpassed in watch chain value."

In this panel the links of the two Simmons Chains are shown twice enlarged. Notice their extreme neatness.

The swivel say[illegible] it's a Simmons

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

offered. A considerable number of them have been prescribed by law. But the medicaments of greatest value to the patient in the ten years last past are golf and the fox trot. Before they began playing golf and dancing the fox trot, men were old at fifty; women had faded at forty. Nowadays, at sixty-five and sixty, they are just beginning to live. Golf and the fox trot have rejuvenated a nation. Formerly a man was as old as his years. Now he is as old as he feels at midnight.

The country is having its quadrennial third-party scare. The possibility that the country may be seized by the malcontents is being gravely discussed, and not without trepidation.

The only difference between the present third-party scare and those that have preceded it is that the rash broke out a little earlier. A careful scrutiny of the past indicates there is no real cause for alarm. Third-party movements have had sporadic and widely separated local successes. But, nationally speaking, no third-party movement ever amounted to anything. Probably none ever will.

It is unlikely the business of government will ever be taken over by men so incompetent in the management of their own affairs as to consider this country a failure.

In our town the permanent third-party movement is composed of Claib Hipple, Adam Doss and Bradford Jinks. Claib became a permanent third-party man when Israel Giddings beat him for the nomination for county clerk in 1886. Claib previously had run for recorder, sheriff, and had been a candidate for the post office. Adam Doss has been a third-party man since the mortgage company foreclosed on his farm.

Bradford Jinks derives his urge for the cause from the Eastern college to which his father sent him. The first faint revelation came to him from his professor of political economy. His faith in it has been greatly strengthened by the Russian novels he has since read.

The label on the third-party movement is changed from time to time. Its ingredients are always the same. They consist of elaborately devised impracticable plans for taking it away from those who have it and conferring it upon those who haven't it.

The papers have been full of the news of prize fights in which the heavyweight championship was more or less at stake. There must be some mistake about it. Probably the papers have been imposed upon by unscrupulous correspondents. As nearly everybody knows, the boxing game in this country died when Jack Johnson whipped Jim Jeffries. It was repeatedly and authoritatively stated there never would be another prize fight.

It is the rule that those who lament the passing of the last frontier never were compelled to live on one. —*Jay E. House.*

This House is Waiting for a Bride

THIS house is waiting for a bride
To keep it scrubbed and scoured inside,
To keep its doorways white and neat,
For the approval of the street.

This kitchen craves a mistress who
Will make its woodwork look like new;
Will make its pans like mirrors flash;
And use its chopping bowl for hash.

This brown, unspaded, awkward yard,
With straggling weeds, is wishing hard
To grow to be a garden where
She'll find a rosebud for her hair,

And lettuces and spinach fine
To please her husband when they dine,
So that he'll kindly say, "Let's go
To see the corner movie show!"

This house is waiting for a bride.
And, dear, I wanted you to ride
Around this way to see if you
Could make the house believe you'd do!
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Germany—"Ach! You Poor Mans"

THE FLOOD TIDE OF ANTIQUES IN EUROPE

By Elizabeth Shackleton

"WHEN you have assembled, madame, I will begin." The packer, a patient man, has had many Americans to work for, and he knows there is always one more final antique to go, one last purchase to be placed. Experience has taught him that unless he waits for this final item before beginning operations, madame will be in at the last moment with another, which just must get in.

Every ship that enters an American port is laden with antiques. They are entering as freight in case and crate, as baggage in anything with handles, in satchelfuls, in bulging steamer rolls, in carefully embraced bundles, and boldly fondled, unwrapped. The custom house maintains experts in every line of acquisition qualified to judge both great and small. Europe just now teems with antiques. Who can return without them? The Latin Quarter in Paris can only be likened to a blackberry bush in July. It's full! A cornucopia of old things has its small end in the air, and happy are those who can seize from the outpouring.

There is timely reason for this. It is a phenomenon following war. I remember, in the early days of my collecting, hearing old ladies possessed of rare Sèvres saying, as we looked at their riches lined up on their cabinet shelves: "But, you know, I was in Paris just after the Franco-Prussian War, and the shops were full—just full of old things!" Many a time, as I explored the highways of French towns this last spring, have I thought of this, for again the shops are full of antiques, and the streets are also full of shops.

The General Cashing-In

This plenty in antiques, this superabundance of opportunity, results from a sort of cashing-in process throughout society, the breaking of families, the hardness of times and heaviness of taxes, a burden that is constantly in mind and speech with the French, with its consequent reduction of homes and possessions. The rich, rich no longer, reduce their antiques to things of one period and thereby release a mass of another epoch. One sells his father's collection of tapestries; another cuts out a country home. The poor part with their pewter, the bibelots, the kitchen *faïence*, the fan, the chair, the treasured workbox. There is a general reduction of owning going on now through all walks of life, similar to that following the French Revolution, when the great Wallace collection now in London was amassed bit by bit at incredibly low prices. The little shops have alluring little signs: We Buy Old Lace, Old Silver Wanted, Cash for Old Wares Not in Use. *Achat et Vente Antiquités* looks at you from whole colonies of shops in the streets and boulevards of Paris and the provincial towns.

The little bookshops on quiet Paris streets show placards—a thrifty form of announcement—telling of two chairs, Louis Seize, for sale at such and such a number, such a floor, or of an old *armoire*, or secretary, at another place.

So real is this changing of ownership that a special example serves to illustrate. An old lady, known for twenty years to American friends of mine, in the face of changing times has decided to go into retreat with the nuns and to realize on her household possessions to form a fund for that purpose. I found her in a small apartment on a busy street, the Rue de Seine, up a concierge-watched staircase, entered from a fountained courtyard, dark and shabby, but pictorial.

One Sofa Equals Three Chairs

Everything in the apartment was to go, and one faced the problem of choosing what one wanted and had a place for at home. In the salon were three wonderful armchairs, *fauteuils*, with backs bordered by a graceful squarish frame with a leaf carved in as part of it. They were yellow-brown walnut, broad-seated, graceful and slender-armed. These chairs were Louis XV—of the epoch. The French are very definite in the use of the word "epoch." That means made at that date, while "style of" does not mean the time of manufacture. And, too, they all have a pleasant, friendly intimacy with old things and a familiarity with monarchs and museums; they have had the old about them in their infancy.

These chairs, so the gentle owner told me, came from her early home in Auvergne and were her inheritance. She quickened interest in Auvergne, always a magic word to Americans from being Lafayette's home, by showing some pictures of her old village, and offered the chairs for twenty-one dollars apiece, and the *canapé*, or long gracefully curved sofa, for the price of three chairs. This I found was a general idea—a seat for three people is always worth three armchairs.

She talked of a cousin who had the rest of the set.

"They had so many *fauteuils* in the old home that the two pet dogs each had one; and when guests came, they never needed to disturb the dogs; there were more than enough chairs for all."

As she talked, I recalled just such outfits at the Château d'Usse and at Azay-le-Rideau, in room after room. These chairs were just as fine; they had been kept in linen shrouds all their one hundred and seventy-five years of existence, hence the

(Continued on Page 141)

Gay Copper and Peasant Chairs on Rue Bernard Palissy

Like plates of crystal

CONSIDER the æsthetic value of Plate Glass windows. They are like gleaming plates of crystal, like jewels in their setting. They are a beautifying feature of the house.

Unlike common sheet glass, Plate Glass does not distort objects. Its smooth, polished surfaces and crystal-clear body afford a perfect view from the inside, without the annoying imperfections of sheet glass. From the outside, it gives back perfect reflections of lights and shadows. It is this property of reflection that makes Plate Glass the æsthetically proper glass for windows.

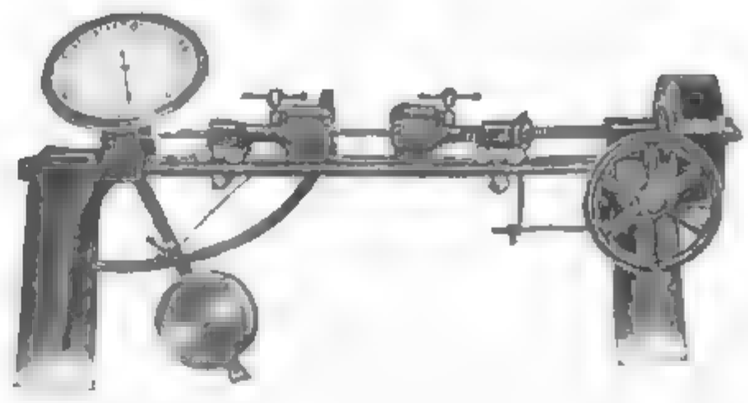
When building a home, apartment house, hotel or business building, Plate Glass should be in the specifications. It is worth far more in its artistic effect than the slight extra cost.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

Genuine PLATE GLASS
MADE IN U.S.A.

Nothing Else is Like it

Inch by inch the WEAR *of* CLOTHCRAFT *is made sure of*



Miles and miles of a great variety of fabric pass through the CLOTHCRAFT Shops each year . . . but not a single inch gets into a garment until it is thoroughly inspected. Test after test is made; for tensile STRENGTH (as pictured here); for weight, weave, color, etc., to safeguard the quality and WEAR that the CLOTHCRAFT Guarantee insures you.

-and stitch by stitch permanency of SHAPE *and* GOOD LOOKS *is built in:*

as this photograph of the "inside" of a CLOTHCRAFT Coat plainly shows. Note how the fabrics are built together to mould the coat to your figure . . . to cling snugly at your neck . . . to be both comfortable and good looking. And notice, too, how stitch by stitch, the SHAPE is put in TO STAY. It is this scientific, stitch-by-stitch building of CLOTHCRAFT that gives *lasting* GOOD LOOKS!

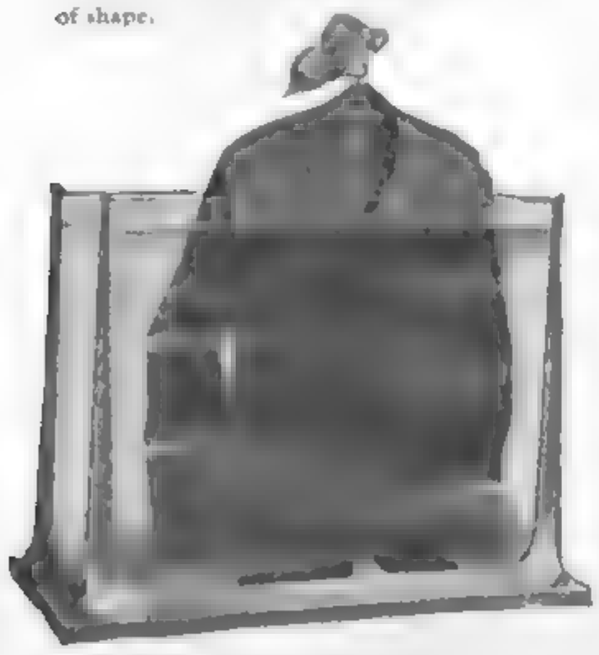
and garment by garment the COST *is lowered:*

For CLOTHCRAFT is made in the largest single clothing plant in America . . . a wonderful plant, equipped as no other tailoring plant is, to use the most economical and scientific tailoring methods . . . and to turn the many savings thus made into a lower price to YOU.

— until at $29.50 CLOTHCRAFT gives a VALUE that cannot be duplicated by any other method of manufacture

And the QUALITY can be PROVED!

Nothing illustrates so well the value that is built into a CLOTHCRAFT "5130" Standard Serge Suit as the Drenching Test pictured here. A "5130" Serge, taken at random from the racks, is drenched in water, removed, hung up to dry and pressed. . . without the slightest change in color, shrinkage or loss of shape.



AT $29.50, CLOTHCRAFT "5130" Serge is this Fall's *great* clothing value!

Upwards of 200,000 men will wear it this season. They are either men who have worn CLOTHCRAFT before, and from experience *know* its value, or friends of those men, who have *seen* how CLOTHCRAFT *wears and keeps its good looks*!

They are not men who are seeking low prices only . . . but men who want *value* for what they pay . . . quality, economy, *wear*, lasting *good looks* and satisfaction. And they are men who know that $29.50 does not represent the market valuation of CLOTHCRAFT . . . so much as it *does* represent the capacity of the CLOTHCRAFT plant, with its scientific manufacturing methods, to lower the cost of making . . . and thus lower the price YOU pay!

Offered in "5130" Blue, Gray or Brown Serge, at $29.50. Also, in Sport Models at $32.50. A heavier weight, "4130" De Luxe Serge, at $36.50.

The complete CLOTHCRAFT line includes a great variety of fancy fabrics in suits and overcoats, priced from $22.50 to $45.00.

Write for the new Serge Folder which shows samples of [illegible]

The JOSEPH & FEISS CO., 2171 W. 53rd St., Cleveland, Ohio

CLOTHCRAFT "5130" SERGE

FIFTY-ONE THIRTY

AMERICA'S STANDARD SUIT FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

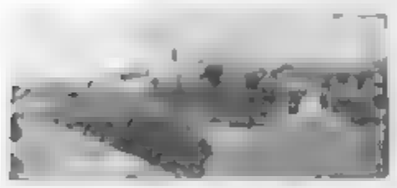
TONCAN

SOUTH SHORE COUNTRY CLUB
CHICAGO, ILL.

Toncan Metal used for window frames, eaves-trough, conductor pipe, flashings and fire doors. Marshall & Fox, Architects

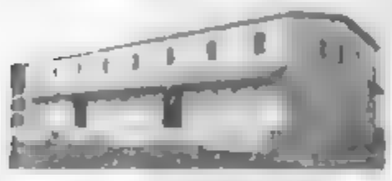
NORTH STATION
BOSTON, MASS.

All sheet metal work of Toncan Metal. Boston & Maine Railroad has used Toncan for fourteen years



RAILROAD STATION
SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Toncan Metal was used for all sheet metal work. This building is said to be the most beautiful of its kind in California



GRAIN STOREHOUSE
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The Schreiber Milling & Grain Company use Toncan for their sheet metal work

CANADA:

Toncan in Canada is fabricated by the Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., and Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont

This is a rust-resisting anti-corrosive metal. Toncan is iron, purified; made rust-resisting by careful manufacture and the addition of copper.

Toncan is for use anywhere, indoors or outdoors, wherever a metal is needed to fight rust and corrosion.

Toncan is particularly suitable for sheet-metal work exposed to the weather.

If you make, buy or use any product of iron, it might help you much to write to us; give us all the information you have and let us tell you if we know of a better iron or alloy.

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO

Branches in Large Cities—Distributors Everywhere

TONCAN METAL

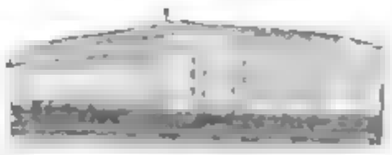
Commercially pure iron alloyed with copper to obtain the greatest possible resistance to rust and corrosion.

U-LOY STEELS

Special analysis and alloy steels made to your specifications or ours for any required purpose.

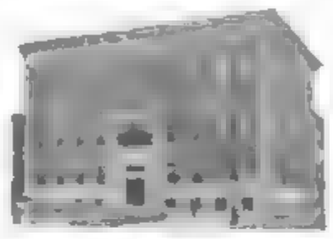
MADE BY THE OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HIGH GRADE ALLOY STEEL

Blast Furnace, United Alloy Steel Corporation



BUREAU OF ENGRAVING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

All the window frames in this building are of Toncan Metal



UTICA LODGE, 33, B. P. O. E.

Toncan was chosen for this building by the architects, Agne Rushmer & Jennison, Utica, N. Y

STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.
PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

All the large ventilators on this factory are of Toncan Metal

HOWTR MEMORIAL CATHEDRAL
CORNING, N. Y.

In this building, and many others throughout the country, Toncan was used for all sheet metal work.

238

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 137)

fresh, fair look of them. The whole nation is devoted to putting chemises—literally shirts: it is their own word for them—on their chairs; and, thus enshrouded, they always stand and are only uncovered on high days when invited guests are expected. This accounts for the good preservation of so many Louis Seize and Louis Quinze chairs.

Fascinating as was this chair opportunity had anyone needed a whole equipment of seats, it was in a dark back hall that collecting fate had a coffer lying in wait for me. A plain, dark waxy coffer, oak, paneled, lozenge-carved, lidded, heavy-legged, soberly set forty inches from the floor. Henry II, the equivalent of Elizabethan, I felt certain. It was so good, so perfect, so unrestored, so unfussed with that it took one's breath away.

"And this, madame?" I asked.

The old lady glowed with pleasure that I liked her linen chest. She had found it in her mother's stable in Auvergne when she was a girl, full of oats for the horses, and had had it brought in and scrubbed and waxed—nothing more. How those words of hers remain in mind—the "*écurie*" and the "*avoine*," and the pride in her mother's *propreté*. She asked nine hundred francs for it sixty-three dollars, as money exchanged—for a chest of the time of Henry II and his even better-known wife, Catherine de Medici! It was old, of course, Henry II, if I said so, like the oak in Cluny Museum yes, it was. The dealers were often after it in years gone by, but now they gave so little—she would be glad to sell.

Could I face getting it across the Atlantic? After all, what a great thing a chest is to carry things for you! And the underneath part—what it would hold! It suddenly seemed a solution of where the *Directoire* tea tray could go, and the cardinal's portrait and the two old watering cans. They could all travel home inside the crated coffer. With that happy idea in mind, a collecting conscience was balmed; for every lover of the old, far from home, is faced with the problem not of buying but of abstaining from buying—for prosaic shipping home requires courage, trouble, time. Purchases do not get home across the Atlantic by being stowed, newspaper-wrapped, beside you on a cab seat. It's bad enough to get them up through a hotel lobby.

The Bargain Shop at Arles

Just such a wrapped parcel was the painted twenty-four-inch tea tray, oval, with a sharp-set, right-angled gallery about it, bordered in gilt, with a classic landscape in its center, desirable, reasonable, possible, but scarcely portable in a bag.

Then there were all the old things from Arles, bought in the enthusiasm of the end of a motor visit and now waiting the inevitable hour when going home has to be faced.

Arles is in the south of France. One goes there to see Roman antiquities and beautiful women famed for fine noses and cap-crowned heads, very well held, for they have been told for generations that their heads are worth looking at. But there are many old streets and queer corners in Arles also worth while; and late one afternoon, walking through the Place du Sauvage, most penitentially paved with sharp beach cobbles, I saw an old and shabby mansion of four hundred years ago, now humbly lived in, on which was a small sign *Vente et Achat de Meubles d'Occasion*—selling and buying of furniture at an opportunity or bargain. These words had come to mean a great deal. It is the kind of a shop that gathers as well as scatters. It is an original source of old furniture for a stranger.

It was kept by a certain Vve. G—in other words, the Widow G. So announced on the sign. We banged the old brass-handled knocker and entered a great hallway with a square-turned stair and a wrought-iron rail; and madame, the widow, came down, a little old lady with snappy black eyes and a quick way of giving a price. A great settee like John Hancock's in Plymouth, of the 1750's, with one leg a bit game—but *alors* it had eight—for eight hundred francs! A citizen of France makes a crisp, quick statement out of this eight hundred francs—*huit cent francs*—but the American must be a mental gymnast, and with a dollar at about fifteen francs, he must either multiply by seven or divide by fifteen, whichever school of alertness he swears by, before he can arrive at the dollar price. The result is the same. Every American holds his breath for a moment; then, the mental arithmetic mustered, he knows what the thing costs. A huge Empire settee, for which the old dealer had no good words except that it was solid and strong, was twelve dollars, and that its solidity was mahogany was not mentioned.

The Clock Maker's Window

With a great rattling of Bastille-like keys, she opened the door into an old dining room stacked and crowded with antiques—a fine, dusty, shabby lot. She just folded her hands over her keys and stood at attention, her eyes snapping. She knew that we knew and we knew that she knew—that here was what one dreams of. A pair of silver-luster vases, five francs—thirty-five cents! A portrait over the chimney piece in a rose-red velvet coat and a powdered wig—a young man, a bit pompous, but with an air, holding a ring just lifted from a case—ours for an unhesitated-over twenty francs. A painted tip-table top, a dollar. A white crêpe shawl, a costume kerchief ——

Arles is remote and everything we bought had to go in a steamer-rug strap, else what would have saved us from buying the armchairs, the desk, the *armoire*, the oval washbowls and ewer of the shape that was held up for the king to splash in two hundred years ago? She had another shop; we should see that, she said. Already we feared to face a railway on the morrow with our burdens, but promised to return from the hotel and see the fine shop.

But on the way into Arles, and between the Roman theater and the twelfth-century church, I had a memory of passing a clock-shop window with something in it. That

Out Every Morning—in Every Night. Boulevard St.-Germain

The People's Investment

More than 1,750,000 Americans have invested in electric light and power securities. These astonishing figures indicate that this is by far the most popular form of investment today.

Government reports show that the consumption of electric energy is doubling every five years. This means the electrical industry must raise tremendous sums of money annually to keep pace with the demand.

This money must be borrowed on bond issues, and secured from individuals who are investing in preferred and common stocks. To obtain this money for necessary new investment, a fair return must be earned and paid on money already invested. In order to pay this return each company must have sufficient income.

The growing dependence of industry and commerce on electric power is but one of the many assurances of future development of the electric light and power industry. That is why more and more people every year are investing in securities of well-managed electric light and power companies.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

Character

Character is built right into Patrick-Duluth Overcoats.

It shows in their aristocratic lines, their perfect fit and skilled hand-tailoring.

Its foundation lies in the beauty and exclusiveness of the famous Patrick-Duluth cloth—woven on our own looms from choice, long fibre Northern Wools.

Patrick-Duluth Overcoats are fashioned for discerning men who appreciate the worth of character attire.

Sold by merchants who know clothes value

You will want our interesting Overcoat Booklet
May we send it? Address Desk 2.

F. A. Patrick & Co.
DULUTH MINNESOTA
Makers of both Cloth and Garment

clock maker's window looked good; and, sleeping over it, it looked better yet. It ought to be looked into. The cobbles of Arles are sharp, the sidewalks are few, the cabs are cheap. We prowled for the *horlogerie* in a little open cab, with many suggestions to the driver that it was near a pair of twisty columns, and near this, and far from that, and we were sure it was on the right-hand side, and we wanted to see the whole town, anyway. At last we came upon the shop—another find. Two men, father and young son, finding clock repairing a narrow field, had a few old things to sell in their shop. Each wanted the other to sell to the Americans. The shop was so small that four couldn't get in. Two miniatures, a *bénitier* of old glass to hang the holy water on the wall, were bought in a moment. They had an India shawl, too big to unfold in the shop, and we all had to go out on the thoroughfare to open it out to be shown there were no moth holes in it. Ten dollars; and a Paisley the same.

The Old Chair From Nancy

"How much is this?" we would ask.

"Papa, papa!" with the shortest of short *a*'s, the son would demand of the father on the sidewalk. The father named the price and the son repeated it gravely to us, quite as if we had not heard just as he had. They had nine good small things and we made off with seven, leaving the shawls, not because they weren't wonderful but because we didn't dare load up more—and besides the old Vve. wanted us to see her other shop! When her poor shop was so good, what must that good one be?

Antiquing is a great renewer of enthusiasms. We recrossed the long, narrow, cobble route on foot next morning and walked with the old widow to see her good shop near the Roman baths. A shiny shop window faced us, fresh French furniture, electric reading lamps, gaudy unholstering, no dust. She was so proud of the shop that we enjoyed it with her. We gathered our possessions and hurried to the train, secretly relieved that she had no more for us, for how could we have managed another thing? We were passing the twisty-columned house, our landmark for the clock maker, when we saw father and son waving greeting to us, and papa held aloft a pewter tankard, brought in to him that morning from the country—an old pewter tankard, tall, graceful, lidded, and we drove on to the station with it, unwrapped, in our hands.

Unexpected finds are not dependent on shops. In a photographer's little workroom in Nancy, a little garden house in a back yard, I saw a fine chair, tall-backed, dark oak, carved, of the 1600's. It had been cane-paneled and seated originally; but for studio use, in stiff, hand-resting attitudes, a wadded-out brocaded velvet cover was on it. I saw and admired it. Yes, he had bought it years ago for forty francs. No, not dear; but the *tapissier* had robbed him by charging forty-five francs to upholster it. He would be glad to get his money out of it. Clearly, one hundred francs would put it in a cab for you any day. Seven dollars for a black-oak chair worthy of a museum! The old cane holes would show a modern caner how to reset the old back and seat—another original source in a money-needing country. This is the feeling, this need to realize on the unessential, the stored and put away, which is filling the antique shops of Europe with fascinating bargains today.

It was in Dijon, that old city famed for its spice cake and its museum, an adorable old city, that an old portrait was seen flapping in the wind at a shop door. It was peculiarly an old portrait that one would like to sit under for years, and its shape and size were precisely what the dining-room chimney breast at home called for. Its blue-gray color, with touches of red in book and buttons, was right for the home room. The jeweled order of St. Louis hanging from a blue ribbon on his breast, the clerical tabs at his throat, his long, stern, dark-eyed face—we liked him. And what a shop of treasure he hung before! It was on the Rue Pasteur and was a very modest shop. What would the old cardinal—for he is that—cost? He was of the period of 1740 to judge by his hair and the style of portrait. With a firm purpose to land him at any price, I went in.

"That portrait? Ten francs." And he helped me take it off the stretcher and roll it, paint in, to carry. The old portrait fits the spot in the paneling on the chimney breast and is prized inversely to its cost.

The Sunday Rag Market

But, after all, Paris is the center of things. It is the market of the world for beauty and its hunting grounds are happy. The renowned Marché du Temple, where, as an opportunist of fifteen years ago, there were more things than I could buy, has been torn down. Its successor in interest lies outside the gate called Clignancourt and is spoken of as a rag fair, a flea market, a *marché de ferraille*, variously; but it is the same wonderful sort of a place, and held at the same hour of the same day, and by any other name would smell the same.

This curious antique market is held for about two hours on Sunday forenoon, early. No building shelters it at its unpaved site outside the fortifications of Paris that are now being demolished. The market is best reached by the Metro, underground to the very gate.

Hundreds and hundreds of small dealers, many of whom live in little sheds and shanties and houses near by, spread their wares upon the ground or on very temporary tables and boards. All will be gone in a few hours. Here can be had real hunting paintings, frames, china, glass, brass, copper, books, tools, brocade, embroideries, curtains, chairs, tables, all huddled with tons of the unwanted, in two miles of paths cluttered with buyers and sellers, fortunately all on foot. It is an eye-training hour of first spy, first buy. Imagine the zest

Palm Canyon, Southern California

when two friends go, one down one side and one down the other, to meet at the end to compare successes. All the discards of Paris are there. One old man sits smiling with ten old locks and keys to sell. Another sits with a basket filled with large pieces of broken looking-glass, nothing more.

In one rapid walk, and spending sixty francs, we came home laden with fourteen small black oval and round frames specially desired for a silhouette collection, from fifty centimes to three francs each; a quart copper luster jug, old and English, a piece of Rouen ware, two copper pots for hot water or flowers, one fine enameled snuffbox, a tooled-leather folio-sized book cover from which all the pages had been torn, and a little copper saucepan with an ebony handle and a lid, the same shape that is seen in old silver. And we were late and the day was cold and it was about to rain. We saw antique dealers whose shops we knew, going off with great pokes of stuff to the cab stand near the city gate. One Englishman wore a shooting coat into whose mysterious and cavernous pockets he kept stowing purchases with great rapidity. There is no time for string or package making. One American—he kept ahead—filled his bag—it was huge—with old prints and embroideries. It is his yearly vacation to market here every Sunday morning for a month. Then back to New York and work!

Paris has many kinds of shops to suit all tastes and all capacities for buying. The great costly shops are near the hotels on the right bank of the Seine. But supposing the kind is desired where you do your own finding, I can think of no better way than to cross the Seine from the Louvre on the Pont Royal, and, treating the quay-side booths as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* before the feast, strike into the Rue du Bac, the old thoroughfare of entrance into the left bank of the Seine, into the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg St.-Germain. You will not find yourself oppressed by either students or aristocrats, though this is their reputed habitation; but you will find antique shops. The modern Boulevard Raspail diverts traffic, and after its divergence the narrow Rue du Bac is at its best for finds.

Old Printed Cottons

One shop kept by a woman is about ten feet wide. All down one side are tables and chairs overflowing with piles and heaps of *toile*, old printed cotton, with figures of shepherdesses and little scenes in one color, and bearing about the same relation to modern processes that a mezzotint of the same period bears to a modern print. An old and watchful woman sits forever ripping, ripping old seams and quilting and arranging precious squares and scraps in piles. A huge chest of drawers, immensely flat, holds folded pieces of this *toile de Jouay*, or old chintz. To see the contents the drawers must be pulled out. Madame is sure to have an errand at the front; and, round and solid, she drives full power on past you to the front of the narrow shop. The inquirer was perhaps a vague-minded window shopper, who asks mildly what those cottons are. Madame fairly snorts replies at her and rolls aft again. She seems a little difficult to deal with; but on buying something, and then taking three pieces, she shows her best side and hauls out and down and holds one up to the light to show what lamp-shade material the old print makes. I asked for galloon for binding, and she opened a drawer and had a bushel of little rolls of all ages and colors and widths at from fifty centimes—four cents—to two francs a meter. She measured with great rapidity an exact meter, from her nose, held left, to her extended right hand. She had India shawls and would sell whole, half, quarter, fragment or edge, from one franc up to seven hundred francs.

Then on across the street was a man who has a general in full panoply. He might be Rochambeau or a confrère, with rolled, white-powdered hair, scarlet-and-white uniform and a gay blue eye. He would be yours, frame and all—the dealer, though rough, tells you the gilt frame is wood, but not of the epoch, though old and a fit—for fifty francs. This is three dollars and a half. The varnish on it has cracked, but he is a dashing old officer and would more than shine over a sideboard or a fireplace. I hated to leave him; and saw him again—he's still there!

Nothing in these shops is ever called to your attention; the things are simply there. At my first visit to this shop there was a whole bushel of pieces of old *toile* in mauves and pinks, with patterns perhaps a yard square of sea fights and pastoral scenes. Two francs! And another was two francs. I took six pieces, each with a complete scene, and afterwards identified each pattern in the collection in the Decorative Arts in the left wing of the Louvre. Telling a young and enthusiastic friend of my find, she hurried there next day to get an armful, and was met by the statement:

"I'll call my wife."

He did, and the price of *toile* had soared—but the old general was still the same.

On up the street, seeing and seeing, one goes for a window on one side, and a corner on another calls for bias advance. A very neat and immaculate shop is kept by a very courteous woman who counts on attracting buyers who like their antiques sterilized and refinished, their glass shined and silver polished. Here was found a little *faïence* jug, of Nevers ware. The many museums, well labeled, soon get one fairly familiar with old French wares, and this was only five francs.

Ancient Watering Pots

Another shop has somewhat better things, with prices much stiffer; but it is still possible to choose a good thing at a price never to be regretted. A Rouen flower holder, a boughpot as the English called them in the 1700's, when they were made, was one hundred francs. It was made to sit semicircled against the wall, was pierced on top to hold flower stalks, and was quaintly beflowered and outlined in blue. *Cent francs*—seven dollars. No one need ask a Frenchman to come down on anything he values at an even hundred. He always holds to that.

All dealers in France eat at noon. This is a solemn shop-shutting rite, prolonged and absolute. They go out to eat and they take the door handle with them. Flatten your nose against the glass if you will—there is always a much-to-be-desired piece in a closed shop! Another occasion for encountering the removed door handle is the curious habit these smaller dealers have of running two or three shops, all open at different hours of the day but door-handleless and with a little sign on the door, "Find me at Number —— for the rest of the day." These are minor obstacles, however; and if the door is open and the dealer smiling a sort of Cheshire-cat welcome, in idleness, to serve you, a feeling comes over you that "I must not buy another thing. Every bag I have is bulging now. I'll have to cable for money if I spend another franc!" But if the shop is shut your conscience doesn't bother you.

There are dozens of shops on other streets—the Rue des Sts. Pères, with its orderly ones; the Boulevard St.-Germain, with its sidewalk displays carried in and out daily; the Raspail, with its well-set-up ones and its contrasting booths; the Rue Gozlin, six shops long, with two famous shops, one for chair coverings and one for frames of all periods. A favorite seems to await you here, there and everywhere. One dealer we heard greeted with a timid "Do you speak English?" and his great voice barked out "Shure Oi do!" in a rich Irish brogue. There is always an individuality about shop and shopkeeper. I showed a purchase made in Arles in friendly fun to a very friendly dealer on the Rue de Rennes and told the price.

"It was a gift!" was her comment, and that will be what all these purchases will seem when they are safely home.

Yes, it costs something to get them home; but the cost is mostly time and trouble, and there are compensating thrills even at the packer's. One day I saw the man who had sold me two copper watering cans, old *arrosoirs* such as George Washington used at Mount Vernon, and long sought for by me, and told him that my coffer, the one I had found in the Rue de Seine, was at the packer's, and the watering pots were going underneath. Instead of being grumpy, he took his door handle out at once and trotted over to the Rue St.-Benoit; and the two, he and the packer, looked it over critically. One said the corners, very peculiarly keyed, were a clew to its age. They approved of legs, of hinges and top. Nothing restored.

"What epoch?" I asked.

"Henry II."

I walked on air at their verdict. My opinion had been confirmed by these experts.

Back of The Evening's Pleasure

With Winterfront standing guard over your car your mind is free from all worrisome speculation.

You know that your car, with the added protection of Winterfront, stands ready for instant use.

Winterfront keeps thousands of cars out of cold storage and popularizes cold weather driving, not for men only, but for women as well.

It is cleverly designed to harmonize with any car and enhance its beauty. A thermostat opens and closes the shutters, according to the amount of cold air needed to keep the engine at highest efficiency.

This automatic temperature control effects substantial savings in oil and gas as well as prolonging the useful life of the engine.

Winterfront adds both comfort and economy to every mile you drive during Fall, Winter and Spring and the first cost *(less than a good tire)* is the only cost.

Read what E. N. Gine says:

Our folks called on the Smiths the other evening and I stood outside in the snow for three hours.

I was chilled to the bone when the party broke up and the host called from the doorways "Jack, I hope your car is O. K. you probably have a Winterfront"

"Oh, no, but the old bus never gives me much trouble," said my Boss. That settled it. I decided to give him a lesson and I was so hard to start that I was really ashamed of myself

But it worked. I now have an automatic Winterfront which snuggles down and keeps me warm or opens its shutters and gives me fresh air when I need it.

A tip to the wise engine is sufficient.

E. N. Gine

PINES MANUFACTURING CO.
404-412 No. Sacramento Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Have Your Dealer Install

It will take only a few minutes for your dealer to install a Pines Automatic Winterfront and if the model for your car is not in stock he will gladly get it.

Pines Manufacturing Company,
404-412 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill
Gentlemen: It will be a great comfort to be relieved of engine worry during Fall, Winter and Spring and I would like to learn more about Winterfront.
My car is ____ Model
Name
Street
City ____ State
S.E.P. 10-6

ANY MOTOR WILL RUN BETTER WITH A
PINES AUTOMATIC
WINTERFRONT
TRADE MARK REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL . . . AND PROTECT HOME BEAUTY . . . WITH ACME QUALITY

"His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Montgomery.

ACME

Paints Enamels Stains

Put a new *complexion* on your house

For the beauty it adds . . . for the protection of that beauty . . . for the pride it arouses . . . for the increased value it creates . . . put a fresh, glowing, new covering of Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes on your home this fall.

Shabby houses renew their spick-and-span look of newness almost overnight with this treatment. The appearance of years of neglect is erased by the easy sweep of the brush which the painter dips in the Acme Quality can.

If you want the utmost in protection from the weather and in lasting beauty, thousands of home lovers will tell you that Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes are the most economical and the most satisfactory that you can use.

For forty years, these products have been the standard of the industry. That is the reason why so many thousand dealers sell them and so many thousands of painters apply them. There is an Acme Quality product for every surface, and an Acme Quality dealer near you. If you do not know the name of the Acme Quality agent in your neighborhood, write to us.

Acme Quality House Paint—A complete selection of beautiful shades. Figured by years of service and yards of surface covered per gallon, thousands of home owners will tell you it is the most economical paint that can be applied.

Acme Quality Varnish—A varnish for every purpose. Our unusual scientific and manufacturing facilities, and long years of experience, produce varnishes of unsurpassed quality. Our varnish works are among the largest in the world. For samples, see coupon.

Acme Quality Varno-Lac—Refinishes floors, furniture and woodwork by staining and varnishing in one quick, easy operation. Beautiful reproductions of expensive woods at surprisingly low cost. For sample, see coupon.

Acme Quality Enamel—In white and colors. Imparts a genuine porcelain-like enamel finish of lasting lustre which is easily kept bright and clean by wiping with a damp cloth. For sample, see coupon.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish—A flat finish which gives walls, ceilings and woodwork a wonderfully soft, restful tone. Made in many delicate tints and inviting shades.

Acme Quality Motor Car Finish—Imparts a long-lasting, high-gloss finish that restores that look of newness to your car. A number of the largest and best-known motor car manufacturers use automobile finishes made by Acme. For sample, see coupon.

Acme White Lead and Color Works, Dept. 41, *Detroit, Mich.*

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—15c for each 30c to 35c sample can checked. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Please *print* dealer's name and your name.)

Dealer's name

Dealer's address

Your name

*Your address*_____ *City*_____ *State*____

Acme Quality Varnish
Check one or more: [ ] SPARKOTE, *for exterior use* [ ] VARNOTILE, *for floors;* [ ] INTEROLITE, *for interiors.*

Acme Quality Varno-Lac
Check one color: [ ] *Light Oak,* [ ] *Dark Oak;* [ ] *Brown Mahogany;* [ ] *Deep Mahogany*

Acme Quality Enamel
Check one color: [ ] *White or* [ ] *Ivory*

Acme Quality Motor Car Finish [ ] *Black.*

Value of this coupon 15¢ *to* $1.00

DEALERS: Thousands of dealers all over the country are now selling Acme Quality products. They have proved the value of a full line under one famous label; a forty-year-old reputation for quality, quick service, and the most complete and effective merchandising assistance in the industry. Write us for our agency plan.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

Boston Buffalo Chicago Minneapolis St. Louis Kansas City Pittsburgh Cincinnati Toledo Nashville Birmingham Fort Worth Dallas Topeka Salt Lake City Portland San Francisco Los Angeles

QUALITY

Varnishes — *for every surface*

Announcement

Elgin establishes still higher authority in Professional Timekeeping for the Railroad Man

The New "B.W. Raymond"

— 21 Jewel — Railroad Model

IT was back in 1867 that the first "B. W. Raymond" Watch was produced by the Elgin watchmakers.

Railroading was in its infancy. Railroads were short. Life was leisurely.

But even then the railroad man felt the need of precise timekeeping—and the Elgin "Raymond" took its place as the *professional* timekeeper of the *railroad man.*

Time and developments have only served to emphasize the unique position of the Elgin "Raymond."

There are more "Raymonds" today on the American railroads than any one model of any other make of watch.

If the Elgin people approached watchmaking simply as manufacturers, the new "B. W. Raymond"—21 Jewel—Railroad Model—would never have seen the light.

But that is *not* the Elgin way of looking at it.

Important refinements in watchmaking have taken shape in the Elgin laboratories.

These make for finer construction—closer rating—*higher professional standard in timekeeping.*

You will find them *all* in the *new* "B.W. Raymond"—21 Jewel—Railroad Model.

Ask your jeweler to show you this new Elgin professional timekeeper for the railroad man.

If he hasn't it now, he can get it for you within thirty days.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

THE JOY DODGERS

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'll bet the Gulicks have just as much money," declared Cynthia. "Lumber contracts during the war, wasn't it? And that Ripley estate they bought is one of the finest around here. I always have loved that stunning stone house and the cute ivy-covered lodge at the gates. Think of the week-end parties they might have, with all those bedrooms! Yet the only guests I've ever known them to have were some queer country-looking folks who were probably relatives. I've seen them at the club only a few times, at some of the big affairs, and they've always been sitting around by themselves, acting bored and yawny. Nothing freaky about them, either. Mr. Gulick has a real pleasant way of talking. I heard him telling his chauffeur when to call for them. And she seems like a nice, motherly sort of person who would be sociable and chatty if she had a chance. But no one ever goes near them; they're never asked anywhere; and I'm sure they're having a dreary, wretched time of it, in spite of their big house and their ten servants and all it costs them to live."

"But, Cinnie," broke in Teddy Kane, "why spill so much sympathy for the Gulicks, when we're the ones who ——"

"Exactly," agreed Cinnie. "I'm using the case of the Gulicks to prove to Tom that there are rich people who don't know how to spend their money."

Cousin Tom nodded.

"I get you. And I expect there's plenty more just like 'em. What then?"

"Now we come to us" –and Cinnie included Teddy with one of her whimsical smiles. "We know all the tricks of the idle rich. Teddy was born to some of them, and had a long start on me; but it didn't take me a great while to catch up, and for the last few years we've been acquiring the finishing touches together. If they gave diplomas for that sort of thing, I guess we'd be entitled to some kind of a degree—*cum laude*, as they print it on college sheepskins. Anyway, we know how to play around with the best of them—golf, bridge, dancing, roulette, yachting, and all-night cut-up parties. We know the best resorts to go to and when to be there. That's a liberal education in itself, Tom—being where one ought to be at midseason, when things are liveliest; Florida in February and up to the middle of March, then the Springs or Pinehurst until the middle of May, and home in June for a little while. And Teddy knows room clerks and head waiters and club stewards by their first names, and how much to tip them so as to get the best service. We are in with the gay bunch too. Teddy's a Stone Crab and a member of the Tin Whistles, and a lot of other things. I've danced with all sorts of celebrities, from movie stars to puffy steel-trust magnates, and played bridge with their wives, and gone on beach parties with their sons and daughters. We know how to get Drawing-room A on a crowded train, the best suite at an overflowing resort hotel, and a choice table in the dining room. We know where to buy the right kind of clothes and when to wear 'em. In fact, Tom, we have learned the joy-hunting game from start to finish."

"She's dead right," assented Teddy, with an admiring glance at Cynthia. "Blamed little in the way of fun we've missed."

"Seems to be unanimous," said Cousin Tom. "Still, I don't connect it all up with the Gulicks."

"We're back to them," said Cynthia; "that is, nearly so. Now listen, Tom; when people want to buy mining property, or oil wells, or even real estate, and don't know its value or how to go about getting hold of it, what do they do? Don't they call in experts in that line?"

"Sure thing," said Tom.

"Well, there you are!" And Cynthia fluttered her hands gracefully. "Aren't we experts in the art of living?"

Cousin Tom suddenly sat upright in the easy-chair, his keen eyes widening with appreciation.

"Say, Cinnie, I believe you've struck something good!" he exploded. "'Course you're experts, and that's a line, I'll tell the jury."

"Then why can't we put it to some use?" demanded Cynthia. "We've paid a lot for our tuition. We've gone broke getting graduated. But we have got the experience, the know-how. Why can't we be called in as experts by those who need us, and who can afford to pay the price?"

"Don't see why you can't, Cinnie. As you say, you've got the goods."

"Well?" demanded Cinnie.

Cousin Tom indulged in two thoughtful puffs, then tossed the cigarette into the grate and stood up.

"It's merely a question of merchandising, of creating the demand and then getting next to the customer. See? You've got something that the Gulicks need, but they don't know it. So the first thing you gotta do is convince 'em that they want it. That's publicity. Then you go to 'em and show 'em you got it, give 'em your rates, get 'em to sign on the dotted line. That's salesmanship. Simple enough, eh?"

At which Teddy Kane lifted a protesting voice:

"Oh, I say, Cinnie, not the Gulicks! You don't mean we've got to take that pair in tow, do you? Why, after living right next to them for three years, with hardly a word passed between us, I—I wouldn't have the face. Honest, that would be too raw. The Gulicks!"

Teddy fairly groaned the last words, and his big face was flushed with the pink tide of shame.

"Goosy gander!" said Cynthia. "Of course I don't mean the Gulicks! They're just samples. Naturally we couldn't start in here. We're going to find a fresh field, way off somewhere. But there are Gulicks everywhere—must be. Only I don't know just how to find them. How does one find Gulicks, Tom?"

"The printed word," oracled Tom. "And say, that's where Mr. T. Tooter Brennan can lend a helping hand. What you need as a starter is a vest-pocket-ad campaign. No broadcasting stuff, same as you would if you were putting out a new brand of toilet soap. No; selected territory, hand-picked mediums. How about Boston and suburbs? Slathers of plutes up there, in Brookline and the Newtons, and scattered through the mill and factory towns. And you'd get 'em all through the good old Transcript. Ever read the ads in the Wednesday night edition? Better than any fiction. But you want to lead off with something snappy, an announcement that'll hit 'em right between the eyes. Wait! I feel an idea coming! Got a pad handy?"

Another moment and Cousin Tom was sitting at the desk, fountain pen in hand, while Teddy and Cynthia watched with awe, as if he were a magician about to summon the aid of some friendly genie. True, Mr. Tooter Brennan had never outgrown the schoolboy trick of chewing his tongue while in the throes of creative composition, and as the fine frenzy took more complete possession of him he wound his elegantly slim legs almost into a double knot; but the Kanes overlooked these grotesque symptoms of cerebration. They were watching the jerky passes of that magic self-filling wand as it traced sprawly letters on the paper. Five minutes they waited—ten. Cousin Tom scratched out all he had written and tore off the sheet. He was making a fresh start. Ah, now he was off! The words raced trippingly off the gold nib, the lines ranged themselves in serried ranks. At last he unwound his legs and recapped the gold-banded fountain pen. He hung one thumb in a waistcoat armhole.

"There! That ought to be a business getter. Listen and see how it strikes you. Here's the eye-catcher right in the first line—full caps, ten point, l e a d e d :

ARE YOU A JOY DODGER?

Are you getting as much fun out of life as your income entitles you to get?

Do you know how to play?

Perhaps you've been too busy to learn.

Knowing how to make money is one thing; spending it so as to get a good return in comfort and happiness for yourself and family—that's something else.

Are you bored, discontented, in spite of your big bank account?

Then why not get in touch with those who can show you how to be happy though rich?

Address T. K. and C. K., Box 707.

Experts in the Art of Living.

"Well, doesn't that cover it?" And Cousin Tom waited with becoming modesty for the thunderous applause.

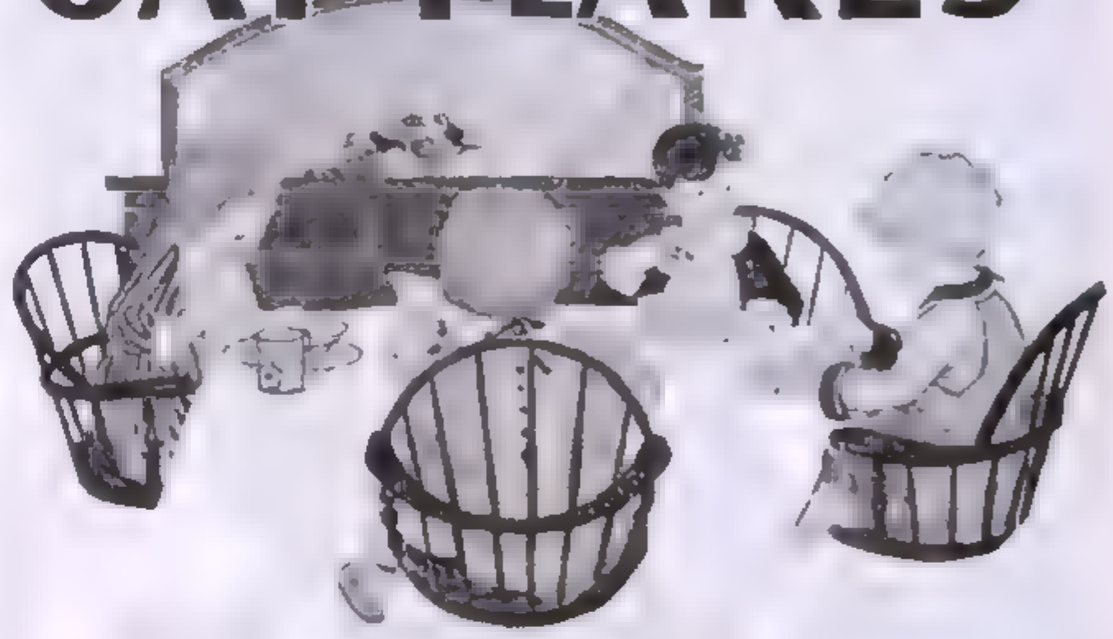
"Beautifully!" agreed Cynthia. "And you've put the whole thing so simply and yet so clearly. How to be happy though rich! That's such a clever touch. And I like the way you worked in that 'Experts in

(Continued on Page 149)

3 MINUTE TRADE MARK

Means the product of the Rich Bros Cereal Co.

OAT FLAKES



Watch the kiddies enjoy the delicious new flavor

Youngsters are delighted with the deliciously different flavor of 3-MINUTE Oat Flakes. They enjoy oats as never before and find them perfectly digestible.

While perfecting a process for making a flake that would cook quickly, it was discovered that the method did even more than the makers expected. It brought out to the very fullest extent the hidden richness and sweetness, hence this wonderful, nut-like flavor, entirely new and delightful.

The exclusive process also made a more digestible food, by dextrinizing the starches—breaking down the starch cells in the oats.

Try this wholesome, strengthening food today and watch the kiddies enjoy the delicious new flavor.

A Hot Breakfast in a Jiffy

There is no tedious preparation required to cook 3-MINUTE Oat Flakes—it is all done in 180 seconds—making it easy to give the kiddies a hot breakfast every morning.

RICH BROS. CEREAL CO., CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

A Pound for a Dime

(Except in the Far West)

3-MINUTE Oat Flakes gives the greatest cereal food value obtainable. Try it today. Almost any independent grocer can supply you.

Famous silver in charming places

WHEN you are back in your own little house and want more silver for beautiful entertaining or else to give just the right kind of a gift to a friend, no choice could be better than Wallace. And no designs are more perfect than the "Hostess" in plate or the "Princess Mary" in solid silver.

Since good taste demands that only one design should be used at a single time, the woman who knows, gives for chests of the pieces most needed in the designs she likes best.

It isn't an expensive matter, either. For chests of 26 pieces of the most necessary table flatware in the beautiful Hostess design are only $45. In the famous Princess Mary solid silver design chests begin at $88.25. And you may also buy the most beautiful hollow ware dishes to match your flatware.

If your favorite shop cannot show you these and other Wallace designs, write us direct, addressing R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.

When you stop by the side of the road

MOTORING out through the crisp, country air to a fascinating Inn for a Lovers' lark—you have done it, too, haven't you? For courtship days are precious days. No wonder "Dad" lowers his eyes and dreams of the beautiful girl, no longer here, whom he courted many years ago.

"When *we* get married," each couple thinks, "our little house will be even more beautiful than Dad's. With warm, glowing curtains, dark, harmonious rugs, silver that gleams and glistens deliciously and *love*—how we will be happy!"

So all Lovers dream. And if the dreams are *made* to come true, then, many years later, they happily enter into the courtship of their sons and daughters. They listen to talk that is strangely reminiscent. They even give presents—chests of radiant Wallace silver—similar to the one given to "sweetheart," long ago, by her parents. The gifts are similar—only the designs change.

And with the changing times, Wallace has made new and charming patterns, but the fine worth and the exquisite workmanship remain as they were when "Dad and Mother got married."

Can you give a perfect buffet luncheon? Do you use the Russian, English or Mixed form of service in your entertaining? Send 50c today to R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn., for the Hostess Book which answers these and many other questions.

WALLACE *Silver* STERLING AND PLATE

(Continued from Page 147)

the Art of Living.' I don't see how you can dash off things like that, Tom."

"Oh, it's a gift," admitted Mr. Brennan. "But you fed me some nifty little scenario to build on, Cinnie. Yea-uh; a shifty scheme, I call it, and one that ought to be a knock-out if you work it right. Now when do you plan to start in?"

"Right away. I think Boston will do nicely too. We ought to go up there, I suppose?"

"Absolutely! Be right on the ground. And I'll tell you how you two ought to open the sketch. Pick out a good, conservative family hotel; hire a nice three or four room suite; stick in the ad, and then sit back to wait for the come-ons. You'll get results all right, or else I don't know the publicity game. And if you need anything more in my line just drop me a wire. I can make that 3:17 back to town, can't I? Good! Best of luck to you both."

He had been gone several minutes, but Teddy was still puzzling over the sheet he had picked up from the desk.

"I suppose it's all right, old girl; but I can't just feature where I'm going to fit in. I don't know the rules of the game."

"Aren't any yet, Teddy dear. We're going to make 'em up as we go along. About all I can tell you now is that we're teed up. Now let's see if we can shoot."

IV

AS FOR being teed up, Teddy was doubtful. Probably he would have described their position as a cuppy lie, or he might have insisted that they were bunkered. Anyway, they were shooting at a blind hole, and though that always added a sporting interest to a golf game, in real life he wasn't so keen about it.

Nevertheless, things began to happen—abruptly, swiftly. During the following forty-eight hours Teddy Kane was called upon to transact more business affairs than he believed possible to be crowded into such a short space of time. He sold two cars, saw a real-estate agent about putting the house on the market, interviewed a banker who gave him a lot of money for simply signing a mortgage, drew and mailed checks for a staggering number of bills, paid off and discharged four servants and sent in his resignation from the Roaring Rock Country Club. Meanwhile the trunks and bags were being packed and tickets were bought.

And almost before the Nick Mulfords and the Judson Bateses and the others realized that the Teddy Kanes had been acting a bit oddly they were gone. Some said to California, but the most creditable rumor had them headed for Southern France. Jessica Mulford recalled that Cinnie had talked a lot about Biarritz after meeting at White Sulphur those swagger English people who had told about their villa at this French place. Anyway, they were always starting on impromptu trips, and it would be just like Cinnie to dash off without calling up anybody to say good-by. Biarritz was accepted.

But instead of gazing over the rail in mid-Atlantic, Teddy and Cynthia were staring about the sitting room of their suite in the Lady Louise, two blocks from Copley Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

You may not know the Lady Louise, even if you were Boston-born, any more than you might recognize a Cabot crossing the Common. Certainly the Kanes would never have found it had it not been for the exact directions given by a college friend of Teddy's to whom he had described precisely the sort of hotel they were looking for. He had been born on Beacon Street, this friend, so he was an authority.

"Oh, if that's what you're after, you'd best go to the Lady Louise. Aunt Priscilla used to live there. You may mention my name to the manager," he had said.

And only when Teddy had mentioned the name did cold suspicion moderate to an east-windy toleration. An austere elderly person with obsolete gray side whiskers and steely gray eyes was the manager. He had the air of having just served on a coroner's jury that had rendered a verdict ending "at the hand of some person unknown," but was about to demand that you leave your thumb print for examination. He informed Teddy that he seldom had accommodations for transient guests, but that fortunately for the Kanes a most desirable suite had recently been vacated, and, considering his deep respect for the friend's Aunt Priscilla, they would be taken in for a limited period. So there they were.

"What an awful room!" stage-whispered Teddy.

"Sh-h-h!" warned Cynthia.

"Oh, I locked the door," he assured her "And just look at it, Cinnie!"

"I am looking, Teddy dear. I'm trying to make out the period. Early Pullman, I should say. Have you noticed the onyx-topped center table and the flowered Brussels carpet?"

"What I can't get away from is the art exhibit," groaned Teddy. "This undraped female with the pink legs who has been bitten above the belt by an eel!"

"Asp, Teddy. She must be Cleopatra. See the Sphinx in the background?"

"I don't care," protested Teddy. "Nobody ever had such pink legs—except ladies on circus posters. And those slaves waving the feather dusters over her look as if they'd been coated with chocolate frosting. It's such a whaling big painting too. Almost makes the room seem crowded."

It did, for in the massive, tarnished-gilt frame it occupied at least a third of the wall space on that side of the long, narrow room.

"Crowded," repeated Teddy. "Air seems full of pink ——"

"That will do, Teddy. I guess you can endure the art if I can stand that pier-glass enormity."

From a mottled-marble base of the scrambled-egg design it towered clear to the ceiling, an elaborately carved affair of black walnut with gilded medallions stuck on. Some of the medallions had been knocked off, leaving gluey scars. In places the silver, or whatever it is they put on the backs of mirrors, had gone dull or peeled off.

There were other depressing features about the furnishings. Under the huge painting suggesting the unique decease of Cleopatra was a near-Directoire settee upholstered in satin velours of a bilious green shade. On the mantel above the marble fireplace were two majolica vases filled with dried and dusty everlastings; between the vases was a French clock under a glass case. How long the hands of the clock had pointed to 8:47 Cynthia could not guess.

"Wasn't that about the time Lincoln was shot?" suggested Teddy.

"All this must have been very grand once," mused Cynthia, "and I suppose, for Boston, it is still eminently respectable. Anyway, I hope it will seem so to the clients—if any—that we are to receive here."

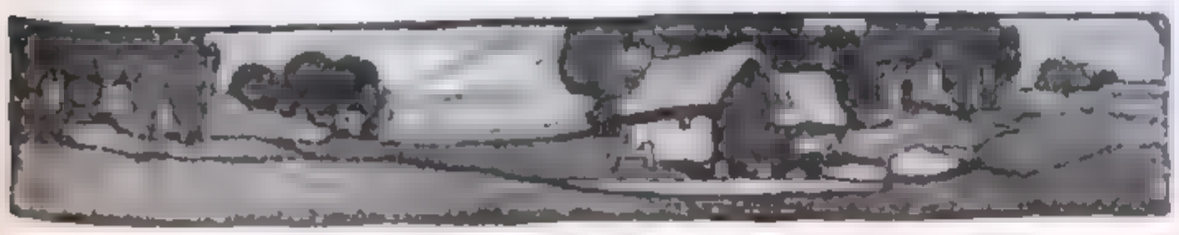
"Gives me the blue willies," said Teddy. "Makes me feel as if I was living in a museum. I'll be growing a set of whiskers like that old bird down in the office. Anyway, we don't have to eat here, do we?"

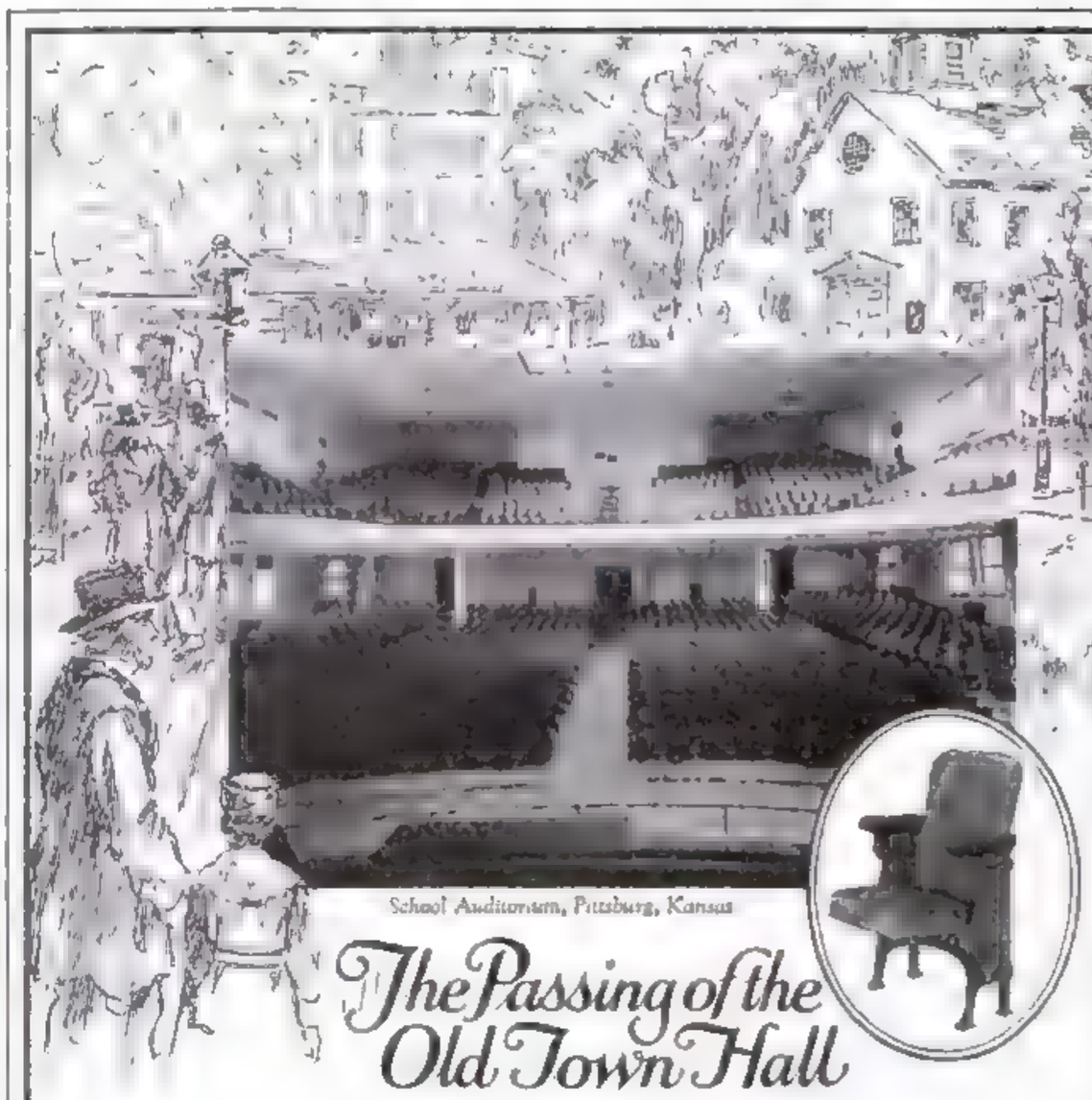
"Absolutely! American plan, you know. And dinner is from 6:30 to eight P.M. Fancy! We must be getting dressed too."

In the dining room Teddy wanted to keep on staring around and Cynthia kicked his shins under the table. "But they're such a collection of freaks!" he whispered.

She could not deny it as she surveyed them over the top of the menu card. One stately old lady still wore her snowy hair in Janice Meredith fashion, with a coy curl dangling in front of her right ear; another was an exact replica of the late Queen Victoria at her Jubilee period, a high tortoise-shell comb being substituted for the British crown. And at a corner table a rare specimen of the new woman of the Dr. Mary Walker days sat stiffly in the mannish costume which was in limited vogue when votes for women was a sure-fire joke on the vaudeville circuit. The scattered males were odd types too. One leonine old boy had a set of white whiskers à la Henry W. Longfellow; another looked like a recently unwrapped mummy.

"Maybe they're celebrating Forefathers' Day or something with a costume dinner," Teddy suggested. But Cynthia had thought it out.





School Auditorium, Pittsburg, Kansas

The Passing of the Old Town Hall

Many will recall with varied feelings, the days when the Lyceum Course, and the drama, home talent or professional, were held during the long winter months in the old Town Hall. Its bare and draughty interior contributed little to appropriate environment, and comfort in seating was not even expected.

Today the greatly increased school attendance and the ever widening circle of community activities make a modern auditorium a real community need in connection with every school.

The seating in this auditorium should not, as in former days, be a penance and a menace either to school children or the adult public. The chairs provided should be comfortable, substantial, and as harmonious with the surroundings as in the finest theatre in town. The same public sits in both and the same public eventually pays for both. If the best is a good investment for the theatre, it is equally justifiable for the school.

Our Theatre and Assembly Chairs have for years been accepted as standard in theatrical and auditorium seating. They have the endorsement of actual adoption in the leading universities, colleges, and schools of the country, and in thousands of our leading theatres. Of the latter, many nationally known "circuits" have for years installed none other.

A complete compilation of valuable information and interesting illustrations of Theatre, Auditorium and Assembly seating has just been issued. This book will be sent on request if made on your business or official stationery. This applies to anyone directly or indirectly interested in public seating, whether for School, Auditorium, Theatre, Church, or Lodge.

For specific information concerning contemplated installations, send architect's blue prints or general floor plans.

American Seating Company

School Desks—Theatre Chairs—Church and Lodge Furniture

General Offices—14 East Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

Branch Offices and Distributing Agencies with Display Rooms and Service Organizations in all Principal Cities.

"This is one of the inner shrines where they keep the sacred relics of the blue-stocking era, and we're mighty lucky to be here. Just the setting we need to impress New England's newly rich."

"Anyway," admitted Teddy, "it registers strong with the newly poor. I suppose that's what we are—eh, Cinnie?"

He could still jest about their condition, you see. But that was because Teddy Kane had not yet fully realized the dark depths to whose verge his folly had brought them. He had never lacked money for all his wants and most of his whims. He could not picture himself without it. At least, he wasn't trying.

But there was no such blind spot in Cynthia's brown eyes. She had peered through the keyhole of a hall bedroom full into the snarling jaws of the traditional wolf, and she knew his distant howling when she heard its echo. She had not come to Boston solely to be amused by faded dowagers of another day. She was planning how to make their slim resources last until her scheme for regaining a foothold among the pleasure seekers had been given a fair trial. She saw clearly what would happen to them if it failed—a return to the typewriter for her, a long hunt for some job that would yield Teddy a pay envelope, a complete dropping out from the life which for a few years she had so enjoyed—all the mean, wretched details. Yet she was calm, undismayed, hopeful. She meant to put the thing over.

After dinner she fished Cousin Tom's masterpiece from her vanity case and copied the inspired lines in her neat script.

"You're to take this down to the newspaper office and pay for one insertion in the Wednesday-night edition. Look up the address in the telephone book."

"Why bother with the address, old girl?" said Teddy. "I'll just call a taxi."

"You'll just not," was the ultimatum. "No more taxis, Teddy, except on special occasions. We can't afford it."

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Teddy. "Oh, I say!"

Concisely but illuminatingly Cynthia explained to him why taxi fares were no longer to be unconsidered trifles. Teddy looked up the street number; he acquired complicated sailing directions from the accommodating elevator man; he dodged through the traffic mazes on Boylston and Tremont streets, and he returned to sit soberly on the bilious green settee and stare thoughtfully at the outrageous floral fantasy of the carpet.

Teddy was beginning to understand. He was taking his first look into the abyss. The glimpse was not reassuring.

"Listen, Cinnie," he ventured.

"Well?"

"What if none of these—er—clients show up?"

"We'll put the ad in again."

"But suppose ——"

"Let's not," broke in Cinnie. "It doesn't help."

"That's right. I expect it doesn't. But while we wait, what's the merry old program?"

"That's it, Teddy dear—we wait."

"Like a couple of bally duck hunters squatting in a blind?"

"Well, goose hunters, if that sounds better."

"Comes nearer the case, I guess. Goose hunters!"

"For the kind that can lay golden eggs," added Cynthia, and her voice trailed off into a mirthless little laugh that was almost bitter.

Teddy looked up and saw that the adorable chin was firmly set, and that the small mouth, whose lips could curve so alluringly, showed only as a thin scarlet line.

"I say, old girl, I—I've never seen you like this before."

"I've had no reason to be like this before."

"But you look as if you were ready to—well, I don't know what."

"Rob, murder and pillage?" suggested Cynthia. "Not quite. But I've been poor, Teddy—cruelly poor. I never told you, and I'm not going into details now. You wouldn't understand. And I've known people who had been wealthy once, but who had slipped down, down, down—where I was—lower. It's so easy to keep slipping, once you get started; so hard to stop. Perhaps you might think that the friends who saw you dropping towards poverty would reach out and help pull you back among them. They don't—not often. They stare for a little while. Then they turn away and forget, and you keep on slipping. But I mean to grab at something and hold on until we can climb back."

The picture was becoming clearer to Teddy.

"It's like being three down at the turn, eh?"

Cynthia nodded. Teddy reflected on this for a time, his big hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets, before he began squirming about, a certain sign that he wanted to say something which he found difficult of expression. At last it came out.

"How much have we got left to go on?"

The recently installed and self-appointed guardian of the family exchequer shook her head.

"Now why ask for figures, Teddy, when you know how little they mean to you?"

A hurt look came into his light-blue eyes, but he bowed a meek head. His next move was to assume a slumped pose, elbows on knees and chin on palms, registering remorse.

"If I hadn't let Chet Porter ring me in on those Mexicans!" he moaned. "Think of all I sunk in that deal! Like tossing it overboard. That was the biggest sap play I ever made, Cinnie, and I ought to be ——"

"Never mind what ought to happen to you," broke in Cynthia. "Maybe it will, and maybe it will not. But either way, Teddy, we're going to go through this like good sports. No whining and no grouching, but with our chins up and our eyes open so as to miss no tricks. The hardest part is going to come these next few days, when we're just drilling around, waiting for replies. But we're not going to spend the time feeling sorry for ourselves, or getting cross with each other. As for me, I mean to have a good rest and get in a lot of sleep. I need both. Get out the cards, Teddy, and we'll play Russian bank until 10:30."

"What's the stake, old girl?"

"To see who opens the windows and puts out the lights," said Cynthia, shuffling her pack.

V

THE first advertiser must have been a bold, venturesome soul, worthy of fellowship with Columbus and the anonymous hero who first swallowed an oyster. Some day and somewhere they will rear a monument to his memory.

For to back your faith in the printed word with cash, paid in advance, does demand courage of a certain sort; especially when your medium is only an inch or so among the crowded, many-columned pages devoted to classified ads. Your few feeble lines seem like a faint cry let loose on the roaring hubbub of the market place, and that it should reach the ears of the particular persons whose attention you mean to attract is nothing less than a miracle. How, in all that tumult of half and full page display, and of the mighty chorus of wants voiced by the close-ordered columns, can your particular plea be heard? And if heard at all, will it hold the attention? Will it bring the buyer to your door?

Of course, skilled veterans in the art of publicity, such as Tooter Brennan, have no doubts. They are sure that certain results will follow certain expenditures. Nothing Columbuslike when they set sail. Their arrival schedules are as exact as those of an ocean liner.

And the soap or breakfast-food magnate who puts half a million into his annual advertising budget knows that it, and more, will come back.

But Cynthia Kane, having found her Are-You-a-Joy-Dodger announcement squeezed in under Miscellaneous at the bottom of a page, felt like a Columbus when the crew of the caravel came growling aft with a demand that they be told where they were at—especially when Teddy sniffed his pessimism.

"Who's ever going to find that?" he asked.

"I don't know," admitted Cynthia. "But it does read well, Teddy; and it catches the eye, just as Cousin Tom said it would. Didn't it catch mine?"

"After you'd looked on every other blooming page of the paper for it. And what bored plute is going to hunt for something he doesn't know is there?"

"That kind have nothing else to do," said Cynthia. "Anyway, by tomorrow at this time we'll know."

But they didn't. True, the ad brought replies. Half of them, however, were from enterprising managers of resort hotels who inclosed booklets, and the others came from steamship agents, foreign-tour conductors, ladies' outfitting shops and hairdressing establishments. One was from the proprietor of the Canton Chow Kennels, West Roxbury. All hinted at or boldly named commissions. Cynthia shrugged her shoulders and swept the lot into the wastebasket. That was Thursday's offering.

Friday was even leaner—a few more resort booklets and an engraved card from a leading jeweler. Teddy no longer tried to hide his gloomy restlessness.

"I say, Cinnie, there's no use my sticking around, is there? I know some fellows out at Brookline, and if I called 'em up I might get in a round of golf. Eh?"

"Sorry, Teddy, but if any prospects should show up, you ought to be on hand."

"Me? What's the idea?"

"I shall need you as Exhibit A. I'll tell you, though; you might get into your knickers and practice putting on the carpet."

Little of the shrewdness that prompted this suggestion did Teddy suspect. For one item, he was provided with something to do. Besides, he had been longing to know the feel of sport clothes once more, after several days of wearing city attire. And for another, Teddy looked his best in golf togs, as Cynthia was well aware. He had really worthy calves. And when he had arrayed himself in a silk covert of light tan, with broad-ribbed, fuzzy woolen stockings to match, he brought into the weirdly furnished suite a breath of the great open eighteen-hole spaces, where men are men and women are not allowed to play on Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

At one end of the sitting room, beside the writing desk, some former guest had spilled symmetrically an ounce or so of violet ink. Teddy putted at that for an hour. Then he invented a game. Starting in the bathroom, he putted through the bedroom, down one side of the sitting room and up the other, holing out on the ink stain. Any piece of furniture was a hazard, but you could lift with a one-stroke penalty. Par for the course was eight, but after several rounds Teddy could do no better than a scurvy seventeen. Then he pulled off a lucky carom which landed him almost in front of the settee in one, and if he hadn't laid himself a stymie behind a gilt chair on his third he might have shot an eagle six. As it was, he negotiated a nine and called it a day.

With the afternoon delivery came news—big news. Cynthia, who had been down to the office looking for mail, came back waving the letter which she had eagerly read on the way up in the elevator.

"A nibble, Teddy! We've got a nibble!"

"Not honest to goodness?"

"Uh-huh! Anyway, it sounds very businesslike. Let's sit down here and read it over together."

With that she pulled Teddy down on the settee, thrust the letter into his hand and snuggled her head against his shoulder.

"See, it's from the Hotel Tremaine, exactly where a client of ours ought to be writing from. That kind would go to the Tremaine, you know."

Teddy shook his head.

"I don't see why. But let's get on. You read the thing."

"All right." And Cynthia took over the brief note. "But don't you just love the way he opens? Listen:

"'*Dear Sirs:* In re your proposition as per ad in Boston Transcript of 21st inst.——'

"That's dictation stuff, Teddy; big business dictation. Can't you just see him, sitting there in the hotel stenographer's little coop, a cigar in one corner of his mouth and his fingers fumbling with a jeweled Shriners' emblem on his watch chain? And then he goes on:

"'What is your offer? Just how do you go about showing other people how to spend their money? What are your references, terms, and so on?

"'We may or may not be interested, but will take chance on personal interview. Make appointment not later than tomorrow; here, if possible. Very truly yours,

N. J. D./M. C. N. J. Dowse.'

"And notice the 'we,' Teddy. The president speaking for the corporation."

"Maybe he's twins," suggested Teddy.

"No, he just can't forget that this isn't a matter which might have to be taken up with the board of directors. It's a wonder he didn't sign 'N. J. Dowse, Pres.'"

"Dowse," echoed Teddy. "Can't say I'm crazy about the name."

"Well, it does sound a bit final and—and squelchy; like throwing a pail of cold water on somebody, eh? But he can't douse us, Teddy. Besides, that's just the sort of name you'd expect to find at the top of a letterhead in big type—N. J. Dowse. No, you'd never look for that among the list of vice presidents. It would be printed all alone, bold and black. All right, Mr. Dowse, you shall have your personal interview tomorrow, and as early as you please."

"At the Tremaine?" asked Teddy.

"Certainly not. Here's where we do business—right here. We need the Lady Louise for a background. Better try calling him up now, Teddy, before he goes down to dinner."

"What, me? Oh, I say! I'm no good at that, Cinnie. I would ——"

"Very well, I'll do it. But you can get me the phone directory, can't you?"

Teddy was equal to that. But he listened with an awed look in his blue eyes as Cynthia, having been lucky enough to get the right connection without delay, spoke crisply to the distant and invisible Dowse.

"Mr. Dowse? N. J. Dowse? This is C. K. speaking. No, not Streaky. C for cat, K for kitten—C. K. Experts in the Art of Living. You wrote regarding the announcement in the Transcript, you know. Yes? Well, I can give you an appointment for—just a moment—for 10:30 tomorrow morning. No, not there. Sorry, but we never make outside appointments. You will find us at the Lady Louise, near Copley Square. Ask for Mr. and M. T. Morton Kane. That's it—Kane. And at 10:30. Thank you."

With a triumphant air, Cynthia came from the phone.

"He barked at me, Teddy; absolutely barked!"

"The old mucker! I'll ——"

"No, no, Teddy. It was gorgeous. Why, I haven't been barked at for ages! Not since your father used to go g-r-r-r at me when I'd come in with my notebook while he was having a hectic morning. I like 'em that way. I know how to handle that kind. It's the smooth, purry sort that are dangerous. The barkers never bite. And you've got to be a really big man to get away with a bark. Now I'm sure Mr. Dowse is president of something."

"Hope it's a golf club," said Teddy.

"If it was, he wouldn't need us, so don't be silly."

"On the level, Cinnie, do you actually believe there's anybody who does need us—enough to pay us good money?"

"There you go, Teddy, seeing the hole and not the doughnut. Are you sure it doesn't look like a pretzel, with several holes? That's why you never got on in business, Teddy. You never mastered the first principle of salesmanship—convince yourself before you try to convince a customer. Your father had that printed on gummed slips of paper, and saw that one was pasted in the order book of every man he sent out to sell bonds. Of course I believe we're needed, and if this Dowse person gives me half a chance I'm going to make him believe it too."

"I guess you'll have to do it then. This sketch of ours seems likely to be wholly a Cinnie Kane production."

"Perhaps," agreed Cynthia; "but starring that world-wide screen favorite, Teddy Kane, as leading man. Don't worry. You'll be pushed to the center of the stage when the time comes. And now let's dress for dinner."

Teddy did not worry. In fact at the unaccustomed hour of 10:30 that night, lacking anything better to do, he was sleeping soundly and somewhat audibly. As for Cynthia, it was hours later than that before her active brain ceased to plot out the details of the interview which was coming in the morning.

VI

MR. DOWSE was prompt in keeping the appointment. The breakfast tray had been barely removed and Teddy, again suitably costumed in golfing rig, had putted no more than two rounds, when word came that the client was waiting downstairs.

"Show him up, please," Cynthia told the bell boy.

"There's two of 'em," corrected the boy.

"Two!" And Cynthia shot a puzzled glance at Teddy.

"I told you so," chuckled Teddy. "Twins."

"Nah!" denied the bell hop. "It's an old geezer an' a young lady."

"Very well," said Cynthia, "bring them up."

During the two-minute wait Teddy Kane lost his nerve!

(Continued on Page 155)

Rickenbacker Six

A CAR WORTHY OF ITS NAME

The Finest Car of the Year For the Finest Time of the Year

Autumn is ideal weather.

Roads are just moist enough to lay the dust, air is bracing and scenery is wonderful.

For all kinds of weather and for the family there's no type of car that quite equals the sedan. Open for the warm days;—closed in a jiffy when rain or cold comes on.

But—a sedan that "drums" from violent Periods of Vibration in the motor, lacks the last degree of luxury.

That's why a Rickenbacker Sedan is so superior.

Tandem Flywheels eliminate all Periods of Vibration from a Rickenbacker motor.

"4-Wheel Brakes", another feature in which Rickenbacker excels, adds the last degree of safety to a motor car.

So riding in this closed model is a delight such as you have never experienced before—unless in a Rickenbacker Six.

RICKENBACKER MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Another Oil Stove

The faster and finer

NEW

Price of Stove as Illustrated $55.05

Without Cabinet and Oven $35.00

Higher in the far west, southwest and Canada

The Long Blue Chimney Burner

Four and a half million American women today point with pride to their New Perfections, so easily identified by this triangle trade mark and the Long Blue Chimney Burner. By these symbols you too will recognize the stove that doesn't smoke, doesn't smell, doesn't get out of order and keeps your cooking utensils always bright and shiny.

Achievement!

Blue Chimney New Perfection

See the new 1924 models
Now at your dealers

GOOD news to thousands of home-keeping women all over the country!

Here is the newest model of that long-established, dependable *Blue Chimney New Perfection*—with improvements that cut down your cooking hours—reduce fuel costs—make a more attractive kitchen—and furnish, all told, a number and quality of new conveniences nowhere duplicated in a stove at this moderate price.

Greater cooking speed! Less time in the kitchen—a big economy in fuel. Straight-leg design—sturdier, better-looking. Higher cooking top with extra end-shelf—more room as well as a more comfortable working height. New square grates. A big, substantial base shelf for heavy utensils.

You owe it to yourself to see the new 1924 models. Drop in at your dealer's today!

Sizes and Prices to Suit Every Requirement.

In addition, your dealer will *also* show you our higher priced New Perfections equipped with those newly invented Superfex Burners which equal the cooking speed and satisfaction of gas.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7646 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

New Perfection Oil Stoves and Perfection Oil Heaters. Made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Co. Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

SELZ SHOES

The Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio—Sixth City of the United States

New Seamless Back Oxford

Full Weight Winter Sole

Goodyear Welt

Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

Ask your dealer for B-294 in Tan or B-526 in Black

Here is the latest thing in Winter Oxfords.

It's built to order for young men who want style and smartness plus long wear.

Yet it is moderately priced. Much less than you would expect to pay for a shoe of its character.

That is because it's a Selz Shoe . . . sold at short profit both by the maker and the retailer. You get the benefit.

See it at the store in your district known for greatest value giving. It is one of a complete Selz line, in many models, lasts and leathers —all priced from six to ten dollars.

1871 SELZ 1923

11 FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS
CHICAGO 11 PITTSBURGH

SELZ SHOES—$6 TO $10—FOR FIFTY-TWO YEARS A NATIONAL INFLUENCE

(Continued from Page 150

"I say, Cinnie, what do I do, where do I stand, what will I ——"

"Oh, for the love of Pete, keep on putting anything but stand there looking panicky! Here they are."

So at the moment of their entrance Teddy was discovered humped over a golf ball, his right elbow pointed towards the violet ink stain and a goose-neck putter gripped tensely in his big hands.

No wonder the arriving clients seemed somewhat astonished. Especially Mr. Dowse. Whatever he was expecting in the way of a reception by T. K. and C. K., it was evidently nothing like this.

An oddly proportioned little man, Mr. Dowse. He was short-legged, quite poddy about the equator, and his head would have done nicely for a seven-footer. A massive head it was, the top being thinly thatched with pale red hair. His big face, with the small, close-set eyes, was sternly solemn and almost colorless except for the eyebrows. They carried the dominant note. The red in them was vigorous, unfaded. They were thick, defiant, aggressive eyebrows; and as the small eyes under them stared at Teddy each particular hair appeared to bristle belligerently.

"Is that Mr. Kane?" he demanded, still staring past Cynthia.

"Oh, yes; and I am Mrs. Kane. I presume this is your er — "

"My daughter, Loline." And Mr. Dowse waved a negligent hand towards the tall, gangling young woman who shrank diffidently against the door behind him.

"Perhaps you will both sit down," suggested Cynthia.

"Not necessary," rumbled Dowse in that surprising bass of his. "I can say all I have to say standing; and as I'm used to doing business with men, I'll have a few words with your husband."

At that he brushed past Cynthia and strode towards T. Morton. Of course, Teddy had heard. For one desperate moment he had straightened and shot an appealing glance at Cynthia. Then, at the oncoming of this person with the bristly red eyebrows, he had bent intently over the putter.

This maneuver puzzled Mr. Dowse. He paused; but only for an instant. He charged up until he was within two feet of Teddy and directly in line with the backward swing of the goose-neck.

"I suppose you're the party that put in that fool ad," he began. "If you are ——"

"Fore, please!" said Teddy quite politely.

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Dowse.

"If you don't mind—just off the line?"

"Well, of all the ——" rumbled Dowse; but he stepped to one side.

With a crisp but gentle tap Teddy swung the putter blade and watched the ball trickle down the carpet and come to rest almost in the exact center of the ink stain.

"An eight! A par eight!" exulted Teddy. "I've had putts for it before, but never sank one. You see, you start in the bathroom, come down that side and hole out here. Like to try a round, sir?"

Mr. Dowse waved away the proffered putter.

"Certainly not! Got no time for such tomfoolery. I came here to find out just what you meant by that ——"

"Ah, yes," broke in Teddy, now full of the calm confidence of one who has achieved. "The newspaper ad? Quite so. Better talk to Mrs. Kane about that."

"But I'm talking to you," insisted Dowse. "And in a matter like this I prefer to say what ——"

"Yes, yes, of course," eased in Cynthia; "you may say anything you choose to Mr. Kane; but if you don't mind, I'll do the answering. You see, I am the one who really put in the advertisement. It was my sche—er—my plan originally, and I'm sure I can explain much better than Mr. Kane anything you wish to know about it."

"Huh!" grunted Dowse. "Well, if that's the way of it ——"

However, he ignored Cynthia's invitation to seat himself on the bilious green settee, but planted his feet solidly, jammed his hands into his trousers pockets and faced the pictured nudity of Cleopatra's amazingly pink lower limbs. At once a similar tint spread over the big solemn face of Mr. Dowse.

"Good Lord!" escaped involuntarily from Mr. Dowse.

Teddy Kane snickered.

"Some eye-dazzler, isn't it?" he observed. "Did you ever see such pink ——"

But Cynthia was watching for that remark, and promptly cut it off with "A quaint example of hotel art, isn't it? But almost everything about the Lady Louise is the same. It's such a restful old place, though, and the regular patrons are such dear, aristocratic relics, that we love to stop here when we're in Boston. Now you were about to ask, Mr. Dowse ——"

"I can't talk looking at that thing. Come here, Loline. We'll sit on this sofa affair."

Somehow, after being shunted away from his purpose of talking to Teddy, and his encounter with the painting, he did not seem quite so sure of himself. He had almost a frustrated air. But he was a persistent, dogged person, Mr. Dowse. Bristling his eyebrows once more, he returned to the attack.

"Just what kind of game are you two trying to work?" he demanded.

"Oh, papa!" protested Loline, a shocked look flickering into her mild eyes.

Cynthia, however, met the crude thrust with quiet dignity. After a frigid little stare, she walked to the door, put her hand on the knob and lifted her adorable chin.

"I shall not answer that question, Mr. Dowse," she told him; "nor any other asked in a such a tone."

Mr. Dowse wriggled uneasily on the settee and his face took on another flush.

"Oh, come back here. Excuse it. I I didn't mean to put it just that way."

"Very well." Cynthia returned, but she did not resume her seat in the gilt chair. "Now?"

"Exactly what is your proposition?" ventured Dowse.

"You did not understand the announcement?"

"Well, I did and I didn't."

Here Mr. Dowse fished from an inner pocket a clipping of the advertisement and consulted it.

"We rather thought the wording was quite clear," said Cynthia.

"Maybe; but I'm a plain, everyday business man, Mrs. Kane, and I ——"

"What sort of business, Mr. Dowse?"

"Eh? Me? Why, shoe buttons."

"Really!" Cynthia said it as though she had never heard of such things. "You make shoe buttons?"

"Nothing else."

"How curious! Shoe buttons!"

Mr. Dowse was wriggling again.

"See here, young woman, I might as well tell you that my factory turns out more shoe buttons than any two other button factories in the world. Why, last year alone we shipped more'n ——"

"Please, papa," pleaded Loline, "don't start in on statistics."

"Just plain, black shoe buttons?" asked Cynthia.

"No; we make fancy ones, all colors; and some with pearl centers for the South American trade. And since this fad for green and red and heaven knows what colored shoes has come in, we've had to ——"

Loline was prodding him with her elbow.

"Well," he concluded, "that's my business, since you asked."

"And you've made a lot of money at it?" continued Cynthia.

"Money? I'll say I have! I'm not telling how much, though."

"I'm not asking. So let's get back to the announcement. Mr. Dowse, are you a joy dodger?"

"No, I ain't!" roared Mr. Dowse. "If there are any such fools in the world—and I doubt if there are—I ain't one of 'em."

"Then why come to us?"

The clarity and abruptness of this query somewhat staggered Mr. Dowse for an instant. He was not a muddy thinker himself, however.

"I'll tell you why," he replied. "Two silly women in the house. Here's one of 'em—Loline. She found that ad in the paper and showed it to her mother. Then they got to chewin' it over, and gassin' about it, until they was all stirred up. Got 'em discontented. Their nice home and their good friends and the old town where they were born and raised didn't seem to be good enough for 'em after that. So they opened on me. Nag, nag, nag! They ought to be doin' this, ought to be havin' that. Great Scott! Just to see if I could have a little peace once more I agreed to come down here and find what this was all about."

When strongly stirred, as he was now, Mr. Dowse reverted to the vernacular, using tenses recklessly and dropping his final *g*'s. Also he waggled his right forefinger for emphasis.

"But you are perfectly satisfied," suggested Cynthia, "with your manner of life and with the amount of comfort and pleasure you're getting out of it?"

"You bet I am! Why shouldn't I be? Say, lemme tell you something! Less'n eight years ago I was runnin' a little one-horse business with not over twenty-five people on the pay roll and scratchin' around mighty lively twice a month for cash to give 'em at that. We was livin' in a ramshackle old house on a side street, with ma and Loline doin' all the work except for gettin' in a washwoman once a week. Sundays we used to drive out in a flivver and was mighty proud of it. We had boiled dinners Wednesday, hash Thursday, salt codfish Friday and baked beans Saturday night—regular. If I had a new suit once a year I was lucky. And maybe twice durin' the summer we went off on a little trip, visitin' our folks. Just scrubbin' along.

"Now it's different; has been ever since I bought the patent of that stampin' machine off old Collins, who was foreman. He took the two thousand I paid him and drank himself to death. But I mortgaged everything I had and built the machines and put nearly every other button factory in the country out of business. Course, the war did almost bust me up at the start; but then things straightened out and it's been smooth sailing for the last few years. Now I've got a plant that covers nearly three acres, with over two hundred hands working steady. When ma and Loline want to take a drive they can go in either a limousine or the best tourin' car on the market. They've got more help in the kitchen and around the house than they can keep busy. They've got an electric piano player in the livin' room and an electric clothes washer in the laundry. They buy their clothes in Boston—everything they want, and I'm buildin' 'em one of the finest houses in Dorsham. So what kick have I got comin'?"

Cynthia had listened patiently, even meekly, to this spirited exposition, and when it was ended she merely shrugged her shoulders.

"Who am I, Mr. Dowse, to question such complete self-satisfaction?"

"Eh?" he snorted, eying her suspiciously.

"If you are doing exactly what you want to do, and if your money is bringing you all that heart can wish, aren't you wasting your time—and mine?"

"Well," admitted Dowse reluctantly, "there's the womenfolks."

"Oh!" And Cynthia's luminous brown eyes regarded him soberly in a manner that the onlooking Teddy knew to be dangerous. "Then you are submitting merely a minority report? That's different. Now suppose we hear from the other two-thirds of your family. Miss Loline, don't you want to tell me why you were enough interested in our announcement to urge your father to come and see us?"

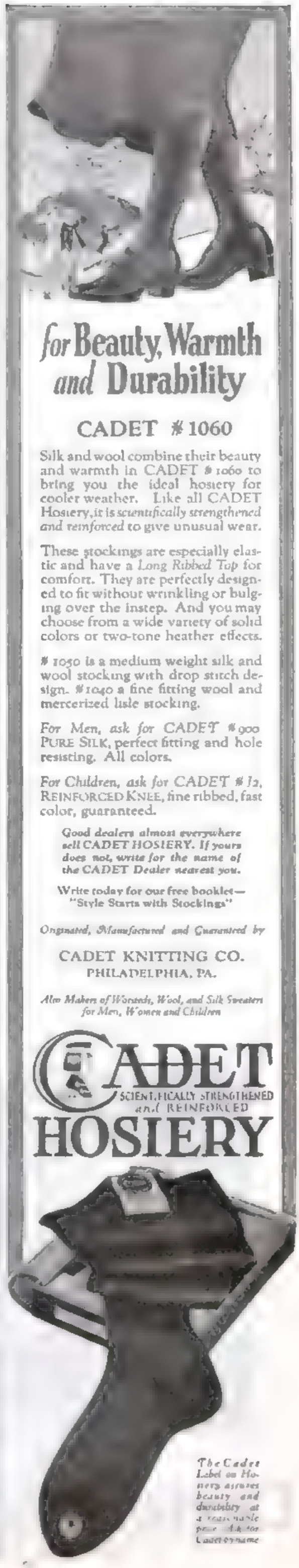
It was easy to guess that Miss Loline did wish to tell, but it was equally plain that she was going to have a hard time doing so. She was not an outspoken young person. She had lived in an age of flapperism without being of it. Its whims and vagaries had passed her by, left her untouched. Her ginger-colored hair showed no signs of ever having been boxed, and her long, almost colorless face was still innocent of any traces of rouge or lip stick. Being thus suddenly thrust into the spotlight, she seemed conscious of her hands and feet. She ducked her chin shyly and began picking at a jet sequin which was supposed to ornament her skirt.

Cynthia had noted the skirt. It was of good material, but of that cold greenish-blue shade which might have been suitable for a grandmother, for an aged and unloved grandmother to wear on rainy days at her quarters in the Old Ladies' Home. Also Cynthia had, after one shuddery glance, been trying to avoid seeing again the hat which someone had selected for Loline to wear. It was not a happy creation. On Loline it was almost a tragedy. Being forced to view it once more, and to appraise the damage done by it to the plain face below, Cynthia was moved against her will to let a sympathetic smile go with her next words.

"Please, Miss Loline I'm sure your father wouldn't mind."

"Me?" said Dowse. "No, I've heard it so much I expect I can stand it again. Go ahead, Loline."

Thus prodded, and encouraged greatly by that fascinating, friendly smile from the



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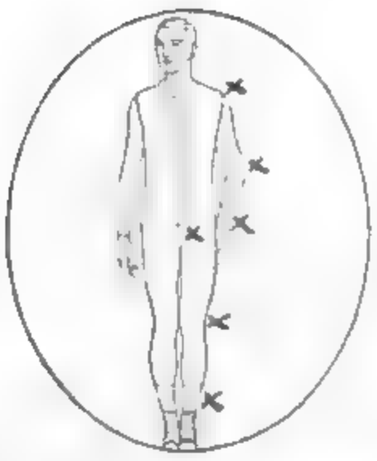

X—these are the places in ordinary underwear where sagging, binding, lap-over, etc., result from its failure to retain its original shape.

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THERE are somewhere between 20 and 30 million male citizens in these United States, of an age to be actively interested in underwear.

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We admit that our own views might be prejudiced. It is rather the number of men who keep coming back for Carter's year after year—*plus* the new wearers who are switching to Carter's literally by the thousand—which convince us that we have succeeded in giving men a new set of standards to judge underwear by.

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We might enlarge on the quality of the materials that go into Carter's—on the double-sewed buttons, the budded seams that *can't* rip, the scientifically-planned details that mean extra wear.

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When you get ready to buy this winter's underwear, we wish you would ask to see a Carter suit. Stretch the fabric way out—let go—and see how it springs back into shape . . . Then remind yourself that Carter's does that *always*—even after months and months of wear.

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FOR ALL THE FAMILY

exquisite little lady with the lovely eyes, Loline did go ahead; not with any eloquence or much coherence at first, and with her fingers still busy at the sequin.

"Of course, papa has been awfully good. You mustn't think he hasn't. Hardly a thing ma or I have asked for that he hasn't bought. The limousine and the player piano and all. And the new house is going to be just dandy. He let me plan out my room and the bath and the dressing room just to suit myself, and I'm to say how they shall be decorated and furnished, even to the mirror doors in the wardrobes. I have my own allowance for clothes and things, and I guess it's more than any other girl in Dorsham gets. And ma runs the house just as she chooses. She could have a butler if she wanted, I suppose. Maybe we ought to be satisfied too: but "

Here Loline nearly succeeded in pulling the jet affair from its moorings, but words failed her.

"But you're not satisfied?" suggested Cynthia.

"No, we're not. We're having just as dull and poky a time as lots of folks who haven't one-tenth the money that papa's got. It must be costing us an awful lot to live the way we do, but it doesn't seem to be getting us anywhere. We don't know any more people, or go around to places."

"Don't, eh?" broke in Mr. Dowse. "Don't know people! How many came to the house last Tuesday night? Come! Wasn't there nearly a hundred?"

"Yes—for a church benefit to pay for the new organ. And they came because ma offered the house and provided all the chicken salad and rolls and ice cream and cake they could eat. But how many of 'em did we know, or want to know?"

Loline had forgotten the sequin, her chin was no longer down, and a tinge of pink showed in her cheeks.

"Oh, if you're goin' to get particular!" rumbled Dowse.

"I wish we could be—about people," sighed Loline.

But Mr. Dowse, though yielding that point, was not through with his defense.

"Can't see how you can say we don't go around to places," he went on. Bar Harbor last summer and Washington last winter. You and ma wasn't so wild about stayin' at either one. Wanted to come home before I'd even thought of it "

"And why?" countered Loline. "We spent three whole days at Bar Harbor, including two rainy ones, without speaking to a single soul except waiters and bell boys. We didn't even know where to go or what to see, and the only time we left the hotel was for a two-hour buckboard drive when we were taken past the lodge gates of big estates. Evenings we sat around watching other folks dance and play cards. That Washington trip was just as stupid, only we did do a lot of sight-seeing with the other tourists. But we didn't know anyone there."

"Well, what do you expect when you leave your comfortable home and all your friends?"

"Friends!" echoed Loline. "Somehow we're not overrun with friends, even at home. What do we usually do evenings, after you've finished reading the Gazette? I play cribbage with you until half past nine. Then you yawn and go off to bed."

Mr. Dowse turned to Cynthia.

"'Most a crime, eh, for a man who's busy all day to want to get in a few hours' sleep at night? Why don't she go to the country club, where there's generally a dance or something goin' on? Ask her that!"

"Miss Loline, why don't you go to the country club?" demanded Cynthia with mock severity.

"Because I'm not fond of sitting alone in a corner." And there was more than a hint of tremble in Loline's tone. "Oh, Mrs. Kane, you don't know how ashamed I am to have to tell all this to—to a stranger, but it's the truth. I've been lonesome—terribly lonesome. We all have. Papa doesn't mind it as much as we do, because he's at the factory every day with his superintendent and his foremen and his stenographers; and he has business friends, and goes to Rotary luncheons and to the City Club. We used to have friends too—mamma and I, and the neighbors used to drop in. But since we've got—that is, since papa's made so much money something has happened; something we couldn't seem to stop or change. I know I've tried to keep in touch with the girls who were in my high-school class. But I haven't. You see, the last two years I wasn't with them. I went away to a boarding school, and when I came back, and we'd moved to a bigger house in a different part of town—well, they didn't seem to think I wanted to know them any more. And if I passed one of them as I was driving downtown and didn't happen to see her, the next time we met she'd cut me cold. And I didn't make many new friends at boarding school. It was a nice enough school, and very expensive; but the girls all went in little cliques. There were only three in my crowd. So, you see we've lost our old friends and we haven't made new ones."

Cynthia nodded.

"Can you beat it?" snorted Mr. Dowse. "Just because a few girls get snippy, and old neighbors get green in the eye, and a lot of the codfish aristocracy on Dorsham Heights don't wear out our front doormat, these two grown women, who know they're as good as anybody else, have to go moping around the house and whining about being lonesome. Think of it! With all the money they got to spend! What's a man goin' to do?"

"Are you asking me?" said Cynthia in that cool, quiet tone of hers.

"Sure I am!"

"Professionally?"

"Why—er——" Mr. Dowse hesitated. He had not become a shoe-button magnate—the shoe-button magnate, if you please—merely by luck. There was Glasgow blood in his veins, and his native shrewdness and caution had been developed by years of experience in dealing with other shrewd and cautious men. Before he signed a contract he knew every word that was in it, had scrutinized every dot and dash, and very likely had submitted it to his lawyers. He was aware that a verbal agreement, under certain conditions, could be binding. So he stopped, shifted one leg onto the other, and gazed for a moment at the square toe of his elevated tan shoe.

"Now let's see, before we get in any deeper," he went on. "You've heard our case stated, pro and con. Do you think you could do anything for the Dowse family?"

"Yes, I'm almost certain we could."

"That's all right as far as it goes, Mrs. Kane. But how am I to be sure? How am I to know you'd only make a mess of things?"

"A perfectly fair question, Mr. Dowse," agreed Cynthia. "But of course you would hardly expect us to present testimonials signed by wealthy clients whom we have taught how to live. As a matter of fact, since you have been quite frank, we haven't had any such clients before. You are our first."

"M-m-m-m!" said Dowse, rubbing his chin.

"But we are experts in the art of living, just as the announcement states. We know how to make congenial friends, how to entertain them, and how to be entertained. We know how to get in with the sort of people who have a good time with their money, who make it buy for them the things they want. We have visited nearly all the pleasant places in this country, know how to get there and what to do when we arrive. We've been doing exactly that for the last five years."

"Well," said Mr. Dowse, squinting foxily from under his bristly eyebrows, "why stop to—to do this?" And he waved the newspaper ad.

"For the very simple reason, Mr. Dowse, that we haven't as much money this fall as we had last spring."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Dowse, slapping his knee. "Then you're kind of—well, what they call adventurers?"

"Almost as adventuresome, Mr. Dowse, as you were when you mortgaged your home to build those button-stamping machines," Cynthia shot back at him. "If taking a big risk makes an adventurer, then that's what we are. For we have invested a lot of money in learning how to live the joyful life. But we have learned. And now we have something to sell—our experience."

Dowse shook his head.

"I'm not urging you to buy," continued Cynthia. "I just wish to make our position clear. If there could possibly be a demand for a shoe button which you didn't know how to make, Mr. Dowse, and you heard of an expert who could tell you the secret, I suppose you'd send for him—and pay him as much as you had to. Well?"

"There, papa!" broke in Loline. "And I hope you're through saying such things to Mrs. Kane. Please"—and she turned to

Cynthia—"do you really believe you could help us? Could you show us how to go to places and not have to sit around like bumps on logs, how to get acquainted with the right kind of people without getting snubbed, and how to have a good time with our money? Could you'"

"My dear, I know I could," said Cynthia. "That is, if you were willing to do your part, and to try."

"Oh, I would try hard! And so would mamma. She's a dear mamma too. There's a lot of fun in her, only it hardly ever has a chance of getting out. And papa isn't half so bad as he seems. You ought to see him act up at home sometimes. Really, he can be perfectly killing. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, but he can take a crooked stick and throw a plaid shawl over his shoulders and sing some of those Harry Lauder songs so you'd almost — "

"There, there, Loline!" protested Mr. Dowse weakly. "Don't be giving your old dad away in that fashion. Anyhow, I guess I'm getting to the age now where I've outgrown such foolishness."

"Of course," put in Cynthia, "if you feel that you've had your share of fun — "

"But he hasn't!" declared Loline. "He began doing a man's work when he was only a boy. I've heard him tell about it lots of times, and how little he and mamma had when they were married. And I remember how late he always used to come home from the factory, and of his going there Sundays and holidays to work over the machinery. Why, he's never had the time or money to play until the last few years; and now that he can, he doesn't seem to know how. He's only fifty-two, Mrs. Kane. Do you think he's too old to learn how to play?'"

Recalling some of the many frisky old boys she had seen beginning sportive careers in their late sixties or early seventies, Cynthia smiled.

"I should hardly call fifty-two the age limit," she said. "Yes, I'm sure he could learn."

"And wouldn't that be splendid!" exclaimed Loline. "We could all learn together. Why not, papa?"

If it had not been for the bristly eyebrows, one might almost have thought that Mr. Dowse was about to indulge in some weakly sentimental display of parental affection as he glanced toward his daughter. She was no longer the painfully diffident, gangling girl who had shrunk against the door barely a half hour before. Animation lighted the plain face, her slim figure had lost its lifeless slump. Perhaps, to a fatherly eye, Loline appeared as an attractive young person. However, Mr. Dowse did not say as much.

"Ain't women foolish?" he remarked.

"Some women," said Cynthia, "are almost as foolish as some men; and then again, some are a lot wiser."

"Huh!" he grunted. "You think Loline's got the right of it, eh?"

"That is entirely for you to decide, Mr. Dowse."

The subtle flattery of this attitude of Cynthia's had a soothing effect on the shoe-button king. His narrow-set eyes softened.

"Well, maybe she has, maybe she has. I expect a little fun wouldn't do any of us any harm. For her sake and her ma's, I've a good notion to try it. Learn how not to be joy dodgers, eh? Might be something in that, after all."

"Oh, papa!" applauded Loline, pawing his shoulder delightedly.

Cynthia, watching them narrowly, contributed an encouraging smile. Teddy, from a safe distance in the background, grinned. The interview which had begun so stormily seemed to be developing into a love feast.

"With three like us," went on Mr. Dowse, "how would you start in?"

"With a general survey," said Cynthia. "You know how these efficiency engineers go at it when they are called in to prescribe for a sick business? First, they inspect the plant, the methods, and so on. Something like that, Mr. Dowse. We should want to see your home, study your social surroundings, find out where you had failed, and why. We could go to your home at—at Dorsham, is it?"

"Dorsham, New Hampshire," supplied Mr. Dowse.

"Ah, yes! We should come as your house guests, for a visit."

"Goody!" said Loline. "We've got loads of room. You'd find it a poky old place, though—Dorsham."

"Some don't find it so slow," corrected Dowse. "But about how long a course do you think we'd need to take, Mrs. Kane?"

"That would depend a good deal on—well, on several things. I should say six months at least; perhaps we should need a whole year."

"Hum-m-m!" Mr. Dowse was loosening the clip of a gold pencil and preparing to make notes on the back of an envelope. "A year, eh? Might be a bit expensive."

"Oh, yes," cheerfully assented Cynthia. "But we shouldn't dream of taking any clients who couldn't afford the cost."

"Well, now, what about the cost?"

Cynthia started to check off the items on her pink finger tips.

"First, there would be our expenses—Mr. Kane's and mine, whether we were at your home or elsewhere—transportation, hotel bills, entertainment, amusements. Not clothing or personal expenditures. Just as if we were your guests."

Mr. Dowse nodded.

"Anything else?"

"Why, yes—salaries. You would hardly expect, Mr. Dowse, to engage the services of experts without paying them salaries."

"How much?"

"For each of us," said Cynthia promptly, "it would be at the rate of five thousand a year, so if we were with you the whole twelve months that would come to ten thousand."

Teddy, who had been leaning eagerly forward, dropped his putter.

As for Mr. Dowse—well, if the painted Cleopatra above him had suddenly reached out of her frame and chucked him under the chin, he could not have registered astonishment more completely. His jaw sagged, his lips parted, his little eyes popped out until they might have been two of his own shoe buttons.

"You—you mean ten thousand dollars?" he gasped.

"Naturally," returned Cynthia coolly. "You didn't think I was speaking of rubles, did you?"

"But ten thousand—why, see here, young woman, that's more'n a congressman gets."

"And they are experts in what?"

Mr. Dowse did not answer. He simply stared.

"But, papa," came in Loline, "you know you could well afford it."

"I could afford to put a solid-gold dish sink in the new house, but I ain't blamed fool enough to do it. Ten thousand! Outrageous!"

The calm eyes of Cynthia never flickered.

"If, for a whole year of service, Mr. Dowse, that figure seems excessive, then perhaps we'd better talk no more about it. No doubt we shall be hearing from other clients in a few days." She rose with that Titanian air.

"Excessive!" exploded Mr. Dowse. "Why, it's a hold-up! It—it's ——"

"I think I understand quite fully, Mr. Dowse."

Cynthia did not actually hand him his hat and show him the way out, but she made it clear that the interview was at an end. For an instant Mr. Dowse stood glaring at her, his eyebrows at their bristliest; Loline, once more colorless, clinging to his elbow. The next moment they were gone. It was Teddy who broke the silence.

"Oh, I say, old girl!"

"Well, say it, old dear."

"All off with the Dowses, eh?"

"Seems to be, Teddy. I thought I was doing my best too."

Cynthia slid wearily into the gilt chair.

"So you were, Cinnie; absolutely top hole all the way. And the way you blocked him off at the start when he got rampageous and then worked him around at the finish was perfectly ripping. I was dead sure you had him hooked for fair. But say, Cinnie, didn't you hand it to him a bit stiff when it came to the merry old salary, eh?"

"Would you care to be classed as cheap help, Teddy? Well, that's what anything less would have meant to Dowse, and that's how he would have treated us. The dollar is his unit of measure, for men and women as well as for shipments of shoe buttons. I'll bet he barks at his hundred-dollar-a-month stenographer, and that he treats his ten-thousand-a-year superintendent with more or less respect. Suppose I had said two thousand, and in less than ten days he'd begun barking at you, Teddy?"

"I'd have stood for about two barks."

"So there you are."

"With the Dowses scratched, eh? What now, Cinnie?"

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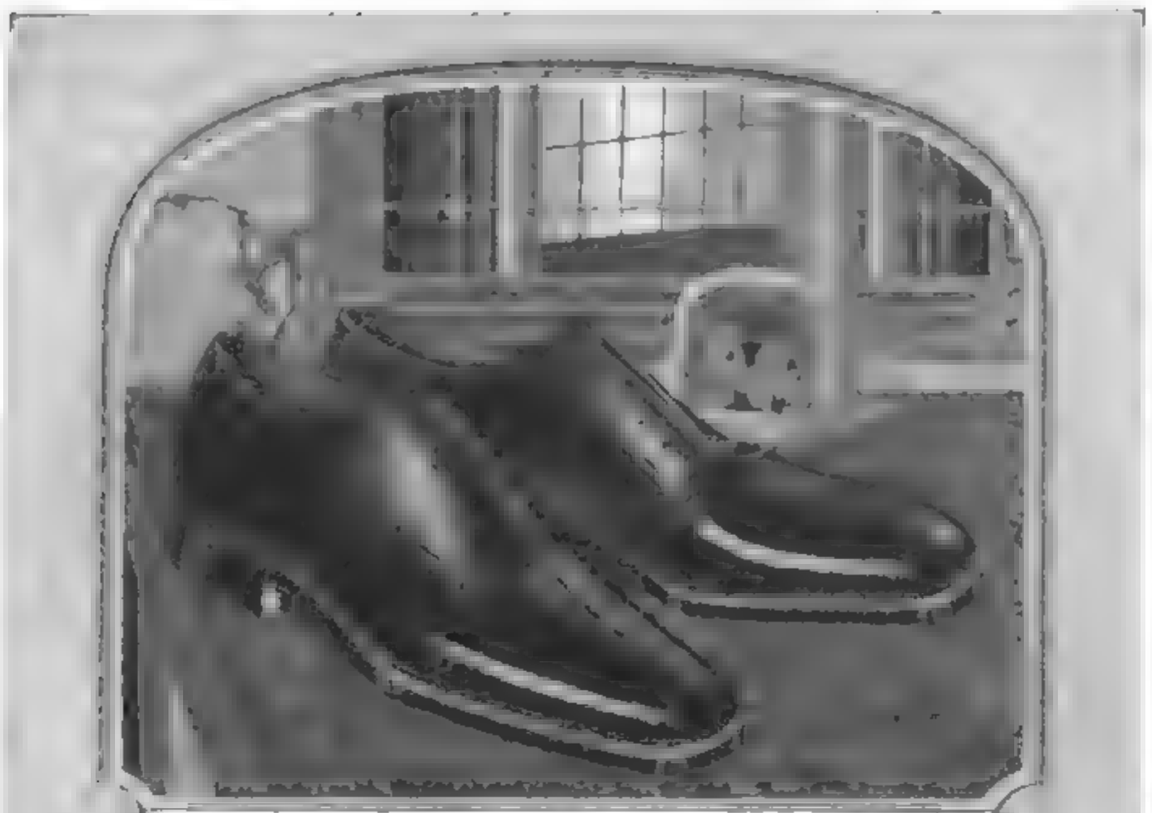

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VII

AS USUAL, Cynthia got what she wanted, and it seemed to be just the thing she ought to have. That sixty-mile spin down the South Shore, through the parkways, into old Quincy, and then along the Scituate and Cohasset cliffs, proved to be an excellent tonic for her jangled nerves.

Oh, yes, she had 'em. She was no superwoman, and the encounter with their first client, ending so disappointingly, had taken it out of her. She would have liked to cry a little on Teddy's shoulder, perhaps swear a bit to herself. She was capable of doing either or both. But at this crisis in their affairs she judged that neither indulgence would be good for the general morale, so she decided on the drive.

The crisp November air was good to breathe; the frequent views of the ocean, blue and sparkling, were soothing. At a queer ship-fashioned place on one of the cliffs they had steamed clams and broiled lobster for luncheon. Also Teddy, displaying his accustomed genius in such matters, had induced the chance-taking proprietor to serve them with real ale of a delightfully contraband flavor. By the time they had returned and dressed for dinner the Dowse defeat was no longer a crushing one. It had become merely an incident in the campaign.

"We'll try running the ad every day for a week," announced Cynthia. And the French general, when he sent that message, "My left is weakened, my right is crushed, my center is in retreat; I shall attack at dawn," showed no stouter heart.

"Think there are more shoe-button kings—eh, Cinnie?" asked Teddy.

"If not, we'll go after the hair-net, snap-hook or tooth-paste magnates. The woods are full of 'em."

"Couldn't dig up anything much cruder than the Dowses, anyway. Now on the level, Cinnie, what could you have done with that pair?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Teddy."

"Eh? But you promised right off the reel ——"

"Salesmanship, Teddy. With ten thousand in sight, I'd promise anything."

Through soup and entrée, Teddy Kane reflected on this previously unrevealed phase of Cynthia's character. He was shocked. She was hard, this Cinnie of his—hard as nails, mercenary. Must be in the blood. There was that Cousin Tom of hers. Rather a cheap sort. And Cinnie herself had admitted having been poor. Of course, she had missed the advantages of a refined home, of good breeding, all that kind of thing. You could hardly expect her to have the finer instincts of one who—well, one who had been born on Madison Avenue.

"Do you know, Cinnie, I believe I'd do almost anything rather than see you get mixed up with people like that."

"Would you, Teddy? Work, for instance?"

"Oh, I say!"

"And as for people like that," went on Cynthia, "I'm not a bit afraid of getting mixed up with them. We're all human beings, Teddy, and all a good deal alike under the skin. Only some of us use three forks for dinner and others get through with one. . . . This roast duckling is delicious, isn't it?"

They had progressed leisurely as far as coffee, and the old lady who resembled the late Queen Victoria had tucked her Atlantic Monthly under her arm and departed, leaving an almost empty dining room to the self-acclaimed experts in the art of living, when the matronly head waitress with the grand-duchess manners approached and whispered in Cynthia's ear that a gentleman was waiting to see her.

"A Mr. Dowse," she added.

"Dowse!" Cynthia exclaimed, and Teddy shattered one of the sacred traditions of the Lady Louise by lighting a cigarette right at the table. "How long has he been waiting?"

"Not long," said the head waitress. "Not over half an hour. I informed him that you were dining."

"Splendid!" said Cynthia. "But we have nearly finished, so you may bring him in. You'll not mind if he barks, will you?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Barks," repeated Cynthia. "But if you will stand where he can see you perhaps he'll not dare."

At the first glimpse of Mr. Dowse, Cynthia was sure that he was not in a barking mood. For it was a surprisingly meek Mr. Dowse who tiptoed along in the wake of the head waitress, holding his black derby behind him. True, the red eyebrows still bristled, but merely because it was their nature to. The keen eyes under them, however, held a look of despair; the thin pale-red hair showed signs of having been rumpled by nervous fingers; and the usually firm mouth corners had gone saggy.

"I'm back, you see," he remarked as he dropped into a chair at Cynthia's right.

"So I notice," said Cynthia. "You thought up some more adjectives that would better express your views as to the salary I named?"

"Eh? No, no! I said enough at the time; too much, I expect. Maybe I went off half-cocked. I'm apt to. If I did, I take it back."

"I'm sure you have a perfect right to your opinions, Mr. Dowse."

"I don't know as I got any at all now. The fact is, I—I'm all upset. It's on account of Loline."

"Your daughter! I hope nothing has happened to Miss Dowse—not an accident?"

"Tantrum." And Mr. Dowse, producing a handkerchief, swabbed his forehead. "Wouldn't speak to me all the way back to the hotel, and when she got there she locks herself in her room and has a cryin' fit. She's there yet; ain't had a bite to eat since mornin'; nor I can't get a word out of her. Just lays on the bed sobbin'. I could see through the keyhole. Sobs and sobs."

Cynthia nodded understandingly.

"The usual feminine tactics, Mr. Dowse. Nothing to be alarmed about."

"It's been awful," said Mr. Dowse. "I could hardly eat anything myself. Just walked up and down the room, listenin' to her. Awful!"

"Have some coffee," brightly suggested Teddy.

Mr. Dowse impatiently waved away the offer.

"I don't know what to do."

"Oh, she'll get over it by morning," comforted Cynthia. "I could see that she was a good deal disappointed by your decision not to have any dealings with—well, with the adventurers. If I were you I'd just let her cry it out. Then tomorrow, after she's had a good sleep and is in a frame of mind to listen to reason, you can give her a good talking to."

Mr. Dowse shook his head solemnly.

"I can't, Mrs. Kane. I never have done much talkin' to Loline; always left that to her ma when it was needed, which ain't been often. For she's been a good girl, a mighty good girl, if I do say it; and I think a heap of her. We both do. She's our only one, you know; and what little fun I've had out of life so far, Mrs. Kane, has come mostly through doin' things to please her. Ever since she was a little tot and would run to me when I come home at night and want to climb on my knee and have me sing Ride a Cock Horse; and trimmin' her first Christmas trees, and hangin' up her little stockin' by the fireplace in the old house. Then there's always been her birthdays, when I've managed to bring home some present or other. Used to be kind of cheap little things, but she'd hug me just as hard as if I'd brought her diamonds. And when my luck turned and the money got to comin' easy, the first thing I thought of was what I could do for Loline. Not that she's ever been spoiled. She's got too much sense for that. Besides, I've been so busy late years that I ain't planned out as much for her as I might, and she ain't one of the kind to be always askin' for this and that. But now, when there's something she seems to want more'n she ever did anything else in her life, I have to go actin' like an old crab and say she can't have it, without even listenin' to her. That—that's why I had to come back."

"Well?" suggested Cynthia, her calm eyes unstirred by the pathos of a shoe-button king, whose brow was beaded with the salty dew of remorse and whose fingers twisted a corner of the tablecloth.

"I guess we'll have to try it, after all," sighed Dowse.

"You have concluded, then, that you are a joy dodger?"

"Not exactly. But maybe I've been making it so Loline is, and perhaps her ma. I've been thinking it over, I'm pretty well fixed, and more comin' in right along. It'll all be Loline's some day, so why shouldn't

(Continued on Page 161)

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NO woman wants to drudge through house-cleaning. No woman needs to. The exhausting labor and worry which every housewife dreads, are needless and uncalled for. Science has made drudgery just as unnecessary in the home as it is in office or shop. House-cleaning is no longer a problem—for the woman who uses the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner.

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The special McKay hardening process with its positive control, leaves nothing to chance. It insures an absolutely uniform hardness without brittleness, and produces a tough chain that will stand the jars and bumps of car tracks and ruts, and the grind and gruelling wear of daily use.

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Plants at York and McKee's Rocks, Pa.; Columbus and Marietta, Ohio; Huntington, W. Va.

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

McK

(Continued from Page 158)

she have the good of it now when she can enjoy it most. She's goin' on twenty-three and she'll be an old maid first thing we know if she keeps on this way. She ought to be having a good time. If you think you can give it to her, why go ahead."

"At our terms, Mr. Dowse?"

"Yes; it's a lot of money, though."

"You should understand, too," went on Cynthia, "that the expenses will be large, also."

"I expect they will," agreed Dowse without enthusiasm.

"If we take your case, Mr. Dowse, you will remember that we are to be treated, during the entire course, as your guests."

He nodded.

"No barking."

"Eh?"

"You have the barking habit, you know. I should not care to be barked at; and as for Mr. Kane, I may as well tell you that it would make him furious."

Mr. Dowse stole a furtive glance at imposing shoulders whose muscular lines were not concealed by the perfectly fitting dinner coat, and Teddy Kane tried his best to suggest by staring sternly at his cigarette the lurking ferocity of his nature.

"No chance," assured Mr. Dowse. "I didn't know at first just what kind of folks you were. I can tell now. You're the real thing. I like your spunk, too, Mrs. Kane—the way you stand up to people. If you could only show Loline how to do that to some of them Dorsham folks, why ten thousand would be cheap. When could you start in?"

"Any time you are ready to have us."

"Say, day after tomorrow? That would give me a chance to fix things up for you. That 2:10 is the best train. Gets in about five o'clock, and we'll be at the station to meet you with the limousine. Oh, by the way, I expect you'd like a few hundred in advance, to bind the bargain."

Cynthia smiled and waved a careless hand.

"Not at all necessary, Mr. Dowse. There should be some sort of contract for us both to sign, however. I will sketch one out for your approval after we get to Dorsham, one with a satisfaction-guaranteed-or-no-money-paid clause in it. And you may expect us Monday on the afternoon train."

Mr. Dowse indulged in a sigh of relief as he rose.

"Say, I guess I'll have something to tell Loline that'll cheer her up when I get back, and I'm much obliged to both of you."

As he left, marching confidently out, Cynthia held up a warning finger to Teddy. She had noted beaming boyishness in his blue eyes.

"Wait!" she whispered. "And give that waitress personage a good tip."

"You bet I will!" said Teddy.

In the elevator he squeezed her hand. Once safe in the apartment, he lifted her clear off the floor and gave her a veritable bear hug.

"Old silly!" came from the half-smothered Cynthia as she struggled free. "Look at the rice powder on your coat!"

"Some great little pal, I'll say!" declared Teddy, addressing the wounded Cleopatra and the chocolate-frosted slaves for lack of other auditors. "Ten thousand! And out of a hard-boiled old bird who never loosened up before in his life! That's what I call putting it over! Ten thousand!"

"But we're going to give the Dowses their money's worth, Teddy. Don't forget that. We may be playing a game, but we're going to play square."

"Sink every putt, eh? Right-o, Cinnie! I'm with you!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE REVENGE OF WEEPING RIVER

Continued from Page 19

James Howard Flynn, at work upon an ad or upon an editorial for the next week's issue. The Gazette issued four pages fifty-two weeks in the year. On a certain occasion it issued six, the insert consisting of an extra about the inhuman arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Lem Calkins, together with a homily upon metropolitan ideas of justice and the effort of a yellow political sheet, The Press, to wreck the character of a sterling citizen of Weeping River.

A marked copy of this extra, which was the most sensational thing ever printed in River County, reached The Press office in due time and entertained the staff for several hours. From it Sinclair and his Javerts learned that it was no ordinary male adult with whom they had had to do. They found that they had injured the local exalted ruler of the Elks, the senior deacon of the Methodist church, the bass-drum carrier of the River County Band and the runner-up in the 1923 horseshoe tournament of Chipmunk Township. This citizen, sole representative of an old and respected family, modestly earning his living in the Star Garage, had been made victim of a newspaper plot, flung into a dank cell, abused by detectives, released instantly by a judge, and then—then "the cowardly and slanderous Press, owned by George Remington Liddell, who has the nerve to aspire to the Republican nomination for governor, REFUSED TO PRINT A RETRACTION."

There were also portraits, especially made in Middleville, of Mr. Liddell and of Mr. Calkins, placed side by side, with a patriotic border.

Sinclair and staff found this display most amusing. Later when Mr. Liddell's secretary brought to Sinclair a second marked copy, sent to the owner personally, the city editor remarked, "Politics," and "I wouldn't bother Mr. Liddell about it." The secretary wouldn't either.

Having thus introduced the owner, one must do his portrait justice. He was not one of those owners who mess around in the works. He let the news department alone, crime exposés and all, and did not even badger his business manager a great deal. Being a bachelor, he gave much time to recreations, such as poker and golf, and was a good loser. But it must be added that he had certain eccentric economies, and one that was most eccentric for a man of his type—he drove a 1918 Thingomobile and drove it himself. The car was a favorite—though far from public—joke at the office, and when the Old Man parked that rusty radiator and those obsolete tires in front of his building, some one of his employes generally was there to remark, "Good Lord, why doesn't the Old Man get a new car? It always gives me a jolt, as though the paper was going to fail."

But Mr. Liddell clung to his 1918 model, which, he told his friends, "runs like I'm going to in the primaries." He drove it, unashamed, on the boulevards among glossy sedans and gaudy roadsters; he drove it to the opera; he drove it blithely and brazenly to the golf clubs to which he belonged; and, as he said, there never was a murmur in the engine. No; the murmurs were from the other motorists.

Now a month or so after the Lem Calkins extra, Mr. Liddell concluded to drive to Middleville, whose excellent golf course, only sixty miles from the city, often attracted experts who wished to try new hazards. He chose a Saturday evening, estimating that, starting after an early dinner, he could reach the Middleville Country Club before dark, pass the night there and arise early to test his new clubs.

It is probable that Weeping River did not appear on Mr. Liddell's road map. If it did he gave no thought to the circumstance that he was to pass through that corporate community. Villages, incorporated or not, meant little to the newspaper owner, whose idea of country towns was that they usually could supply gas, had confoundedly low speed limits and sometimes let chickens wander in the streets. Mr. Liddell, bred to the city's hotels and clubs, well versed in the psychology of city politicians and financiers, knew nothing of village passions, nothing of the local pride supporting every hamlet through which a railroad runs, nothing of the length of rural memories. Mr. Liddell's political friends, foreseeing the course of the primary campaign, had urged him to get acquainted out in the hay; but thus far he had always retorted, "Maybe it'll be just as well, and a blamed sight more comfortable, if I let those places alone."

Anyhow, so inconspicuous a place as Weeping River could hardly have interested even an old campaigner. And there

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And besides, if you exercise and perspire in cold weather KNIT underwear quickly absorbs perspiration and aids rapid evaporation—keeps your body dry and so prevents sudden chilling—keeps you from taking cold.

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Gentlemen:

Since the installation of New Way fixtures in our Ready-to-wear Department a little more than a year ago, we have noted a decided increase in the volume of business in this department.

Then, too, there's the added satisfaction and pleasure of knowing that in this section of the country, there is no more beautiful or up-to-date department than this.

BOSTON STORE DRY GOODS CO.

GOOD garment profits depend so largely upon a high turnover rate that retailers nowadays find it very costly to do without New Way revolving wardrobes. A better setting for the department, with the added effectiveness of good service, is sure to increase the turnover rate and build a more permanent and more profitable patronage. Then, too, there is the added advantage of a low selling cost which further increases the profits and makes the New Way users such enthusiastic boosters.

GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE CO.

World's Largest Designers and Manufacturers of Complete Store Equipment

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Stormtight is better and longer lived than paint. It keeps good roofs good and saves the cost of re-roofing for it furnishes a seamless, leakproof covering over the old roof.

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was no reason at all why Mr. Liddell should recognize the lineaments of Mr. Lem Calkins when the latter, wearily taking down the rubber tube of the gas tank, drawled, "Back up a little. Whoa!"

But Lem Calkins ——

Well, it chanced that Mr. Liddell got down to inspect the gas tank, thus bringing his face into full view. And although twilight was coming on, and Mr. Liddell wore a cap, Calkins knew the proprietor of The Press at once, for the half-tone picture had been a good one.

The only effect at the moment was that Lem spilled a cupful of gasoline on the ground. But now observe how hatred kindles inspiration even in garage hands. Just as Mr. Liddell pulled out some money and asked "How much?" Lem began to look narrowly at the underpinning of the car and said in a professional voice, "Looks like a spring's gone wrong."

"What?" Mr. Liddell spoke incredulously, and yet anxiously. "I didn't feel any jolt."

Calkins squinted along the perspective of the car.

"She sure don't set even."

Up to this point Lem had no plan. He was seeking the only way he knew to annoy the one man on earth whom he hated. Seeing Mr. Liddell hesitate, he now said, "Drive her into the garadge and let's have a look."

Mr. Liddell began to demur, but just then appeared from the veranda of the adjacent hotel Mr. James Howard Flynn, who, being quick-witted as anything, took one look at the owner of the Thingomobile and accosted him smilingly:

"Mr. George Liddell, isn't it?"

An alert, freckled face had this young man, but he was a stranger.

"You seem to know me," said Liddell, "but ——"

"Who doesn't?" quoth Flynn, showing a gold tooth.

He now glanced over the car and asked Calkins curtly, "What's the trouble?"

"Spring sagged," whined Lem, with a snuffle. At the same time he managed to give his accomplice a deeply significant wink.

"Better drive her in," suggested Flynn. "I can make Middleville on it. What's a bent spring?"

"She don't lay straight," insisted the young editor. "Might be something else wrong."

"This gent," warned Calkins, indicating Flynn, "owns the garadge. He knows cars."

These things were no less than true.

Mr. Liddell, grumbling a good deal and reminding himself that garage men were pirates, nevertheless was inclined to surrender. He could drive, but like many fairly good chauffeurs, he was no mechanic, and there always possessed him uncomfortably the feeling that sometime the gallant 1918 Thingomobile would give out. Therefore he submitted to drive in, throwing over his shoulder the words "Put on some speed now."

"It won't take any longer," said Flynn, with a peculiar look, "than it takes to get an innocent man out of jail."

III

SOME time after dark the proprietor of The Press sat smoking on the veranda of the hotel and occasionally consulting his watch by the aid of his flashlight, which he had thoughtfully brought with him. No light came from the dingy front chambers of the hotel; indeed, in the office itself a kerosene lamp with soot-covered chimney and flyspecked base was all that glimmered. The street, rambling by the hotel, made a dim gray streak unillumined by a single arc.

There was a melancholy whispering among the huge old trees that overarched the hotel. From the direction of the railroad station came the voices of many frogs, singing their evensong in the crusted waters of the swamp that was once a freight yard.

James Howard Flynn came briskly up the steps

"Sorry it's so dark," he cried. "Weeping River should have more lights. It's a civic disgrace. In the next issue of the Gazette ——"

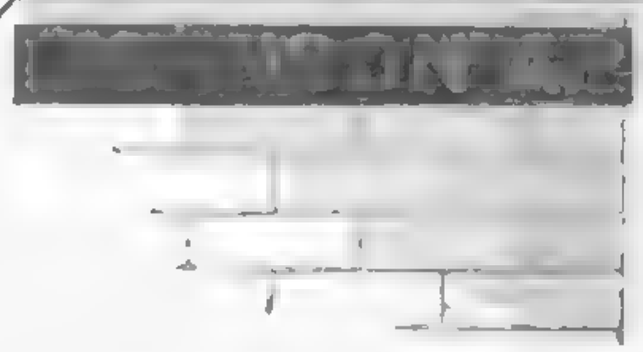
"How's the car?" demanded Mr. Liddell

Flynn sat down on the railing and sadly shook his head.

(Continued on Page 164)

"Better Drive Her In," Suggested Flynn.
"I Can Make Middleville on It. What's a Bent Spring?"

OUTSTANDING Proofs that Paint and Varnish Save the Surface



The above photograph shows a section of the Johnson Avenue sign actual size

FOR three-quarters of a century this street sign clung to a corner of a brick house in Blairsville, Pa. Notice how the unprotected background has been worn away by time and weather, leaving the paint-protected letters standing out in bold relief.

President Johnson's sign. The unpainted background has worn away. The letters, protected by paint, stand out in relief.

IN Greeneville, Tennessee, there stands a one-story frame house. Over the door is nailed a board sign bearing the inscription, "A. JOHNSON, TAILOR." This was none other than former President Andrew Johnson, and this was his tailor-shop. The most noticeable feature of the sign today is that the unpainted background has gradually worn away leaving the painted letters standing out a full sixteenth of an inch.

IN Loyalhanna Creek, near Latrobe, Pa., stands a weather-beaten rock about 10 feet high by 30 feet long. On this rock, a number of years ago, an enterprising druggist painted in white, the word "CIGARS." The painted lettering stands out as if chiseled. The unpainted stone has weathered away, while the painted surface endures—a lasting monument to the preservative qualities of paint.

The painted letters stand out a quarter of an inch from the unprotected stone.

It costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. Paint and Varnish NOW, or you'll pay far more, later, for repairs and replacements. *Don't put it off—put it on.*

The thrifty Dutch have this proverb: "Good paint costs nothing; for paint saves more than it costs." Just the Dutch way of saying, "Save the surface and you save all."

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN—507 The Bourse, Philadelphia. A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

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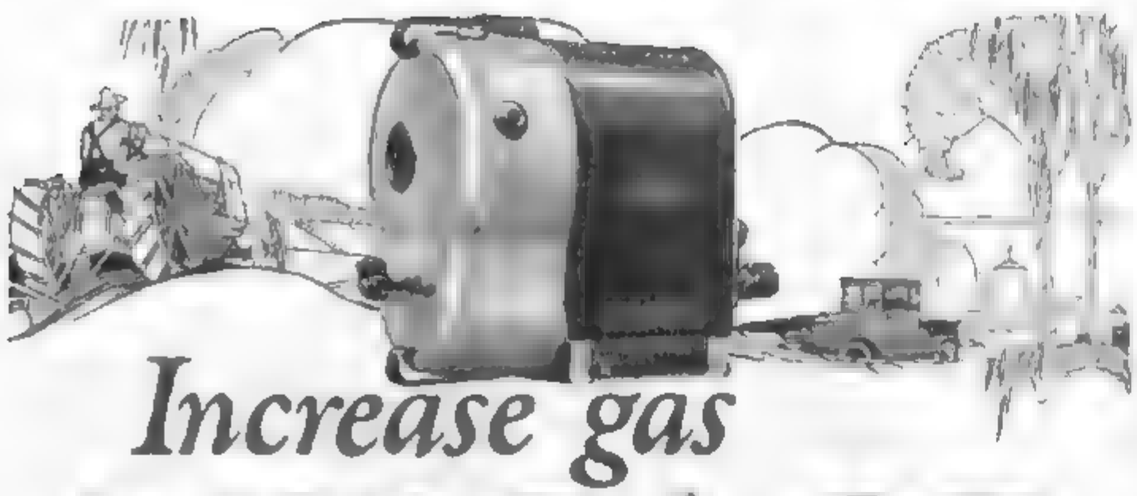

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YOU'LL be astonished at the way in which the new Splitdorf Magneto, a self-contained ignition unit, can s-t-r-e-t-c-h out a gallon of gas—astonished to learn that such a remarkable fuel saver can be secured for so little money.

Your garageman, or the serviceman in charge of your fleet, knows—ask him.

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The Green Jacket Spark Plug—the plug with MICA insulation and heavy electrode which you will need for the intense spark of the Splitdorf Magneto.

There is a type of Splitdorf Plug for every engine. Get the type suited to YOU'R motor.

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK 1858

New MAGNETO

Ask your Service Man about special offer for Ford, Dodge, etc.

(Continued from Page 162)

"We've worked two hours to find the trouble. Think now it's the vacuum tube."

The newspaper owner knew enough to be amazed.

"The vacuum tube!" he exploded. "How could I drive here if there had been anything wrong with that?"

Flynn lit a cigarette, and by the light of the match the furrows in his young but experienced face suggested sympathy.

"Probably the bus was about ready to give up when you got here. Half a mile more and you'd been stranded on the road."

"Vacuum tube!" again exclaimed Mr. Liddell.

He determinedly got out of his chair and made for the garage, Flynn following, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets. In the fitfully lit interior several men stood around the Thingomobile. They had the hood up, and two of them were peering expertly into the ancient works. A third was examining in his hand the detached vacuum tube.

"Sucking yet?" inquired Flynn briskly.

"Not she," returned the man, turning the metal in his grimy hand.

A silence.

"Best mechanic in the township," explained Flynn, turning to his customer. "Mr. Liddell, meet Mr. Gallup." A nod from the oil-streaked mechanic. "Mr. Weller, Mr. McGinniss and—er—Mr. Lem Calkins."

Mr. Liddell nodded curtly, and in return received a growl or two and a long stare. This last was his reception from Lem, who stood leaning his enormous frame against a tank. He passed his huge hairy hand across his upper lip in a characteristic gesture and continued to stare.

"I'd say she needed a new cylinder head," suggested Mr. Gallup, after a further silence.

All hands now inspected the cylinder head, and the Weeping River contingent shook their heads over it.

"She certainly won't do any business on that," asserted Flynn.

"And yet she was hitting on all six when I stopped here," said the skeptical owner.

Gallup, with a confident air, restored the various parts to their places and ordered Mr. Liddell, "Get in and start your engine."

The newspaper man did so. There were a few revolutions, then a gasp and silence.

"See?" said Weeping River.

Mr. Liddell turned off his ignition and glumly dismounted with: "Well, fix it up. New tube, new cylinder head, new tank, if you like. I'd like to make Middleville by midnight."

He marched away, imagining that his sarcasm left behind a path of acid. In fact, no sooner had he gone, with Flynn at his elbow, than Weeping River burst out laughing. The word "midnight" was uttered by someone with scorn.

The proprietor of The Press spent another hour on the porch, listening to the melancholy frogs and the occasional cry of an owl from near-by woods, but most of all to the voice of James Howard Flynn. That rural Northcliffe had determined, it seemed, to make time pass pleasantly for Mr. Liddell. He brought out proudly the fact that he was the editor and owner of the Gazette; and having established his status as a confrere of Mr. Liddell, offered him his views concerning matters like advertising rates, sworn circulation and editorial ethics. Upon this last he became eloquently dogmatic.

"It is not for nothing," said he, tapping Mr. Liddell's knee, "that the Gazette has adopted the slogan Cleanest Newspaper in River County. The policy of the Gazette is constructive. Its columns are kept innocent of the vile scandal that fills the city papers. Listen! We would far rather leave out a good story than run a chance of injuring an innocent man."

He leaned forward to observe the effect of this speech upon Mr. Liddell. The latter yawned.

"What is the policy of The Press?" demanded Flynn.

Mr. Liddell started awake.

"Huh? What policy? . . . Say, look here, ask 'em how the car is getting on."

Flynn patiently descended the steps and yelled in the direction of the garage, "Say, there! Sucking yet?"

"No," came the distant answer through the night.

Mr. Liddell growled certain words.

"What say?" inquired Flynn, resuming his seat.

"I said this was a dismal, inhospitable, incompetent jumping-off place of a town. How do they get this way? One garage, with a lot of village loafers pretending to be mechanics; no street lights; nothing to drink, I suppose; not even a drug-store sign; no intelligence; a mudhole full of morons. Sinclair Lewis was right!"

Flynn lit another cigarette.

"You've got a lot to learn about country towns, Mr. Liddell," said he calmly. "It's true we haven't got your tile-floored clubs, with green swimming pools, nor any sky-scrapers, nor any big department store where you can get beautifully robbed among the potted palms. But what we have got is espree dee corps, and don't you forget it. Lots of it! Fraternity, equality, liberty—we got all them too. We don't despise a man because he wears a flannel shirt to lodge meeting, and we don't ostracize him because he works in a garage measuring out gas. Don't you forget it! For 'xample, there's a man here named Lem Calkins. There's one of Nature's noblemen, an' you can take a vote of Chipmunk Township if I'm not telling the truth. What happens to him, the most popular man in Weeping River? Well, he goes up to the city, and they throw him in jail—an innocent man. And then the papers jump on him and—and rip off every shred of his reputation!"

Mr. Liddell listened drearily.

"I suppose that often happens," he admitted. "But what happens to the big papers?"

"Nothing, usually," rejoined Flynn, his eyes gleaming for a moment.

There was a pause, during which the city man consulted his watch. Ten-thirty! He sat up straight.

"Am I ever going to get out of this cow pasture? Go and ask 'em—"

This time Flynn did not even rise. He set up a shout.

"Oh, Gal-l-l-up! Tube sucking yet?"

Came the spectral wail, "Not yet."

The two men on the dark veranda again cushioned their feet on the railing.

"It's my guess," said Flynn comfortably, "that you won't get out of Weeping River tonight."

"I'll take the train," answered Liddell. "The 8:18 local is the last for the night."

"Then I'll hire a taxi."

Flynn laughed.

"You couldn't get anybody to drive you Sattidy night—not for a whole year's gross receipts."

Liddell absorbed this, then continued, "I can telephone to Middleville and order a car sent here."

"The phone girl goes off duty at ten."

Mr. Liddell brought down his chair legs with a thump and went into the hotel office. Under the fly-specked lamp dozed a large man with a straggling mustache.

"I want to telephone to Middleville."

The clerk rubbed his eyes, surveyed Mr. Liddell and answered at length, "Girl's gone."

"Then get her out of bed," commanded the great journalist, thoroughly angry.

"Wait a second," spoke a calm voice at his elbow—the voice of Flynn. "Don't you do any such thing, Reddy. The young lady who runs the switchboard, Mr. Liddell, is—well, I'm very much interested in her, and I don't want her beauty sleep spoiled."

Mr. Liddell turned and, from his full height, stared Mr. Flynn up and down.

"It would seem," said he, "that you just about run this village."

"Well," grinned the proprietor of the Gazette, "you might call me general manager and Lem Calkins assistant general manager."

"And is it your custom to seize upon chance visitors, stick their cars in your garage and then make it impossible for them to get out of town?"

Flynn's blue eyes narrowed.

"No, it ain't the custom. This is the first time it's been done." Before Mr. Liddell could decide just how much of irony lay in this, Flynn added, "My advice to you is to sign up for the best room you can get for the night. You aren't going to leave here until tomorrow, Mr. Liddell. Think it over in the still watches; think about the prisoner of Chiffon."

With which classical allusion he departed from the hotel, going in the direction of the garage.

IV

THE scene is now that most restful and poetic of scenes—a Sunday morning in Weeping River. At the right, a country garage, formerly a blacksmith's shop,

spreading chestnut tree and all; beyond, a quaint church spire with a practicable bell. At the left, a road winds picturesquely toward the river, with the end of a bridge visible. In the center, a badly painted but typically constructed country hotel, with practicable windows. Brilliant sunlight, making the shadows of the elms seem like deep pools of paint. But this is an actual exterior. It is not canvas and boards; nor is it a bad dream, as George Remington Liddell, during part of the night, has thought it is.

At one of the upper windows appears the head of Mr. Liddell. It is past ten o'clock in the morning. He has overslept. But then, he did not begin to sleep until about three o'clock. Anxiety? Remorse? Neither of these things. What delayed him was a little game of deuces wild, organized in his special honor, and participated in by him because he never could resist such an invitation.

It came dimly back to him as he sniffed the odorous country air and heard church bells, one near at hand, the other distant and refined, that he had lost money in the game. The others had confessed themselves winners—Mr. Flynn quite noticeably winner, Mr. Gallup comfortably ahead, and Mr. Calkins—well, Liddell recalled that Mr. Calkins had gathered in a pile of chips, counted them and remarked, "That's five seventy-five exactly. I quit."

Why should Mr. Calkins have quit when precisely five dollars and seventy-five cents ahead?

Mr. Liddell continued to inhale the odors of tree and shrub. He was feeling more pure in heart than on most Sunday mornings, for the day was indeed lovely, and he was aware of having rested despite the hardness of his bed and his struggles with a primitive washbowl in a dark corner.

But now he caught the gaze of three strangers, one male and two female, standing in the street, watching his window, and he heard the man say, "That's him."

And this group was reënforced by two more people, then by a boy and two dogs. And all, including the dogs, stared offensively at the hotel guest and made remarks to each other about him, and one of the dogs barked.

Mr. Liddell withdrew his head. He did not at first understand his notoriety, but presently it occurred to him that he was a candidate for governor. This explained the recognition of him, but it did not explain anything else. The town should have shown more zeal in speeding him on his way; no doubt of that. Yet why blame the town? No doubt it received very few celebrities, and if it desired Mr. Liddell to linger and to pay out a few extra dollars, Weeping River was merely being human.

However, there was the curious remark of Flynn's in the hotel office. Mr. Liddell frowned. His frown deepened over his breakfast, which consisted of coffee and bread. No eggs or bacon in the town! And then a renewed effort to telephone to Middleville resulted in news of trouble on the line. The only good omen was that Mr. Flynn was apparently not yet functioning.

That jay editor! He had hinted, hadn't he, that the distinguished and resourceful publisher could not escape from Weeping River?

Whatever the reason, the hint was becoming too plain. No use even to inquire about tubes and cylinder heads. Mr. Liddell suddenly made up his mind to leave his Thingomobile in the doctors' hands and send a deputy sheriff with a writ, or else a repair wagon, to get it later on. Meanwhile he would walk. Perhaps they had not suspected that he could walk.

The decision made, he went back through the dining room, which had a side entrance, and passed unobserved through a garden that led into fields. Here there was a footpath winding among ancient trees. Mr. Liddell took the trail with a view to footing it to the next town.

The sun was hot; the shade soon left off, where the path connected with a blinding gravel road. Mr. Liddell removed his coat. This was the most severe physical test he had given himself in years. His anger rose against rural conditions. Sweet odors from the fields gave him no joy. He worried about the car. He puzzled over the semi-threat delivered by Flynn. His belt began to chafe his back.

Presently he came upon a sign: Chipmunk Prairie, Five Miles. At this Mr Liddell sat down upon a bowlder and pondered.

He might go over to that distant farmhouse and telephone; but how far was it? A mile anyhow. He did not feel just now that he could do a quarter of the distance. Return to Weeping River? No; not to be talked to by Flynn about circulation and advertising rates and ethics. He sat and fanned himself and said Flynn's remark forward and back, and examined a dozen wild theories, things that don't happen in real life, and wondered if this were really he sitting here. If he could just get somewhere! He did not count Weeping River as anywhere.

Suddenly approached what seemed to be his salvation. A farmer came rattling along the road in a dusty car, bound west. Mr. Liddell stood up and hailed him.

"Carry you to where?" shouted the farmer, pulling up.

"Middleville. Ten dollars," offered Mr. Liddell eagerly.

The farmer had no prejudices, it seemed. He silently made room for Mr. Liddell in the front seat, started his engine into strident life again and whizzed toward Weeping River. As they rode through the familiar street and past the hotel Mr. Liddell made no effort to conceal himself. He felt triumphant. There on the veranda of the hotel sat Flynn and numerous fellow townsmen, together with a young lady, all in her Sunday best, who must be the phone operator in whom Flynn was interested; but none of them raised a protest. None of them moved a hand, nor did anything except exchange grins. Let them grin. Wait until he sent for his car and a lawyer to argue the garage bill.

The tinny vehicle whizzed gleefully out of the village street and rounded the curve toward the river. Mr. Liddell lit a cigar and shoved another into the farmer's breast pocket.

"Fine day, isn't it?" cried the newspaper owner.

He would have a story to tell about this. He even thought of writing back a sarcastic letter to Weeping River, inclosing in it, by the way, the hotel bill he had failed to pay.

But the farmer, instead of praising the weather, grunted, "Durn the infernal luck!"

He stopped the machine short at the incline to the bridge.

Upon the bridge was a fresh sign: Closed. And fresh timbers, barring the road, stood akimbo at the top of the incline.

"Must 'a' been closed just today," observed the farmer.

Mr. Liddell glared at the obstruction with fury not unmingled with astonishment. Why, the entire county board, highway commission and township police must be in a league against him! The plot was evident; its completeness put him beyond profanity. He merely blurted a comparatively reverent "Good Lord!" and sat helpless while the farmer whirled the flivver around and retraced the road to Weeping River.

"It's ten miles to the next bridge," observed the fellow. "Besides, I got to get some gas."

They pulled up before the garage. In the few minutes of this leg of the trip Mr. Liddell had done some severe thinking, and there was a touch of triumph in the way he sprang from the car and strode toward the hotel. Passing arrogantly by groups of citizens he singled out Flynn, who stood on the steps, and to him he said bitterly, "You've gone a bit too far this time, young man."

"Why? How?" grinned Flynn. "Mr. Liddell, meet Miss Birdie Swigert, my fiancy."

Compelled to bow to a young lady wearing a persistent smile and a rather rambling sport hat, Mr. Liddell took up his speech:

"You can't close bridges like that, out of personal spite. It's against the law. You've committed a crime, my young friend, and—and I don't know but I've got a suit for damages against the whole town."

This being overheard by nearly the whole town, there was a ripple of derision. The threat passed from group to group.

"What'd he say?"

"Says he'll sue us."

"Gosh! What'd he git if he did?" Even the trees quivered.

Flynn came down a step, and the laughter died out while Weeping River listened for his retort.

"Did you think I closed the bridge—me?"

"It's all a part of ——"

Flynn summoned with a forefinger a squat person in the crowd, a mean yet authoritative person with a star and a tobacco-stained mustache.

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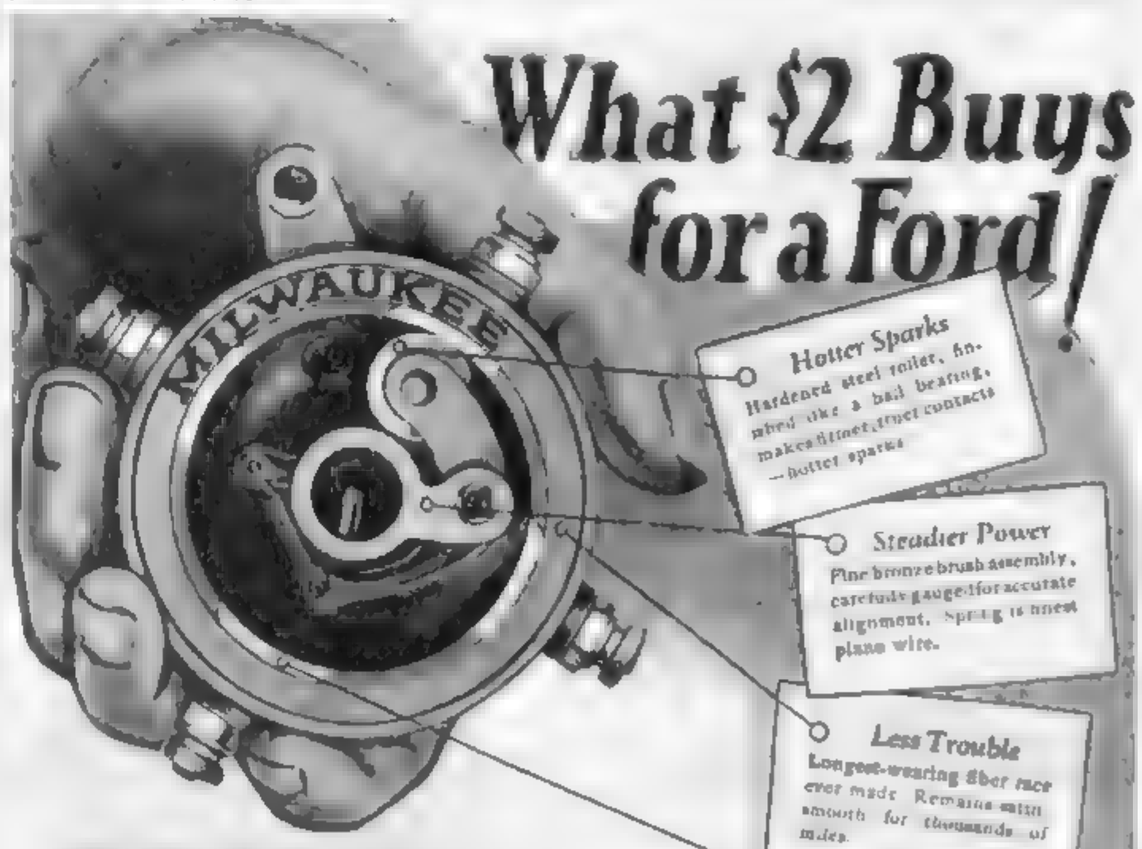

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Largest producers of fine Buckskin Gloves in the world.

"Mr. Liddell, meet Mr. Henry Wageman, highway commissioner. You closed the bridge, didn't you, Hen?"

"Sure did," answered the official. "De bridge was condemned."

"So, you see"—and Flynn blew cigarette smoke toward Mr. Liddell—"you continue your policy of making unjustified charges against innocent people. First Calkins, then me."

Mr. Liddell jammed his hat on his head. "What's all the talk about Calkins?" he demanded. "That's the second time you've mentioned him. Leave him out, and let me say a word to you. What's the idea, anyhow? Am I held for ransom? Do you expect to keep my car over Sunday and charge me storage? Or what are you after?"

He turned upon a man in a flannel shirt and a blue-visored cap marked Express and snapped, "When's the next train out of here?"

"There ain't none Sundays," snickered the official.

Fixing his gaze upon Miss Birdie Swigert, Mr. Liddell demanded, "Will you call Middleville for me?"

Miss Swigert glanced roguishly at Flynn and responded, "I don't think I can get a connection today."

"I call everybody to witness," declaimed Mr. Liddell, "this is the way your town treats a visitor. This is what your sign means, just outside the limits: Welcome to Weeping River." He gazed wrathfully around the circle of amused and excited faces, and added, "I demand an explanation. I'll broadcast this thing in every motor club in the state. I'll see that they take detours away from this miserable hole. Welcome to Weeping River! A fine sentiment, that is! Why ——"

"Wait just a second," interrupted Flynn calmly. "Maybe it's time you had your explanation, though only a prominent clubman is stupid enough to need it. Say, what kind of reception did you think you'd get when you came here—when you came to Weeping River, home of Lem Calkins?"

The crowd pressed forward, making a close circle around the two.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Mr. Liddell. "You keep harping on Lem Calkins ——"

"You don't know what it's all about, eh? You don't remember what I said only last night about what the big papers did to our best-known citizen?"

Mr. Liddell stared.

"And of course," continued Flynn scornfully, "you never saw this." He presented Mr. Liddell with a copy of the Gazette's extra, including the prominent half-tones. The newspaper owner examined it with care, feeling like a none too expert witness in court.

He answered at length, in his hardest business tone, "Certainly I never saw it. I never knew anything about it."

Murmurs of skepticism.

"Wait, men," commanded Flynn. "It may be true he never saw it. But he cannot evade responsibility. Isn't it true, Mr. Liddell, that the owner of a paper is legally and morally liable for everything that is printed?"

"Yes," answered Liddell.

"Then you have the answer for the way you've been treated. Our Mr. Calkins goes to your burg and is made prisoner. That's about what happened to you. He had to pay three dollars fine and two-seventy-five costs. Well, he took just that amount away from you in the poker game. He got nothing but bread and coffee to eat; and that's what you had. Friends," continued the young man, addressing the circle, "this is the first time a big newspaper man ever got exactly what was coming to him. The incident shall be known—and you'll find it adequately described in the next issue of the Gazette—as the Revenge of Weeping River."

The effect of this speech upon Mr. Liddell was unexpected. For a moment he stared in amazed wrath; the next he burst into a shout of laughter. His mirth continued until—his bulk being considerable—he was forced to sit upon the steps. He took off his hat, fanned himself, gasped and finally controlled his laughter. That sense of humor which later became well known in the state and contributed to the election of this good man to the governorship had overwhelmed him.

Rising, he inquired of Flynn, with elaborate respect, "And what may a man do who has innocently, but seriously, insulted so notable a citizen of Weeping River? Er—we'll print a retraction."

"Too late," answered Flynn, steadily confronting his confrere. "Retraction's no good now."

Mr. Liddell stood silent for a few moments with a puzzled and slightly perturbed expression on his face. His gust of laughter had been followed by a more serious turn of mind. About him pressed the ingenuous and honest faces of men and women who doubtless represented the spirit of a small town, and who thus typified what every politician—as well as a few editors—reveres as the average American. Mr. Liddell began to understand what underlay the little comedy staged by Flynn, and with this glimmer of insight there came to the surface his own essential honesty.

"What do you suggest?" he inquired gravely of Flynn.

Flanked by Gallup, the mechanic, by one of the two ministers—judging from their cloth—and by Miss Birdie Swigert, who hung romantically upon his arm, the young editor spoke in solemnity and triumph.

"Retractions, Mr. Liddell, are never effective. Libel suits are—well, leave them to the shysters. I got a new idea; either you stand for it or you don't." He raised his voice and beckoned. "Hey, Lem!"

The highly respected garage hand moved through the crowd like a fighting tower in ancient warfare. He snuffled.

"Mr. Liddell, you will give this gentleman your personal apologies," said Flynn grandly.

They stood facing each other—militant press and outraged public. The former wore well-cut serge and a silk shirt; the other greasy corduroy and flannel; and as Mr. Liddell gazed up and down the rangy proportions and unsavory garb of Calkins, his spirit revolted a trifle. Perhaps, too, he thought about the eager young journalists back there in the city and what he would say to them. But he was game. He put out his hand and took Lem's perspiring one.

"Darned sorry, you know ——" he began, and at that point choked.

Lem withdrew his hand and passed it across his upper lip. He was more embarrassed than Mr. Liddell.

"Don't menshun it," he croaked.

The crowd expelled its excitement in a comprehensive breath. Miss Swigert seized Flynn's arm and hugged it fervently.

"I expect," said she, "I could get that Middleville connection now—if you want it," she added discreetly to Liddell.

"Hold on," said Flynn, grinning. "Gallup, run and see if the tube's sucking yet."

The mechanic set off at a rheumatic trot.

"Folks," cried the young editor, "give a cheer for our next governor!"

The cheer went up among the surprised tree branches, drooping in their Sunday calm.

"And may I take this occasion to announce," shouted Flynn, "that I shall be a candidate in the forthcoming election for the legislature? May I hope for ——"

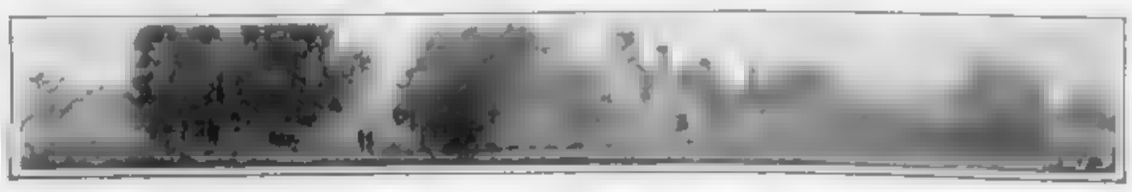
But suddenly came a sound that, for Mr. Liddell at least, banished politics, conspiracies and apologies in a twinkling. It came from the garage—a thrilling roar that rose and died and rose again, that settled into a steady and musical song like that of a prairie wind.

"There y'are," said Flynn with a smile. "Tube's sucking now."

In thirty seconds Mr. Liddell was at the garage; in three minutes he was backing out; and in five more he was rolling westward on the detour road to Middleville. As he clattered along, the memory of Weeping River and its revenge fast lost itself among the familiar vibrations and body squeaks of the veteran Thingomobile. And Mr. Liddell mused:

"They needn't talk to me about a Buzzard twin six. This bus has gone thirty thousand miles, and she's just like new. I wonder what they did in the garage."

But that was something he never learned.



The illustration on the left shows the original crate used by a manufacturer of motor truck radiators. It contains one radiator and exposes contents to damage in shipment. After studying this manufacturer's problem, Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers designed a crate to take six radiators. The middle picture shows the bottom rack for nesting radiators and the bottom and sides of the new crate. The picture on the right shows the new crate ready for shipment. Note the improvement in protection given to contents. The savings effected by this new crate are explained below.

Scientific Crating Means More Than the Designing of a Single Crate

MANY manufacturers still look upon the packing of their goods as a minor incident of their business. They haven't investigated the far-reaching results of better packing.

When manufacturers in many lines of industry, with the coöperation of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers, can effect savings that amount to thousands of dollars a year, it is worth the time of any busy executive to check up on his own packing methods.

The work of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers doesn't consist in merely substituting one crate for another. They apply their scientific principles and practical experience to a manufacturer's shipping problems. Quite frequently they revolutionize a concern's packing practices.

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A saving of 43% in lumber, per radiator.
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The shipment of 654 radiators per car as against 500 radiators in old style crates.

The returns from good packing often extend far beyond the shipping room. It eliminates damage claims and speeds up collections. It decreases sales resistance and so gives the salesman a new selling tool. Safe packing builds good will.

THE services of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are offered to executives of business concerns—by appointment on request.

There is no charge for this service. This organization feels that the position of lumber as the standard material for shipping containers imposes the obligation to deliver 100% value with every foot of lumber we sell.

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Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., Saint Paul, and with representatives throughout the country.

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An aristocrat that can take a punch

It had to be an aristocrat in appearance and husky enough to take a mighty wallop without going down for the count.

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We made that bumper of Mo-lyb-den-um steel, having an impact resistance far in excess of ordinary carbon steel and greater even than that of other alloys.

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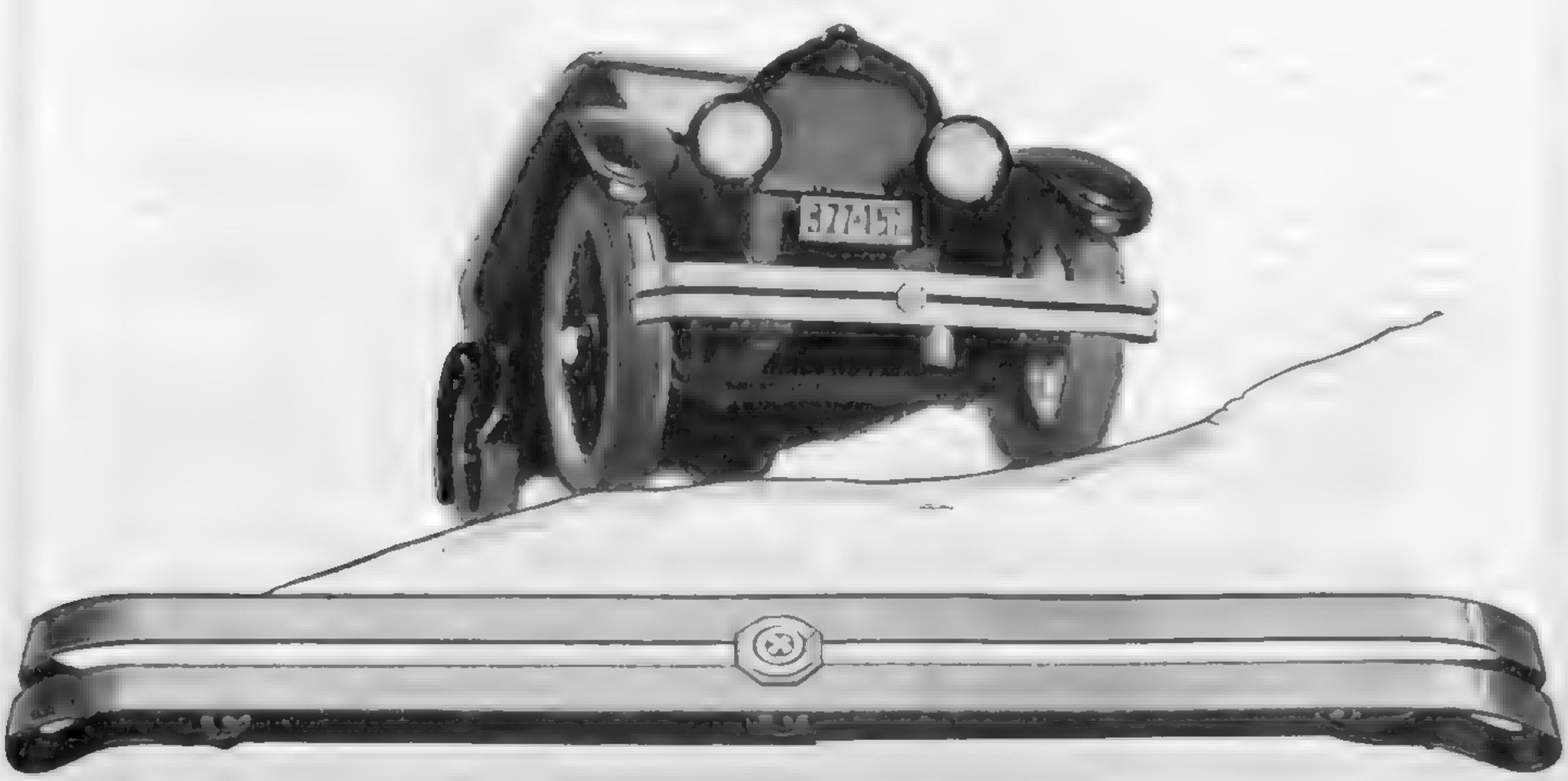


OUR INDUSTRIAL TOURISTS

Continued from Page 33

"What kind of a dish of human remnants did you serve me the other day? Get out your pencil and I'll give you a problem in subtraction. I hired thirty men through you, didn't I? Well, twenty-seven showed up at the railroad station. Ten left me when I stepped off the train at a junction point to buy sandwiches and tobacco for the bunch, and by the time I arrived at the plant two more had vamoosed. That left fifteen; the company staked them for meals and boarding places. Exactly nine of the fifteen checked in at the plant this morning and three of them quit before the noon whistle blew. That leaves how many? Six; all of six; six out of twenty-seven. And my guess is that by the time I cut this conversation they'll be gone. What are you running down there, a tourist agency?"

The employment man offered a few words of condolence. He attempted no apology. Not even an "I told you so" would have been adequate.

"Coué may be right in his better-and-better-every-day stuff, but he was never in this job-brokerage business," he murmured to himself as he hung up the receiver.

Apparently he is not far wrong in his pessimism if one will take the word of employment men, labor agents and those executives whose business it is to secure and maintain our industrial labor supply.

No section of the country seems to be free of these industrial migrants, these men who apparently want work, accept work, but who will not work. Students of economics and research attribute this condition to natural reactions following the war; they advance the thought that the millions who gave up their peacetime employment in order to engage in wartime production in our shipyards, construction operations and munition plants have not yet found their former fields of usefulness, and that it will be years before this can take place. Others contend that the outstanding cause has been the period of unemployment; that the great number who were thrown out of work grasped through necessity whatever was offered them, that molders took jobs as watchmen, machinists as truck drivers, mechanical engineers returned to drafting boards; that consequently there are countless thousands who today are round pegs in square holes, who for many years to come will be seeking to return to the trades and professions in which they belong.

Possibly there is some degree of truth in both of these explanations, but neither seems to strike fire when one interviews men who are in daily contact with conditions and who engaged in the business of recruiting labor during the war.

Migratory Workers

"It has always been that way," says a labor agent who is known to readers of help-wanted columns in every large city of the East. "I have been in the game now for nearly twenty-five years and I have yet to see the time in a city that boasts of two railroads that I can't pick up fifty to two hundred of these industrial hat hangers within twenty-four hours. My problem is to avoid them. The only reason I am able to corral a good bunch of men now and then and have the satisfaction of seeing them actually go to work is because I have been in the business long enough to know personally thousands of the joy riders. I meet the same faces wherever I go. In New York I meet one or a score that I've turned down a week before in Chicago. How they change their residence I don't know, but it's a hundred-to-one shot that an employer pays their passage.

"Talk about seasonal bird migration! These year-round human birds of passage are always on the wing. Some of them know more about the geography of the country than my boy who is just out of high school. As for being familiar with railroads, time-tables, junction points and lunch counters—why, they are traveling bureaus of information.

"There are two kinds of these travelers; and, believe me, it is some strain on the judgment to distinguish one from the other. First, there is the professional tourist who never works and who has no intention of working, but who promises to meet you at the railroad station and take the job you have offered him. He is after a ride, pure and simple, with as many meals as you will stake him to thrown in.

"Then there is the other type, which you might call the amateur. He is the one I am afraid of. He differs from the professional in that he is not seeking a ride so much as he is seeking to reach an objective. He wants to get to a certain city, town or locality, and he uses you as a combination mileage book and meal ticket; as a rule you are glad to hire him and pay his way, for he is both in appearance and industrial experience an infinitely better type than the professional. Usually he is a skilled or semiskilled mechanic who would be a positive asset to you if you could get him to go to work, but, like his professional brother, a job is not his object in answering your advertisement and accepting employment—that is, it is not the job you have to offer him which prompts him to call on you. It is more likely to be a job in another plant in your city or district where he has probably worked before. He does not see any good reason for spending his own money to reach his goal, nor does he see anything unethical in permitting you to spend yours in order to build up another industry's working force. All employers are the same to him. He is out to get all that the traffic will stand. That describes the mental outlook of most of the species. The few to whom it does not apply usually salve their consciences by going to work and remaining on the job a few days or a week or two, only long enough to relieve themselves of the stigma of breaking their contract.

Many Hired But Few Stuck

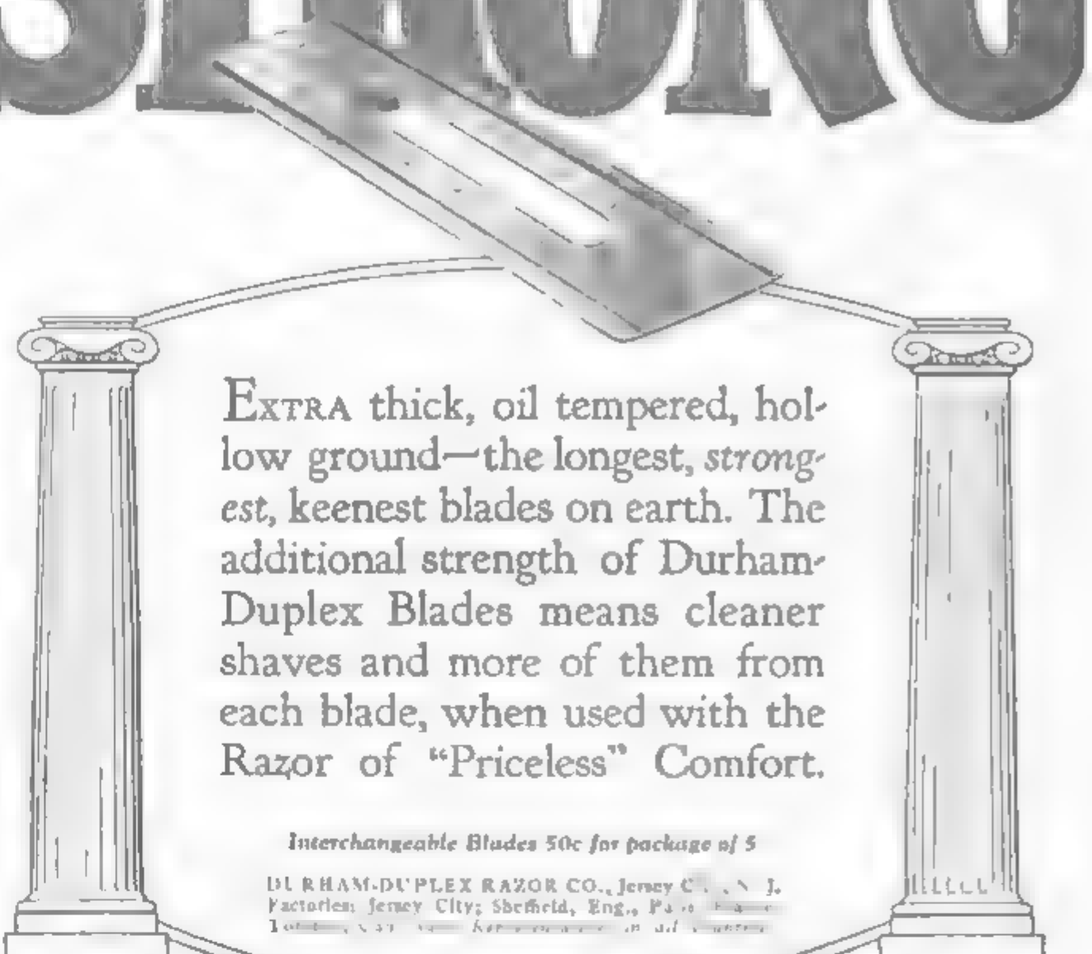
"I had a characteristic experience with sixty of this type in the summer of 1922, just a few months after the break came in the industrial depression which had hung over the country for two years. I was in New York trying to line up a gang of ironworkers for a construction operation in Ohio. My firm was paying the prevailing wages for its locality, but, as is often the case, our scale was materially lower than that paid in the cities. After several days of intensive advertising and interviewing of applicants I managed to gather together sixty who left New York with me on a night train. As usual I paid their transportation and bought meals en route. All went well until we struck Pittsburgh the following morning, where I took the crowd to a restaurant for breakfast. While I was paying the check twenty-seven of them beat it without even a wave of the hand. When I arrived at the station after a trip across the city I had twenty-six effectives who entrained with me for Ohio. Later I learned that the twenty-seven who jumped their contracts had hatched the conspiracy within an hour after leaving New York. Five of the crowd, it seems, had heard of a long-time construction job in the Pittsburgh district, where structural-iron workers were needed and where the rate offered was higher than ours. They had spread the glad tidings, with the result that I was out about five hundred dollars for expenses, to say nothing of the loss of their services.

"But that wasn't all. While I succeeded in holding the remaining twenty-six together, when we reached the operation eight of them refused to start work, contending that I had misrepresented the job. That was their alibi, but later in the day they bought tickets for Chicago; and Chicago, I am satisfied, was their goal when they answered my advertisements in the newspapers and kidded me into thinking they meant business. I never checked up on the eighteen who went to work, although I ran across three of the crowd a week later in Detroit. That should have left fifteen. It was a steel-and-concrete operation. Maybe with the cement they stuck to the job.

"No," he concluded, "I am not so concerned over the danger of guessing wrong on the professional type. It is the amateur who looks worthwhile and who could make your investment in him profitable who causes me to lose sleep. If any student of psychology or reader of character at sight can show me how to separate the real from the phony or to ferret out what is in the back of the other fellow's head—well, I'm from the Ozark country and want to be shown."

This man-sized job of separating the sheep from the goats has always been the one big problem of the man engaged in employment work. How to determine what is in the back of the head of the applicant

STRONG



Extra thick, oil tempered, hollow ground—the longest, *strongest*, keenest blades on earth. The additional strength of Durham-Duplex Blades means cleaner shaves and more of them from each blade, when used with the Razor of "Priceless" Comfort.

Interchangeable Blades 50c for package of 5

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris; London; Sydney; Montreal

DURHAM-DUPLEX

The Razor for He-Men

Let's Talk Over This Money Question:

HAVEN'T you often wondered why it is that some people apparently have everything, while others are up against it all the time? Sometimes luck or opportunity may account for success; more often the fellow who wins simply knows *what he wants* and then *digs until he gets it.*

Every week we offer readers of *The Post* an opportunity to make more money (during spare hours or on full time) and every week scores of men and women "take us up," and earn $5.00, $10.00, $50.00 a week extra. If you have ambition; if you want to get out of a rut—as Ted Waldon did—clip and send us the coupon from the corner.

Ted E. Waldon of Minnesota devotes his entire time to sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. We pay him—but let him tell his own story:

"Before I took up with your offer I was employed in a grocery store at $18.00 a week. During my first month with you I made $233.00; the following month $300.00, and I am planning on making $300.00 this month.

Ted "turned the corner" nearly a year ago. Today he is under an agreement with us by which he earns more than $50.00 a week.

Just as big an opportunity awaits you—why not follow the arrow?

Turn That Corner Now!

The Curtis Publishing Company

458 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I want to turn the corner too. Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your cash offer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

What Does Monday Bring?

In your home what does Monday bring? Does your wife have to be up while you're still snoozing and get wash-day started on its way? Does she drudge for long and weary hours until the hard, irksome task is done?

If you had to do the washing, you'd have had a Coffield Electric Washer long ago—for man's method is to do things efficiently in the easiest, quickest way.

Why not visit your dealer now and order a Coffield sent home on approval? Surprise "her" with it—she'll appreciate it more than you can guess.

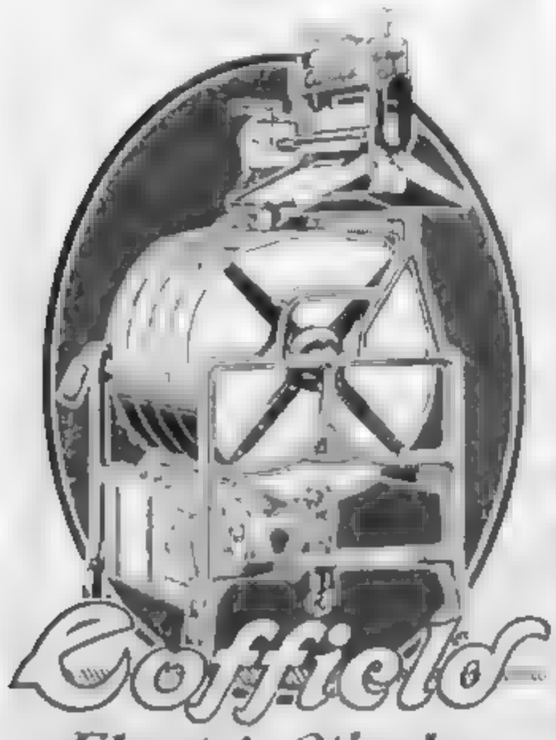
So completely is the Coffield built from woman's viewpoint that she forgets it is a machine and thinks of it only as her faithful servant—and the smooth regularity of its service will continue through the years.

Your dealer will gladly explain to you why all this is true—tell you things which as a man you will appreciate from a mechanical standpoint. Ask him also about the Coffield divided-payment plan which will interest you.

THE COFFIELD WASHER CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

Producers of Washday Smiles for 19 Years

Canadian Factory, Hamilton, Ontario



Electric Washer

Makes the prettiest cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds

who is being interviewed is a task that all of them undertake every working day in the year, but you will search in vain for one of these candlers of men who has the hardihood to tell you that he has reached even an approximate solution. To engage a man after an interview at your plant, put him to work, and then see him fail to size up to his professions of experience or to your own estimate of his ability involves no appreciable financial loss; but to hire a score or several hundred men in a city a thousand miles distant, advance their railroad fares and purchase meals for them en route is a different and more costly experiment.

The labor agent who shoulders such an undertaking and succeeds in carrying it to completion surely possesses in good proportion the salesmanship of a Schwab, the shrewdness of a Disraeli, the decisiveness of a Roosevelt, the sporting blood of a Steve Brodie, and the proverbial patience of Job.

A veteran of many years of employment service who, because he has hired tens of thousands of men, escorted them halfway across the continent and put them to work, stands at the forefront of his profession was asked recently by a young recruit in the business how he was able to separate the wheat from the chaff.

"How do I separate them? Well, to be bed-rock honest with you I don't separate them, but often they save me the trouble by doing the job for me. It's never a hundred per cent job, but I find that it is always closer to that figure if I let the men that come to me weed themselves out. While I go the limit in selling what I have to offer to anyone who looks like a good bet, I never go further than showing my wares. If a man isn't interested in what I have to offer him that ends the negotiations so far as I am concerned.

"But if he is interested, or is smooth enough to convince me that he is interested, right there is where my big job begins; it is up to me to determine why he is interested; it is my job to find out what he wants, whether it is the job which I have outlined that attracts him or the prospect of a free ride to the point to which I am shipping.

"I am in much the same position as the credit man in merchandising, although if he loses he is out only the value of his merchandise. If I lose I am out both my man and the money I have advanced to transport him. In fact, I sometimes think I am a buyer as well as a seller, because it costs me money to sell jobs to men."

Judged by Their Questions

"Therefore, when a man whom I have interviewed shows interest, rises to the bait, as it were, I've got to know why he is nibbling. From that point on he does about 97 per cent of the talking and I sit back and let him register. He asks questions; more, in fact, than I asked him when I was trying to size up his experience and qualifications. The more questions he asks the closer I get to his inner works and the quicker I know the kind of a fish I'm playing with. When he is through firing questions at me I strike a balance. I find usually that all of his questions can be divided into two classes. The first consists of inquiries about the job which I have laid before him; he wants to know more about it, about working hours, piece rates or housing accommodations. The second class of questions is of a general nature; you might call them indefinite or rambling, but, believe me, those are the very ones which in the long run save me money. They are the questions which tell me just as clearly as would a signed statement that I had better pull in my line. When practically all of a man's questions fall within the first class I know he is interested in the job, and in the vast majority of cases I hire him. He has sold himself to me. But when they can be labeled for Class Number Two I know there is a tourist looking for free mileage and found.

"One of the closest calls I ever had was in the early part of this year. I was seeking machinists and skilled industrial labor for a manufacturing plant on the Atlantic Seaboard. After combing the country for several weeks I landed in one of the great labor centers of the Middle West. I advertised in the local newspapers, directing men to come to the office which I had rented. Men came in droves; the best types I had run across for months. But the peculiar thing about their coming was that a number of local employment men with whom I had been talking shop had told me that they themselves were unable to secure enough mechanics for their own plants and had been compelled to send labor agents into other cities, in some cases five hundred miles away. And yet there was I, over a thousand miles from my own plant, offering jobs in the same line of work at wages not a cent higher than my competitors were paying locally.

"The cream of the city's skilled labor buzzed around me like flies around a sugar bowl. Now I had my suspicions that fully ninety of the hundred and some odd that I selected as the best of the crowd were railroad machinists. A few frankly told me they were. That made me all the more anxious to land them, but didn't answer the question which kept simmering in my brain: 'What is there about my proposition that looks so good that these fellows will pass up for it jobs at their elbows paying as much and more than I can promise them?'

"What put me further up in the air was that only a handful out of the bunch asked me any questions; not a single inquiry about overtime, what our housing accommodations were or how long the work would probably last. They were sold on what I had to show them. I began to think I had missed my calling and that the selling game was where I belonged."

The Geometrical Test

"Long since, I found that knowing where a man's home is often enables me to determine just what the chances are of my being able to annex him as a permanent employe. For instance, if I know that he has a family or even a mailing address in a city or town near my plant it's a good bet that he is going back to that town sometime to work. 'Find the woman' is the gum-shoe detective's slogan. Mine is 'Find the town,' the town where a man has spent most of his time, the town he likes best, the town where his wife, children or relatives are, or the town which gave him the job in which he was best satisfied. When I have found that town I picture in my mind its relative location to the point to which I am shipping men. First, it is a matter of geography and then a problem in geometry. I draw two straight but imaginary lines from the point at which I happen to be recruiting, one to his town and one to mine. Then I complete the triangle by joining those towns. Now when that last line is the shortest side of the triangle my visitor is out of luck. He will not visit relatives unless he pays his own railroad fare or finds another labor agent more trustful of human nature than I am.

"So that was my problem with nearly a hundred of these men: to find their home town. After hours of casual conversation with them, sometimes singly and again in groups, I learned that most of them came from a large railroad center in the East, which was situated about one hundred and fifty miles from my plant. They had gone out in July of the previous year in the shopmen's strike, and rather than remain at work in their local shops and be branded as scabs, they had taken jobs offered them by labor agents of Western railroads who had gone East in search of mechanics to fill the jobs left vacant by their own striking shopmen. That is sometimes the way it goes on during our country-wide strikes; your striker in the East is often a strike breaker in the West, and vice versa; he just changes his name in order to keep in good standing.

"Granting that these men were playing me for a ride, still I couldn't fathom why they wanted to return to the city they had left. However, I had stalled them off as long as I could and so I told all hands to be on deck early next morning, when I would make final selections, as I would leave for the East at noon.

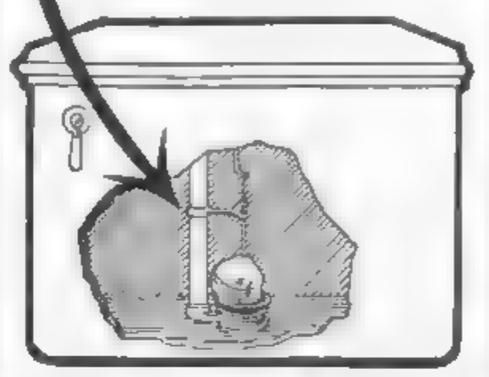
"That night I left my hotel and strolled down to the railroad station to make arrangements for the transportation of one hundred and fifteen men. The company had been telegraphing me for action and I had made up my mind to take a chance. As I started across the street to enter the station I noticed a crowd of about twenty-five men gathered around one of those get-your-home-town-paper news stands. They were some of my railroad visitors.

"As they laughed and slapped one another on the back I caught snatches of their talk. Their home-town paper, which had just arrived, had confirmed what they had been expecting for several days. Both the railroad and their union officials were urging all employes to return to their old jobs with their full seniority rights restored

(Continued on Page 172)

Stop that frightful water waste

Look inside your closet tank. See that old round tank ball, cocked to one side—bloated, split? That's the cause of that embarrassing trickle—that frightful waste of 355 gallons daily at a cost of $25 a year.



No need of such annoyance. No need of such waste. For, the

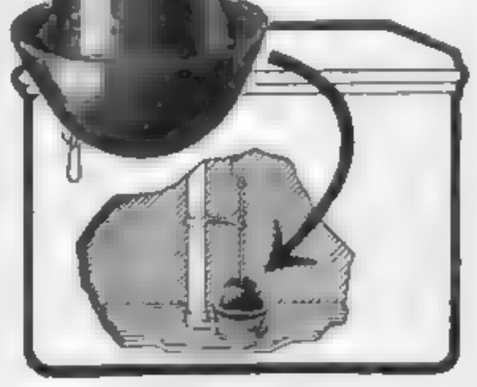
MUSHROOM **Parabal**

Stops the leak

Look at the illustration below. Note how the Mushroom Parabal fits like a cork down into the outlet valve—seals it perfectly, surely—pays for itself 20 times over in a year.

The Mushroom Parabal is made of one piece of pure, live gum—can't split, swell, collapse or lose its shape. It lasts indefinitely.

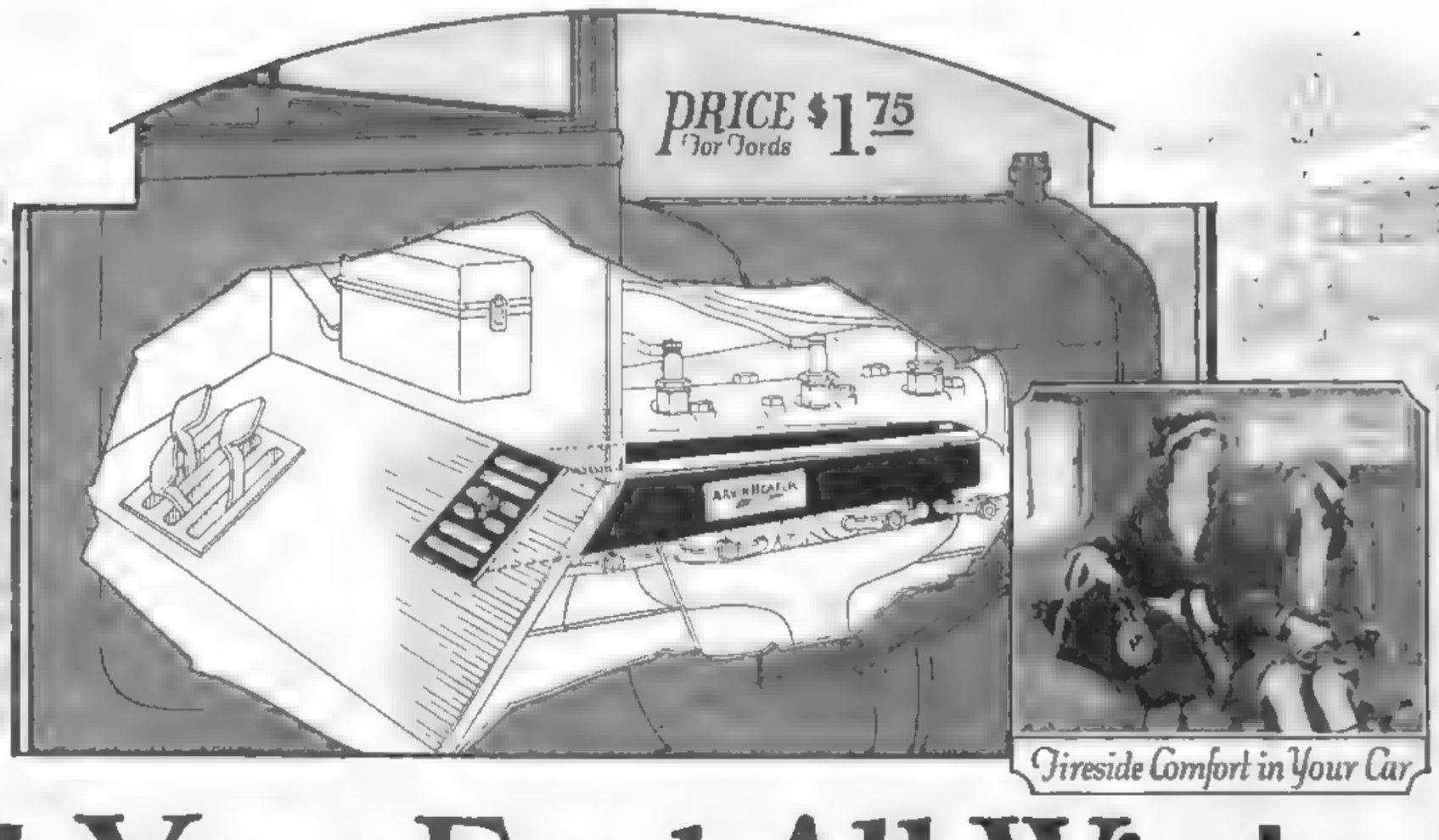
Guaranteed Three Years



Ask Your Plumber

He's the stopper of leaks and the saver of money. Through him only can you get the Mushroom Parabal. If he hasn't it yet, send us his name. We'll do the rest.

$1.25 each
$1.50 in Canada



Heat Your Ford All Winter

drive in warmth and comfort for $1.75

IN fifteen short minutes you can have an Arvin Heater installed in your Ford —and drive all winter in solid comfort and warmth. The Arvin Heater costs only $1.75 and lasts as long as your car. A world of never-ending comfort for you, your family and your friends—at an *insignificant cost!*

Frosty mornings—chilly evenings—bleak cold winter days—all yield to the comforting warmth that flows steadily and plentifully into your car from the register of your Arvin. Instantly and conveniently regulated. A touch of your foot on the damper-button reduces the heat to suit your comfort, or closes it off entirely if you so desire.

Just as the hot-air-pipes in your home bring you the heat from your furnace, so the Arvin Heater, jacketing the heated manifold of your engine, brings INSIDE your car the clean, fresh, warm air—generous, comforting heat that would otherwise be wasted.

You or your garage man can install Arvin—easily—in a jiffy. Nothing to rattle or get out of order. Warmth and comfort at your instant command as long as you drive your car—all for a little old $1.75. All accessory dealers sell the Arvin. Get yours today.

For Chevrolet, Dodge and Maxwell, Too!

Owners of Chevrolet, Dodge and Maxwell cars can also enjoy the comfort which the ARVIN HEATER DeLuxe brings. The installation is easy to make on any of these cars. You or any garage man can do it in a few minutes. And you can't possibly buy more winter driving comfort for so small a cost. Equip your Dodge, Chevrolet or Maxwell *today!*

The Low Cost of Comfort

FORD $1.75
CHEVROLET - $3
DODGE - - - $5
MAXWELL - - $5

West of Denver

Ford $1.75; Chevrolet $3.50
Dodge $5.50; Maxwell $5.50

In Canada

Ford $2.50; Chevrolet $4.50
Dodge $7.50; Maxwell $7.50

Open Cars Need Arvin Warmth and Comfort

Open cars, too, need the grateful warmth and comfort of the Arvin Heater. With good tight curtains, the Arvin certainly does help a lot. And—with a lap-robe over your knees, extending down to contain the heat—if that isn't sheer luxury, what IS? By all means have the Arvin installed in your open Ford, Chevrolet, Dodge or Maxwell!

INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE COMPANY .·. INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

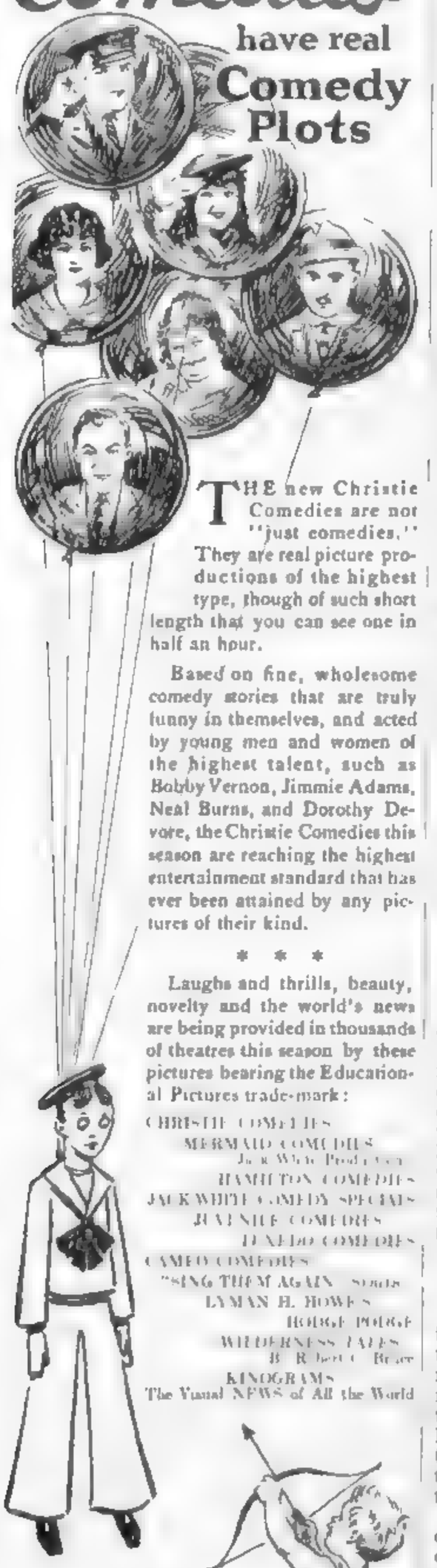
DeLuxe Cowl Ventilators *—for Summer Comfort*
Arvin Heater DeLuxe *—for Winter Comfort*
DeLuxe Tire Pumps *—The Year 'Round*

ARVIN HEATER

DELUXE Products *for the Motorists Comfort*

Fully covered by patents of 1916 and 1922

Christie Comedies have real Comedy Plots



THE new Christie Comedies are not "just comedies." They are real picture productions of the highest type, though of such short length that you can see one in half an hour.

Based on fine, wholesome comedy stories that are truly funny in themselves, and acted by young men and women of the highest talent, such as Bobby Vernon, Jimmie Adams, Neal Burns, and Dorothy Devore, the Christie Comedies this season are reaching the highest entertainment standard that has ever been attained by any pictures of their kind.

* * *

Laughs and thrills, beauty, novelty and the world's news are being provided in thousands of theatres this season by these pictures bearing the Educational Pictures trade-mark:

CHRISTIE COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
Jack White Productions
HAMILTON COMEDIES
JACK WHITE COMEDY SPECIALS
JUVENILE COMEDIES
DUNEDIN COMEDIES
CAMEO COMEDIES
"SING THEM AGAIN" SONGS
LYMAN H. HOWE'S
HODGE PODGE
WILDERNESS TALES
By Robert C. Bruce
KINOGRAMS
The Visual NEWS of All the World

When You See This Sign, Go In—

It's The Sign of a Whole Evening's Entertainment

Educational Pictures

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
EXECUTIVE OFFICES, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 170)

to them. The strike on their road had been settled.

"Finally one of them stretched himself and drawled: 'Well, let's call it a day; we've got a date early tomorrow with Santa Claus.'

"Santa Claus kept his date with them, but the only present those twenty-five and fifty more of them got the next day was a pleasant look. The forty men I took with me panned out about as well as the average. None of them, so far as I ever learned, took jobs with the railroad company.

"Now, I don't believe," he concluded, "that all of that crowd I left behind would have jumped their contracts with me; some of them would have stayed on the job a week or two, but inside of a month or so we should have been in just about the same position as before. We should again have needed seventy-five men, and on top of that we would have been out over two thousand dollars for transportation."

"But is there no redress against these contract breakers?"

"Yes, I suppose there is," replied the labor man. "We have it in common law. But two things make it difficult and a waste of time to seek it. First, we have to lay our hands on the man, get him to court, and secure a verdict. Taking for granted we are lucky enough to get that far along, our next step would be extracting the amount of the judgment. A fat chance we would have of doing that! No, it isn't worth the time and effort. I have stopped wasting emotions over it.

"I once thought I had a solution to the riddle. I decided I would never hire men for a long ride unless they came to me with baggage, so that when I purchased the railroad tickets I could check their baggage for them and hold it as security and an evidence of good faith. The scheme was puncture proof until I tried it out on a shipment of common laborers in which I checked short about a quarter of my men at the end of the trip. The stuff I found in some of those grips and bundles would have started a junk shop—old shoes, rolled-up newspapers, half-empty bottles, brickbats, and a couple of guns. All told there wasn't enough wearing apparel to cover a beach comber.

"No, there is no worth-while remedy that I know. 'Grin and bear it, live and learn,' is my motto in this game."

Industry is not alone in its patient suffering from this scourge of year-round circuit riders. If we have any excess sympathy to broadcast let us extend it to the farmer, for surely no one feels the immediate results of highly prosperous or inflated business conditions more quickly and more keenly than he. Though bad times bring scores of industrial casualties to his kitchen door who are willing to work for their keep, good times in like degree draw from him, through the lure of higher wages, his dairymen, his farm help and his harvest hands.

Free Board and Lodging

As the owner of a small fruit and dairy farm expressed it: "Two years ago, when the bread lines started in the cities, you might have thought I was running a summer hotel at cut rates. It seemed to me that every time I looked up from my work I spotted a man coming toward me across the fields. Nine out of ten wanted a job and the tenth usually wanted to sell me something.

"They seldom asked what wages I was offering. They were satisfied to get under cover at my figure. I suppose the shortage of houses in the cities had something to do with it, but the big reason was they were out of work and hungry, and they knew where there was a chance of eating a square meal even though they had to sweat for it. Even my boy and his wife paid us a fifteen months' visit. Believe me, the old farm and the attic rooms were never so popular.

"But that was in 1921; this is '23. Today if I want a few farm hands, or even one, what do I have to do? They are no longer coming to me, although the other day one who had worked for me flivvered up to the gate with his family on his way to the shore for a week-end. He asked for buttermilk. Said he had his old job again and was doing fine. What do I have to do if I want men? I've got to leave my work and go to the city to get them.

"And then what do I get?" he continued. "What I got Saturday a week ago is a fair sample. I hired six harvest hands in the city through an employment agency. They looked pretty fair to me and the agent who collected them for me said they were hustlers and that I could bank on them to stick. I paid him three dollars apiece for them. Yes, the agent told the truth, they were hustlers and they stuck. They hustled out of the office with me to a lunch counter, hustled onto the ferries, and hustled aboard the train. Then, when we arrived at the farm late in the afternoon they hustled to the supper table. Sunday they stuck around the house and the orchard, and when it came time for their meals they hustled again. When they had finished their second helpings at breakfast on Monday they beat it for the gate and hustled down the road to stick some other farmer for a lodging and meals.

"In fact, yesterday when I dropped into the agency to make a kick and to try to get my money back I saw four of them lounging about the curb. Important business took them up the street before I could get near them. Yes, they were hustlers and they stuck, but even at that I suppose I ought to be thankful they didn't sue me for two days' wages."

Occasionally a knowledge of politics and a willingness to play the game have much to do with the success or failure of a labor agent's round-up.

Shortly before the first Tuesday after the second Monday in November a few years ago a labor agent representing a wartime enterprise which is today but a memory arrived in a Middle-Western town of about thirty thousand inhabitants. He was in search of unskilled men who were to be taught machine-shop and steel-construction trades.

The Election Snag

The base of his operations was the county seat of a populous farming community. The labor man had selected it for that very reason. He was stocked up with anæmic by-products of the city. What he wanted and what the plant needed was a transfusion of red blood from the farms; in fact, the foremen of the job had complimented him on the quality of a previous shipment of men and had begged him to duplicate it. Perhaps another motive that directed him to the particular state and county was the fact that he had spent twenty-odd years there and knew intimately its leading citizens. And he knew its politicians, real and fanciful, for he had served a long apprenticeship at the trade.

On the evening of his arrival he called upon the proprietor of the local newspaper credited with the largest circulation, who, by no means incidentally, was chairman of the political party then in power.

"Ed," he said, "I want to take about three to four hundred men out of this county within the next two weeks. Here's copy for an advertisement I want you to run daily until I tell you to stop. Give it the best position in your sheet that you can. Also have about five thousand handbills run off. I want to plaster the landscape with them. Do your best for me. I need these men bad."

The newspaper man's eyes narrowed. "Need 'em, do you?" he snapped. "Well, so does your old friend Joe Albus, who is running for reelection as county clerk. He needs them worse than you do; the whole organization ticket needs them. Why, the way things line up now a hundred votes will swing the election either way. Lie low until this fight is over and I will go the limit for you."

The labor man did not reply for a moment. He walked slowly to a window and standing with his back to the chairman drawled in a looks-as-though-we-might-have-rain tone, "You understand I'm not a politician, and I'm not interested in the politics of any men I hire. A Democrat is as good as a Republican if you can get him down to a day's work."

He paused long enough for the politician to tune in.

"What I want is men," he continued with subtle emphasis, "regardless of their politics. I was thinking, Ed, perhaps you knew a hundred or so who haven't seen much of the country. It's a grand climate in the East this time of the year. Of course if you thought well of it I could make two shipments, one, say, about the first of the month and the other after ——"

"I heard you the first time," broke in the county chairman. "I'll have this ad in tomorrow's paper. After you have looked over the crowd you want to take along let me see a list of their names. I'll tell the strabismic world that when I check those

98 Quality Products

In Traffic Smoother Shifting-No Grinding-Less Noise

When gears grate and grind—when they prematurely wear out—when they are hard to shift, the cause is most always faulty lubrication.

The heaviest load, the most strenuous work cannot dislodge *Whiz* Gear Grease or cause it to melt and run away—it keeps the gears properly filmed—thoroughly lubricated at all times.

With *Whiz* Gear Grease the gears shift more smoothly—no grinding—less noise.

Next time—be sure it's *Whiz* Gear Grease.

There are 98 *Whiz* Products to make cars look better and run better. Ask your dealer about them.

Send for this Handy Manual

A book of value to every motorist—tells how to find motor troubles and fix them—send for it—it's free. Just write on a post card—"Send me your book 24"

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO.
Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.
Branches in 18 Principal Cities

Serve and Save

Monito
SOCKS

For Style and Quality

MEN wear Monito with the assurance that their socks are in the best of taste—perfect in fit and perfect in style.

More—they experience the satisfaction that only quality can produce. For Monito is known no less for its durability than for its style.

Wool socks will be much in vogue this year. Ask for Monito, style 620, at the men's wear counter.

Look for the golden Moor's head on each pair

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., INC
HARRISBURG PA
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

I want to go on that first shipment it will look like a solid delegation off for a national convention. If we can't vote them our way, let's give them a ride. See America first! It'll make better citizens of them and maybe when they come back in a year or two they'll know how to vote."

Several days later the employment man submitted his list of recruits, which the county chairman, after numerous checks, cross checks, and conferences with his henchmen, fervently approved. On the Saturday before Election Day more than two hundred of the opposition, diplomatically salted with five to ten of the electorate of conflicting persuasion in order to give a neutral flavor to the expedition, departed for the East.

Back home when the votes were counted it was found that Joe and the slate had skinned through by a scant fifty votes.

When the recently enacted immigration law forced our Northern centers of industry to look elsewhere than Europe for their common labor, the South, because of its vast negro population, became the logical and most accessible market for this essential human commodity. No sooner had the nation-wide demand appeared than labor scouts representing many of the larger corporations made their appearance in the industrial and rural districts of the South. In order to forestall this situation and to conserve for their own benefit their local labor many of these commonwealths passed laws which make it practically prohibitive for a representative of an industry located outside its boundaries to recruit or even solicit men. To accomplish this, licensing fees, in some instances as high as five hundred dollars a day, are exacted.

A scout for one of the country's widely known corporations a few months ago found himself confronted with the apparent choice of contributing this very wholesome fee for the good of the commonwealth or of admitting his failure to sign up and deliver the eight hundred gentlemen of color whom he had been commissioned to secure. He had journeyed South in ignorance of these statutory restrictions. However, he became apprised of them quickly enough, for no sooner had he attempted to advertise in one of the local newspapers than a deputy of the state labor department placed a firm hand upon his shoulder. He pleaded ignorance and first offense; also it wouldn't happen again. The deputy relented and offered to clean the slate if the labor man left the state at once. The scout promised and kept his word. Within an hour he was at the railroad station awaiting his train for another negro labor center in an adjoining state, where he knew he could continue operations without interference. While seated on his upturned suitcase his eyes spied a batch of railroad handbills outside the station agent's office at the top of which in large type he read the word "Excursion." He tore one of them from the nail and glanced over it. It offered Sunday round trips to the capital of the state at reduced rates. He lit a cigar. In the sea of his subconscious mind the word "Excursion" continually bubbled to the surface.

Dodging Local Labor Laws

A few moments before his train arrived he casually inquired of the ticket agent, "Where are these camp meetings held which I hear so much about up where I come from?"

"Most of them," replied the railroader, "are held sixty miles north of here at a picnic ground just across the state line. We often used to run excursions there, but the old man who lives on the place had a row with the company so that there has been nothing doing for nearly three months."

That night the labor man detrained just sixty miles north of here, sought out the old man, and for the staggering sum of fifty dollars rented his grove for thirty days. Then he employed that gentleman's son at an equally substantial amount to return to the community from which he himself had been outlawed, instructing him to arrange with the railroad company to run an excursion on the following Sunday to the new seat of his labor-bootlegging operations. The son had his suspicions, but being a favored concessionaire himself in the matter of pop, peanuts, sandwich stands and fishing boats he was not inclined to ask too many questions.

Sunday came and with it a passenger trainload of upstanding industrial timber. The son saw to that detail, for he was feathering his own nest for a long-time job. The nearest approach to camp-meeting fervor was that supplied by the labor agent when, a few hours after the baskets were unpacked, he told the negroes how, paradoxically, they could brighten the corner of a world-famous industry north of the Mason and Dixon Line.

That evening over fifty men left with him for the North. Nearly a hundred more would have joined the travel-light brotherhood had they brought their baggage. These, however, and six hundred more migrated North with the scout in subsequent shipments.

A striking and unparalleled example of the value of intelligent labor recruiting, seconded by a ranking intelligent support from the management back of the field men, was given recently by one of the nation's great railroad systems. When Federal control of the railroads thawed, one of the problems which demanded immediate attention was the rehabilitation of its roadbed.

Its operating and maintenance-of-way departments decided that to accomplish this task sixteen hundred track laborers would be needed. The job of filling this ample order was shunted upon the shoulders of the employment superintendent of the road.

For years it had been the labor policy of the company so far as unskilled men were concerned to take labor as they found it. If they needed a hundred or a thousand men these were hired as they applied with little regard for other than their physical equipment.

Spanish Labor on the Railroads

"If they looked as though they could do a fair day's work," said the employment superintendent of the road, "we bought their services much as you would buy a barrel of potatoes or lay in a carload of coal. It was run-of-mine quality and we kidded ourselves into thinking it was the best the market afforded at our price. We took Irish, Polish, Italian, negro, American, near-American, anything in shoe leather that looked strong enough to handle a shovel and a tamping bar. Those who went to work were herded indiscriminately in our camps and a commissary company contracted for the job of feeding them at so much a man. It was a continuous merry-go-round. I think T. R. had one of those camps in mind when he coined that expression about America being a polyglot boarding house. Talk about labor turnover. It would have required a corps of accountants to figure it out. 'Common labor is common labor; one man is as good as another,' was our slogan; we almost believed it.

"Still we had nothing to lose, so we decided to experiment on this job," he continued in describing how this burden was carried and finally delivered. "It would have been futile, we knew, to go out in the labor market and attempt to outbid industries and construction jobs. Our rates were lower than theirs and our budget couldn't stand the strain. The experiment we took a chance on was that of recruiting sixteen hundred Spaniards.

"As we felt pretty sure that it would be impossible to gather together the entire number within a few weeks in the highly competitive labor market then existing, we decided to employ as many or as few as would come with us. Our labor agents were instructed accordingly—that if they could dig up only ten or even one man a day to hire him and see that he was turned over to us at a point on the road where other members of the department would pilot him through to the division camp where he was most needed.

"By advertising in several Spanish-language newspapers, establishing contacts with consular officials and societies interested in the welfare and employment of immigrants arriving at our ports of entry, our field men succeeded in turning over to us between six and seven hundred men. This was accomplished within three weeks.

"Now comes an interesting side light. On a visit I made to two of the camps I noticed that the men spent many of their off hours, especially on Sundays, writing letters. It seems to be a national characteristic. The letters, most of them, were to their friends and relatives, here and abroad, telling them about their jobs. What they emphasized, I learned, was that they had their own cooks, whom we had encouraged them to bring with them, and that they themselves were not mixed in with men of other

WHEN THE HARTFORD PAYS THE RENT

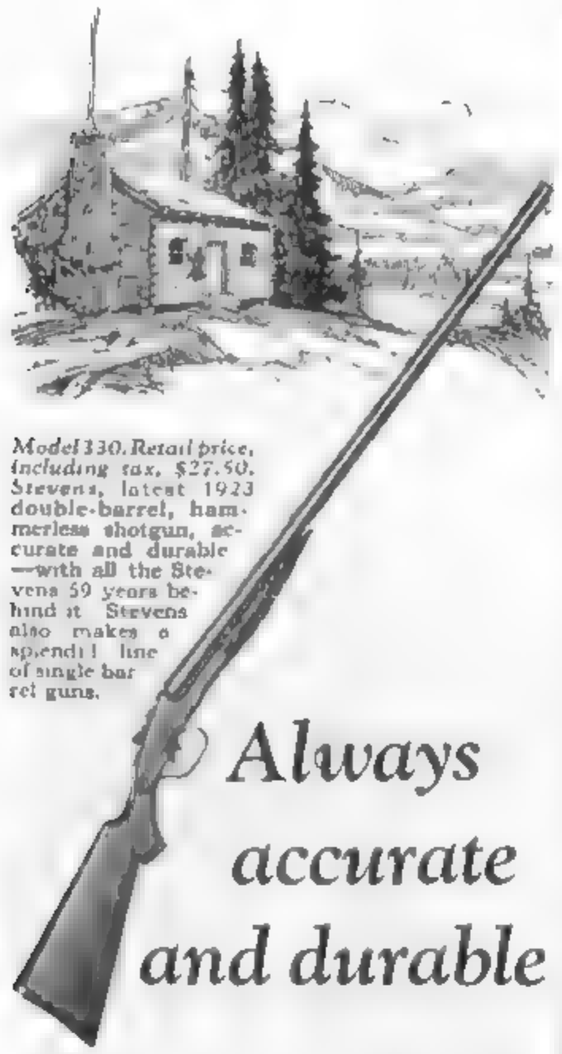
Just as Hartford fire insurance protects your property investment, so Hartford rent insurance pays your rental *income* while you are rebuilding premises destroyed by fire.

If you live in your own home and have a fire, Hartford Rent Insurance will help pay your hotel bills or the rent of a temporary home.

There is a Hartford Agent near you who will complete your insurance by extending it to cover rents. The cost is small. Rent insurance is just one more form of the complete insurance protection offered by a company that for more than a century has paid promptly every honest loss.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.



Model 330. Retail price, including tax, $27.50. Stevens, latest 1923 double-barrel, hammerless shotgun, accurate and durable—with all the Stevens 59 years behind it. Stevens also makes a splendid line of single barrel guns.

Always accurate and durable

Look through a Stevens barrel—shotgun or rifle. Pretty smooth, isn't it?

And no wonder. When a Stevens barrel is bored or drilled, the final reaming cuts away *less than one-half of a thousandth of an inch.*

Takes a long time—but it has kept Stevens a leader in *accuracy* for the last 59 years.

The same painstaking care throughout

To getting a handsome—a lasting finish; to striking just the right balance. Once you get the feel of a Stevens you'll never give it up.

And just do this: match a Stevens—rifle or shotgun—for accuracy, good looks, *and* price against any firearms you like.

We rest our case on the outcome.

Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Dept. 413, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Owned and operated by the Savage Arms Corporation

Stevens single barrel gun, Model 107. Compressed forged steel barrel full choke, automatic ejector. Made in 12, 16, 20, 28 and 410 gauge.

Stevens "Favorite." Retail price, inc. tax, $9.75. 24 inch take down, 22 long rifle, 22 short, 25 Stevens and 32 long rim fire. A favorite for three generations.

59th year—largest manufacturer of shotguns in the world

Stevens

nationalities, whose language and food and customs they neither understood nor relished. It was this keenness for letter writing that gave me a new idea. I immediately ordered a supply of special letterheads for their exclusive use, with the imprint of the railroad at the top. In addition I furnished them all the stamps they needed. The result was like rolling a snowball. Gradually but surely new men came to us, unheralded and unsolicited.

"Within two months after starting our drive we had our quota of sixteen hundred men. That is interesting perhaps, but this is more interesting and to us more vitally important: Seven months later 1584 were still on our pay rolls, tamping, sifting ballast and laying rails, doing precisely the work for which we had hired them.

"This is a record which I suppose we should be proud of, and yet I for one, as I look back, never get puffed up over it, because it proved to me conclusively that our previous difficulty had not been due so much to a shortage of labor as it had been due to a shortage of labor knowledge. There is nothing scientific about the proposition. There never has been and there never will be an atom of science in the day-to-day human relationships which make men stick to or leave a job. What constant applications of common sense do not effect, no engineer's slide rule or cross-indexed handbook on labor will produce.

"That is the policy we started with and it's the one we're practicing today," he went on. "Right off the bat we gave it a trial. On one of our smaller divisions the roadbed looked like an abandoned wartime industrial siding; a streak of rust through the dust was what the traffic department dubbed it. We selected one hundred and twenty-five of these men and through an interpreter laid the situation before them. We told them that the barracks where they would have to live, if they took the jobs, were a joke, that the roofs leaked, the floors were damp, and that the water supply would be what they could carry from a spring several hundred yards from the camp. I personally assured them that if they would undertake the work I would see to it that the place was made habitable within two weeks.

"To my surprise they snapped up my offer, went to the camp and stuck to the job for three months, until the work was completed. But incidentally we made the promised repairs within ten days.

"Within seven months these sixteen hundred men did the big job for which we had employed them. Then came the depression, forcing us to cut down the working hours and to reduce the force. Two weeks before these changes became effective we explained orally to them why it was necessary for us to retrench. When formal bulletins announced the new program there was never a kick, flareback or sign of resentment. Many of those whom we dropped could not find employment immediately, so for months we permitted them to live in our barracks without charge.

"All this was three years ago," he concluded. "Now hardly a week passes that some of those sixteen hundred men do not apply personally or by letter asking to rejoin our forces. And they seldom ask what wages we are paying. They liked us. They showed it. We liked them. We showed it."

If there is any better creed for industry, what is it?

GLASS

(Continued from Page 9)

To that he didn't reply. They were in Honeybrook and then in the country beyond; they went through Sorrel Horse, little villages along the turnpike, built of wood and dark red brick, with cast-iron fences across the fronts of the dwellings. The men they saw were composed, quiet, under broad-brimmed black felt hats; the women's faces were full and peaceful with unwandering gaze.

"We've lost time itself," Mrs. North said.

Francis Jammes advised her to wait.

They left the main road for one far narrower but no less hard and even; another town swept forward to meet them; they turned again, now into a private lane, and stopped on an informal expanse beside a great barn. Beyond, there was a sharp slope to a broad stream choked but audible under its ice; in the opposite direction two stone houses were connected by an open gallery, and there was a second barn inside the fence of wooden palings that inclosed the yard. Jammes opened the gate, following his companion, and they walked slowly up to the dwelling.

"This," he told her, "is Johan Stoltz's place. He's a very rich Amishman, and if you want to know how, you'd have to see the boy following the manure wagon with a fork to pick up anything that dropped. Everyone likes him. No doubt he's a good man. They aren't Germans but Swiss," Jammes added. He replied, in answer to the question, that the building beside them was the tobacco barn. "In summer it would be pleasant, the stripping room is always cool and, if you like the smell of tobacco, full of it. I don't."

A door to the dwelling opened and Jammes said, "Mrs. Stoltz, I sent you word I was coming with someone—Mrs. North."

"I got it," the woman in the doorway reassured him; "and I'm glad you're back once again."

She was, patently, past middle age, an old woman really; but her faded hair lay so crisply against her face, her freshly colored cheeks were so free from lines, that she might almost have been forty years younger than the actuality. She wore a sheer organdie cap, tied with a clear white band under her chin; her dress was dark, a frugal material partly covered with a gray-green apron, and her waist, without buttons, was neatly fastened with pins.

The room into which she led them was heated by an iron stove elevated on high legs; the woodwork was grained in orange yellow; wooden pegs set high in the walls held some thick cloaks and two broad black Amishmen's hats; on the floor was a rag carpet without stripes or distinguishable design.

Mrs. Stoltz sat with her hands folded, waiting serenely for what might be said. She radiated a contentment that was the fine essence of patience. Incurious, Jammes thought. Her presence, the room restored his serenity. The spirit, the order, of old things was again around him. He saw hanging, long and narrow, a beautifully worked door towel; it was covered with cross-stitch and in its center was a heart in drawn work. The snow outside, reflecting the sun, made the room very light; the separate hairs of the sable about Mrs. North's throat were plainly perceptible.

"Mrs. Stoltz," she said directly, "I want some linen, some fine old hand linen, and Mr. Jammes brought me to you. He didn't promise anything; he just brought me."

"I have it," Mrs. Stoltz replied with equal point, "almost a chest full. We wove so much when I was a girl we didn't use it. There were seven daughters of us, but I was misfortunate and had only one. And families are nothing now—I tell my girl, she's hardly just married, that she must raise up children like an apple's seed, but she only gets red in the face. I don't know what it's all coming to."

"Mrs. Stoltz," Francis Jammes suddenly asked, "do you have prayers, church, in this room?"

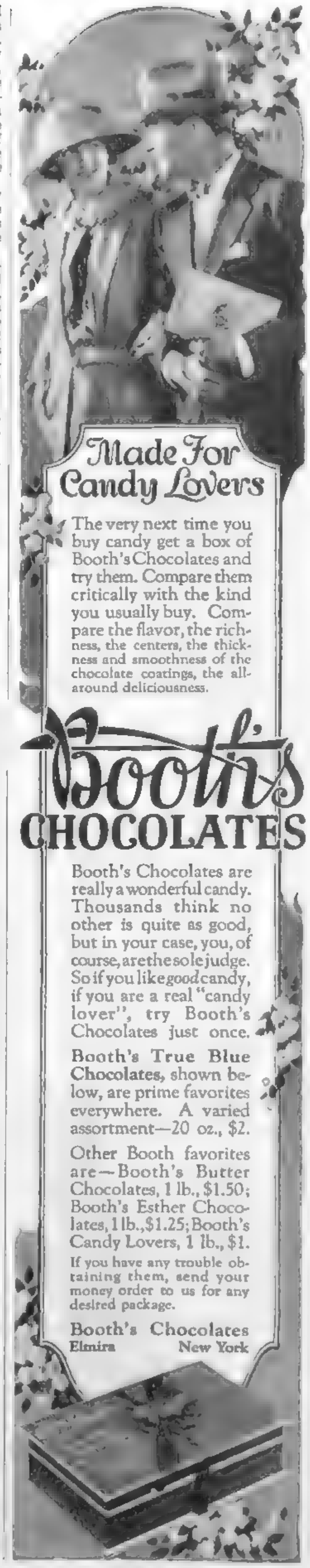
"Why, but of course," she replied. "We're House Amish. Did you think we were Church Amish? They're way advanced of us. What Jacob Amen would say to them I don't know."

He lost the sound of her voice in the realization that he had been conscious of the worship that had gone up in the room where he sat. The tide of hymns in Low German of young concerted voices had left its influence, its fervor on the atmosphere. Francis Jammes heard, in imagination, the singing; he saw the singers—the boys with long hair swinging about their ears in the fashion of Christ, and the girls in their plain blue and gray dresses—seated about the long table where they had had dinner.

It might be winter, with the room soon losing the brightness of the waning afternoon—the voices were richer in the dusk; or early summer, with the Sassy Betts and portulacas flowering in the garden, the tobacco, a brilliant green, in the orderly fields; spring, with the crab-apple trees blossoming, the Morello cherry trees white with drifting petals.

That, Francis Jammes discovered, the singing took the place of all the other social

(Continued on Page 176)



Made For Candy Lovers

The very next time you buy candy get a box of Booth's Chocolates and try them. Compare them critically with the kind you usually buy. Compare the flavor, the richness, the centers, the thickness and smoothness of the chocolate coatings, the all-around deliciousness.

Booth's CHOCOLATES

Booth's Chocolates are really a wonderful candy. Thousands think no other is quite as good, but in your case, you, of course, are the sole judge. So if you like *good* candy, if you are a real "candy lover", try Booth's Chocolates just once.

Booth's True Blue Chocolates, shown below, are prime favorites everywhere. A varied assortment—20 oz., $2.

Other Booth favorites are—Booth's Butter Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.50; Booth's Esther Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.25; Booth's Candy Lovers, 1 lb., $1.

If you have any trouble obtaining them, send your money order to us for any desired package.

Booth's Chocolates
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D'Albert, Carreno, Conrad, Dohnanyi, Godowsky, Gunz, Ornstein, Greig, Hofmann, Josefowitch, Lhevinne, Ney, DePachmann, Paderewski.

These are the Pianists Honored by Commercial Decree of Emperor William, their glorious genius preserved forever through the miracle of Welte-Mignon Reproduction.

Alive forever is their cherished genius through the miracle of the Reproducing Piano

NO LONGER do the famed pianists live in memory only. Their masterful playing has been recorded and held for posterity, through the wonderful Reproducing Piano. You can *now* hear, at any time, the exact playing of the world-famed pianists of the past and present generations, if your home contains this new and marvelous instrument.

Of all Reproducing Pianos, your critical choice will be the Welte-Mignon*, for it brings into your home the incomparable Welte-Mignon Library of music records. Practically every recognized pianist of note during the past twenty years has left an imperishable record of his genius which the Welte-Mignon* reproduces not merely approximately but *exactly* as if the pianist himself were seated at the piano fingering the keys.

Almost every dealer has the Welte-Mignon* and will be pleased to demonstrate its masterful capabilities. A beautiful and interesting brochure will be sent if you write the AUTO PNEUMATIC ACTION CO., 12th Avenue and 51st Street, New York.

Welte-Mignon
(Licensee)

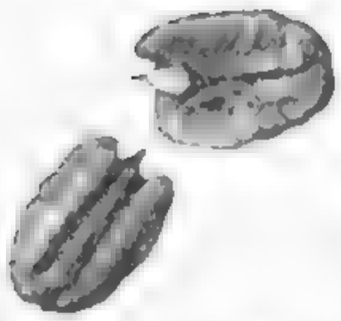
Hear it—in comparison. There's a nearby dealer

**This modernized Welte-Mignon is LICENSED under the original Welte patents*

The Welte-Mignon* is an electrically impelled mechanism which, when built into a piano, either upright or grand, plays the instrument in exactly the same way that some talented musician played when he made the master record. It is practically invisible and does not interfere with manual playing. It is obtainable in nearly every prominent make of piano, a few of which are listed below:

Baldwin	**Hardman**	**Kimball**	**Kurtzmann**	**Mehlin & Sons**	**Sohmer**
Bush & Lane	**Hazelton**	**Kranich & Bach**	**Mathushek**	**Poole**	**Stieff**

In Canada:* The Mason and Risch *(exclusively)



Crisp and delicious as day they were shelled. Vacuum packed is why

Always Fresh

Select halves only—delicious in dainty desserts, salads, sandwiches, cakes, ice creams and candies. Your grocer can supply you—glass jars or tins.

R. E. FUNSTEN CO.
Established 1897
ST. LOUIS

(Continued from Page 174)

pleasures common to their young. Oh, no, Mrs. Stoltz, smiling, replied to Mrs. North; they didn't dance.

"But you should have seen the wedding of my daughter," she proceeded. "Two hundred people and more here. Some came as early as nine in the morning; there was preaching and then they got married and had the dinner. I tell you, that was cooking: why, it took twenty-six ducks and eleven geese and thirty chickens. We had ninety pounds of roast beef. I baked more than four hundred small cakes and doughnuts and fifty-eight custard pies. Yes, ma'am!" She nodded to Mrs. James North. "Then there were cranberry rings and forty high cakes. One of them was filled with little china babies, and Emeline she got a baby. Fifty-six pairs of young folks for the singing.

"But here I'm talking right along and you wanted to see the linen. I'll bring it down, with someone to help me, for it's heavy." She left the room quickly, and when she came back there was a woman with her, and both were laden with smooth piles of gray and white and straw-colored linen. "A good deal of this," Mrs. Stoltz told them, "I spun myself. At eight years I began."

Mrs. North exclaimed: "But I never saw such beautiful things! I didn't know they could exist!"

"Yes, ma'am."

Francis Jammes took up a sheet, and it was so heavy and burnished by time that it might have been flexible lead; it slipped through his hands and over his knees with a coolness that nothing, he was certain, could change. On the hem, in mulberry thread, were beautifully embroidered initials and a date, 1814.

"That was my mother's," Mrs. Stoltz explained. "It's pretty good yet."

The younger woman was entranced by an embroidered name with two grotesque birds on either side.

The other laughed again. "They're the love birds," she admitted; "when you're going to get married it's a right sign."

"How many?" Mrs. North counted. "Twenty-nine double sheets. And the pillow cases—seventeen. There are eleven coverlets. Mrs. Stoltz, I want to buy them, you know."

"Well, I'm not using them, like I said. And my daughter has enough. But I don't ever sell them. I wouldn't think how much it ought to be."

"Will you do this? Will you let me write you a check and take the linen with me? I can't leave it behind."

Francis Jammes rose and walked through an opened door into a farther room. It was small, with a shade drawn over the window; there was a corner cupboard—walnut with brass H hinges, and pegged—and on one deep shelf, in shadow, there was a sparkle and glitter of rich blue glass. He looked at it casually. He had seen such glass before, lately. Oh, yes, Cardell had had some, three varieties of blue; and this now before him was the darkest, with the violet depths. Stiegel. There were finger bowls, graceful fluted pitchers and diminutive cream pitchers with flaring mouths in quilted glass; there were pattered sugar bowls with covers that for handles had finials of fragile grace; flasks, quilted, or with the light impression of the conventionalized daisy, salt cellars in diamond patterns on feet, high bowls filled with their own radiance, what might have been jelly glasses with sunken panels, mugs, a pair of cordial bottles in sapphire decorated in gay enamels; ribbed blue decanters and swirled flasks and pocket bottles.

Cardell would like all that, he thought, and then turned away, carrying in his mind the manner in which the cupboard door was pegged—in sets of four pegs. That was unusual; he had never before seen a greater number than three.

When he returned to the outer room he found Mrs. Stoltz gazing, embarrassed and uncertain, at a pale green slip of paper in her hand. "It's too much," she asserted; "too much." Mrs. North begged to take the linen with her. "I guess you'll have to now, but I don't like it. This isn't right for me."

Where else, for what amount, Mrs. North demanded, could she get such linen for any price? Mrs. Stoltz was forced to admit she didn't know. It wasn't being hand spun now, at any rate.

She turned to Jammes: "I'm glad you came, but sorry I sold anything. I don't like it to people as you are. I won't again."

"When I get sick of myself I'm coming to see you," Mrs. North told her. "You can't imagine how I envy all this." She indicated the tranquil room with its glowing stove, the pile of linen marked in mulberry thread with the initials of a child of eight, with love birds—the right sign.

"If I could only send Ella there," Mrs. North said to Jammes when they were again in the car, dropping into a winter valley. There was a farmhouse, a high pennant of smoke from a stone chimney, cows eating fodder spread over the snow, a girl in red mittens, with a handkerchief on her head, carrying water, a dog animated and black against the white expanse. "For three years, I mean; a kind of school."

"She wouldn't like it," he said briefly. "Anyhow, it's gone. I don't believe it was there and we saw it. Gone." He fell once more into silence. For him he had said a tremendous lot.

"Forty high cakes." Mrs. North was wondering aloud. "The linen was beyond words." She turned to him. "I can't thank you enough; and perhaps you're right and there was no such place except in a magic you made. I hope the sheets won't vanish."

He was very tired and, now that his purpose was accomplished, he felt old, uncertain of life again. In the pursuit of things that engaged his imagination Francis Jammes forgot his extreme fragility; but the unoccupied moments of his life and thought were heavy, wearisome. The cold air, like invisible icicles, oppressed his breathing. Through inadequate gloves his hands were chilled. He slipped them under the robe across his lap.

"The heater isn't working," Mrs. North told him. "Have you got any whisky in your wretched rooms?" None. "Mr. North will see to that," she informed him. "He'll send a car over from New York early next week with a case. Old whisky! That ought to specially suit you."

She was very kind, he returned; but her thoughtfulness made little impression on him; he was remote from that, as well. A little more life, a little more heat in his veins, what did it matter? A door frame with four pegs! The brass hinges were original. But Mrs. Stoltz had declared that she didn't like selling things, and she meant it. Home Amish. A branch of the Mennonites that abhorred buttons. Swiss. His thoughts were like that, odd and disconnected. They were from the Upland Church, and it was unlawful to marry among the Lowlanders. Razors as well as buttons. Where, he speculated, had he learned all that; but Francis Jammes couldn't remember. Then he decided that he wouldn't have Cardell bothering the Stoltzes about their blue Stiegel glass.

Nothing much, before spring, happened. The whisky came from James North; Jammes had an opportunity to buy, for sixty dollars, a collection of cup plates in Kensington. There were fifty-eight, all different; one, in dark blue—blue glass, he thought irritably, had been maliciously charged upon him—had a profile of Henry Clay turned to the right. Automatically he noted such things. One was plain with a large eagle and stars, another amber in color, still another had a log cabin and nothing else. He refused them with a sharp asperity. And then, again, he heard from Mrs. North. If he would have nothing to do with her husband's bottles wouldn't he, at least, find him something suitable in which to keep and show them? She didn't say what, but Jammes at once realized that there was only one proper thing—an open dresser.

There were a great many of these to be had, English and of oak—he had heard them spoken of as Welsh dressers—but heaven knew he had no connection with them. He was concerned with an American dresser of pine. It should be painted, even grained, but if Mrs. North had been overtaken by the present insistence for natural finish on wood soft and hard, such a piece of furniture, the old true pine, could be brought, warm and glowing, to the tone of honey.

In pursuit of this he went to Albany and Newburyport, to a place or two in Vermont, where he again suffered from the cold; he visited Long Island, north and south, Trenton, and Frederick, in Maryland. But in none of those places did he find what he was after. He saw four American open dressers in pine, and three were beyond question honest; one, however, had lost its cornice; another had been hopelessly

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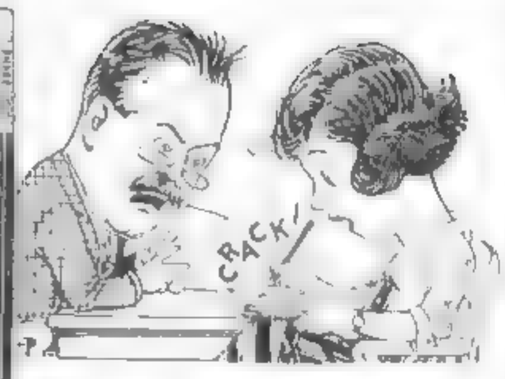

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scarred by the later wooden knobs fixed to the drawers; and the third, which was wholly possible, he couldn't get because he antagonized its owner. He wanted to see it from the back; and in the moving a small Sunderland pitcher was broken and a green bottle, the glass filled with flaws, declared to be Wistarberg, wavered precariously.

"Don't let it fall!" he was shouted at.

He replied that he wouldn't reach out a hand to save any bottle blown; and that piece of injudicial frankness lost him the dresser. Then, almost accidentally, he found one east of Reading. It belonged to a collector, in his most private capacity; and Jammes thought that this, too, was beyond him. It was in the great upper story of a tobacco warehouse, against the rough wall of boards, and there it looked very well indeed. The cornice and ogee feet were exceptionally refined and good, the shelves, with their spoon holes and plate bars, hadn't been disturbed, and the scalloping at the sides was as fine as Jammes had seen.

"If you'll sell," he said, "there will be no question of bargaining."

"But I won't," the man beside him replied.

"Then you might trade."

"It isn't likely."

"You have some remarkable Windsor chairs—I know a matched pair with three combs, one above the other. The first paint is on them, there isn't a fraction of an inch gone from the legs, and the turnings have edges as fine as paper."

"They don't exist," the other asserted.

"On the contrary, just as I described them."

"Then they couldn't be got."

"They can if this dresser can," Jammes said.

He made, on the wall, a rough accurate drawing of the chairs, and the first part of his purpose was accomplished. But the greatest difficulty, the possession of the Windsor chairs, followed; and when James North got the dresser its cost was eleven hundred dollars, with, naturally, no commission to Jammes.

That brought the year to May; there was the local stir preliminary to the spring auction of antique furniture at Scarn's Gallery; and the increasing warmth of the sun gave Francis Jammes almost a feeling of renewed vitality. His spirits were even good enough to lead him, at intervals, into making perceptibly humorous remarks about glass. Some of these were directed at Cardell, whose only reply consisted in the enigmatic advice to wait. Cardell, it was clear, had grown infatuated with glass.

"They always begin with furniture, and then, when they find that almost all they bought was worthless, they turn to china. They get a Liverpool pitcher with a crack or two in the bottom, part of a set of pink luster, maybe some Tucker and Hemphill or a piece of late Worcester; and then, and then" his hand fell on Jammes' thin arm—"it's glass."

"Blue glass," Jammes added.

"Blue," Cardell agreed. "But it's funny about that, everybody wanting blue. Amethyst is better, and yellow better still. Yellow's the best of all—in Stiegel."

"Do you mean vaseline?" Francis Jammes asked in an exaggerated carefulness

"It's only vaseline yellow in Sandwich."

Jammes concluded, audibly, that he had wasted enough time on such an unsubstantial substance, and he left the store, intending to walk to his rooms; but the mild sunny air, the sense of coming summer in the city, turned him in the opposite direction. He walked farther and farther, with, for the moment, no feeling of fatigue; and then he found himself by the river. The water, in the late sunlight, might have been the primrose-colored glass Cardell had spoken of; Jammes had often been curious to explore the back ways and undistinguished shops of the region beyond; and, without the volition of his conscious mind, he found himself on a ferryboat.

Yet that, for more than an hour of wandering, was all that he did discover. There was nothing he wanted to buy. Then, leaning against the steps that led into a store of dusty miscellanies, he saw a blackthorn stick. It was at once so dark, so slender and set with spines, that he went in, with the stick in his hand and the announcement that he had bought it. However, that large manner hadn't, it was plain, affected the price, and he paid without a comment the fifty cents demanded. He had turned to leave when he practically collided with a small cabinet that had glass doors shut on a heterogeneous collection of china and small ornaments. There Francis Jammes caught a glimmer of yellow, and he took out a large mug of clear yellow glass. It was scarred on the bottom—what was it called, a punty mark?—and the handle was pinched into a number of folds. He asked, after a casual examination, its price.

"Now that will cost you money." The proprietor of the store came forward. "It's old, you can see that. I don't mind saying I think it's Stiegel. Yes, it's antique; I'll have to ask you seven dollars." His manner was at once set and apologetic.

Jammes, paying for it, explained carefully that he had bought it for a friend. He wouldn't give seven cents for any glass.

When—and suddenly, returning, he was very tired—he reached home, Jammes got far more pleasure from the feel of the blackthorn stick than from the yellow mug. The mug he put away, on the high shelf of a closet; and then, for an appreciable while, he forgot about it. It was Cardell, for whom actually it had been purchased, that called the mug back to Jammes' mind by speaking of a sale of glass he had just made. They were sitting in Francis Jammes' upper room, and he rose and, without a word, went to the closet where the mug stood.

"Maybe it was a month ago I bought it," he explained.

Cardell held it up to the window; he examined every detail, every changing shade of light and color; he fingered the handle and put it down with a sigh.

"What's the use?" he said. "I'd look all my life, and so would anybody else but you. You don't give a damn about it, either; you didn't know you had it. Well, tell me ——"

"The man I bought it from thought it was Stiegel. He said it would cost me money."

"He was right about the first, anyhow. But I can't think what made you pay for it; you must have had word from heaven."

"What made me buy it? You, of course. I took a chance with seven dollars you'd turn over a profit."

Cardell, who had been lounging in his chair, sat sharply upright.

"Let me—let me understand you," he stuttered. "You got this for me, for seven dollars?"

"I suppose I was wrong."

"You were," Cardell assured him; "you were criminal, a common thief. Do you know at all what this is? Why ——" Now he was standing. "It's the unknown color. In an enormous mug. Seven dollars!" He sat down again.

"Then you'll want it?"

"I'll want it! Why, hell, I can't afford to have it. I'm not like your seven dollars and sublime ignorance; at least with you, I'm not. No, but I'll get you a customer; I'll send you seventy-seven customers; and each one will kiss me."

"Don't do it," Jammes replied, "it would get to be a nuisance. Take it with you. I can't be selling glass."

"This'll be no ordinary sale," Cardell assured him. "But I don't know just what to tell you about price. That cursed thing hasn't got a price. You'll have to watch the temper of the collectors. See if one will make an offer. Say there isn't anything on it and see what happens."

"Take it with you," Francis Jammes insisted; "I won't let 'em in."

"They'll get in with axes when they know what you have," Cardell answered. "I might have sold it for you out of my place, but I have a reason for not doing it; something about you and glass. Now, Francis, don't be a donkey; I'm going to tell two people this mug is here, and you try to be decent when they come. At least answer the bell. Deacon will be one of them; the first, I think; personally I owe him for a lot and he'll give you a price."

Francis Jammes had seen Deacon, at important sales over the entire East, but he had never come in direct contact with him. The New York dealer, as scrupulous in dress as he was dogmatic in opinion and authority, was celebrated principally for the amounts he was able to charge for the things which passed through his hands. He was a tall man, thin almost as Francis Jammes, but with a younger and harsher countenance. Jammes, actually, was at his street door when Deacon got out of a car powdered with the dust of his long ride. The man, however, was, as usual, immaculate.

"Mr. Jammes," he said pleasantly. "Cardell told me he had spoken to you of my seeing your yellow Stiegel mug."

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Jammes nodded and held back the door. He followed Deacon up the dark, narrow stairs to where he got out the mug. Deacon hardly glanced at it.

"Yes," he said at once, very decently, "it's all I heard it was. I'd like very much to have it."

"But I told Cardell I wouldn't sell glass," Francis Jammes replied.

"Well," Deacon smiled, "you must remember that I know something of you. And I'd like to add this—you've found and identified more good antique walnut than anyone else in America. Now, about this Stiegel. You realize I'll get a sickening price for it, so I can offer you five hundred dollars. I believe that to be honest."

"I told Cardell I wouldn't deal in glass," Jammes repeated stubbornly.

Deacon glanced keenly at him and then at once rose. "I'm sorry to have bothered you," he said, gathering his hat and stick.

As he was by the door Francis Jammes added: "But I said to Cardell that he might sell it. I tried to have him take it."

"That was splendid," Deacon replied; "I can bring Cardell to his senses." He held out his hand. "Thank you very much."

The sound of his motor had hardly died from the street when there was a sharp ring at Jammes' bell. There was, he saw from a window, another automobile at the door; he thought it belonged to Meadows, the politician who was interested in good early furniture, and he went reluctantly—but he went—down.

To his extreme annoyance it wasn't Meadows' large bulk that confronted him, but an older man with a positive, an arrogant manner.

"I'm Mr. Lanard," he said at once; "Cardell told me you had a mug."

Francis Jammes neither replied nor, with his hand on the doorknob, moved.

"Yes?" the other demanded. "Haven't you got it? Was it sold or is it a myth?"

"I have it," Jammes told him at last. "It isn't sold. It isn't for sale."

"When I see it we can decide that."

After all, Jammes reflected, Cardell had spoken to Lanard; it was Cardell, really, and not the other who stood before him. "Come up," he said shortly.

The collector—how delicately his apparently clumsy hands held the glass—studied the mug from every possible point.

"It's fair enough," he admitted. "It happens I haven't got one now just like it. What's the price?"

"I won't sell it," Jammes repeated.

"I'll be, well—very generous. Three hundred and fifty dollars."

Francis Jammes barely shook his head in the negative.

"Four."

"No."

"Four hundred and fifty dollars."

Now Jammes didn't even reply.

Lanard grew increasingly impatient and disagreeable in manner. "I'll get it," he asserted; "and you might as well let me have it now. This mug can't be lost."

Francis Jammes' limited store of patience suddenly gave out. "It's lost to you," he said. "You couldn't have it in any conceivable circumstances."

"Of course, of course," Lanard spoke satirically. "But you'd better let me take it now; in the natural course of events."

"No, it's going to the New York Museum," Jammes decided suddenly.

"Donated by Francis Jammes! Let me tell you"—Lanard rose—"that that's a very empty piece of vanity. It's only public show. The museum would get it anyhow—after me."

Jammes stood, and his attitude of dismissal was unmistakable. Lanard again held the mug in his hands; he gazed at it swiftly and then abruptly thrust it toward Francis Jammes.

"Take it," he said roughly.

Jammes instinctively reached out his hand; he felt the smooth insecure surface of the glass; and then there was a small splintering crash on the floor.

"By heaven," Lanard exclaimed, "you dropped it!" An uncommon flood of anger, of thin blood, rose to Jammes' head.

"No," he replied slowly. "I didn't drop it. That would be an impossibility."

"It's a damn shame."

"It is," he agreed. "And now, Mr. Lanard, you may buy it. I was wrong. You can have it for five hundred dollars. Mr. Deacon was in just before you, and offered that much."

"Ha, not now. Not now at all. I never heard anything more ridiculous." Lanard laughed shortly. "Five hundred dollars for some splinters of glass."

"Just that," Jammes insisted. "You broke it."

"Well," Lanard went on comfortably, "see if you can persuade my lawyer. The opportunity is yours. And I'll tell you something further—nothing more from you. An extra fifty slipped on a piece here, and a hundred and twenty-five there. Oh, no, not that way!"

Francis Jammes gazed for a long while at the empty space where Lanard had stood. Then he gathered up the fragments of yellow glass and carefully put them in a drawer. The following day he told Cardell, without explanation, that the mug had been broken; and Cardell was so angry that he turned shortly away after a single bitter and vigorous comment. In all this Jammes was disturbed principally at himself; but his temper, his determination that Lanard should pay for the Stiegel mug hadn't changed. Usually he was unaffected by people or events, fortunate or disastrous; usually he was apart from life, viewing it without confidence as a process in which there was neither hope nor ultimate profit.

Now, however, he was as deeply involved as any character in a cheap melodrama; and it was inconceivable to him, inadmissible, that he should fail. Lanard would have to pay for the mug! He consulted no one, spoke to none about the difficulty that at once absorbed his mind through the day and most of the night; he sat in a withdrawn morose state of thought, eating absent-mindedly and never, practically, leaving his rooms. Then, suddenly—as he did at long intervals and acute necessity—he borrowed Meadows' car.

Francis Jammes gave a short accurate description of the journey before them, and Sacken, Meadows' chauffeur, with a skill that concealed the swiftness of their passage, soon left the city for an upland of green planted hills and quiet valleys. When he got out at his destination Mrs. Stoltz was standing beside a flower bed of bright, orderly marigolds.

"Mr. Jammes," she said at once, "how nice it is to see you. Come right in and make a comfortable chair."

"I must warn you," he said, when they were in a cool, familiar interior, "that I came to be a nuisance to you. Mrs. Stoltz, I want to buy all your blue glass."

Without surprise she replied: "We couldn't do that, Mr. Jammes. Wait till I tell you. It was made at Mannheim, you know, by Stiegel, but he wasn't a baron at all. Just a fellow for show who drove around in a coach with six horses and had music and a cannon fired right off on the roof of his house when he came home. That was a long time ago, perhaps in 1771 or '72. Well, then, he had a glass man, it seems, named Henry Nissel, and someone of his moved over here near Lebanon and brought all you saw in the cupboard beyond and more, with it. My grandfather it was, Martin Fussenheit, who saw it, and nothing would do but he must have it. Mr. Jammes, he bought all that blue glass and he looked at it so much he went clear out of his head. The story is his hands turned blue, but that's against God and the Promise. For that reason we got to keep it; and I don't like to sell, anyhow."

As she was speaking a man, gray in color, in serviceable working clothes, entered; his hair and skin were gray, silver, in tone, and his eyes had metallic gleams. Jammes spoke to him, and went right on with the subject of his presence there.

"I understand you don't want to sell the glass, Mr. Stoltz," he admitted. "Mrs. Stoltz said it couldn't be bought, but that's only a relative term, isn't it? How much will you take for your blue Stiegel?"

"It's hers," Stoltz told him, "and just like she said. Money wouldn't buy the glass, Mr. Jammes. I don't mind your knowing it, we were offered five thousand dollars for what's in that press. That was a year back, and we've had letters since from her; I think she'll go up yet, but it won't get her anything."

"Mrs. Stoltz," Jammes said pleasantly, "how much will you sell the glass for?"

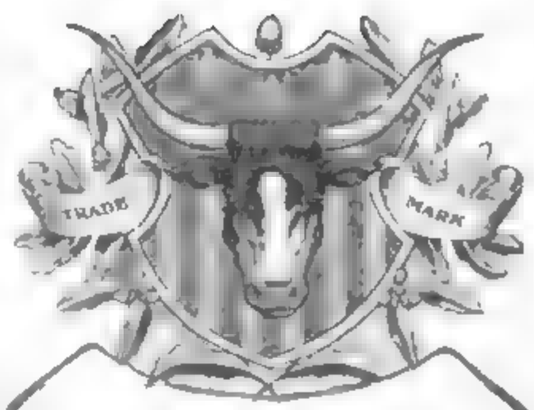
"Mr. Jammes," she replied, as friendly as possible, "I couldn't sell the glass my grandfather went mad over."

"Seven thousand dollars," Jammes said.

The other man in the room gave a whistle instantly checked. "Oh, mother," he said.

She shook her head unhappily. "No, I can't do it." There were tears of acute misery in her voice and eyes. "Don't ask me,"

(Continued on Page 180)



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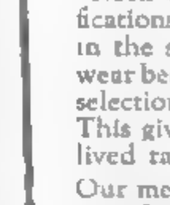

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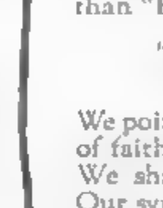

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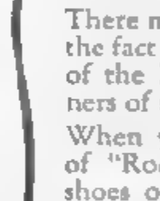

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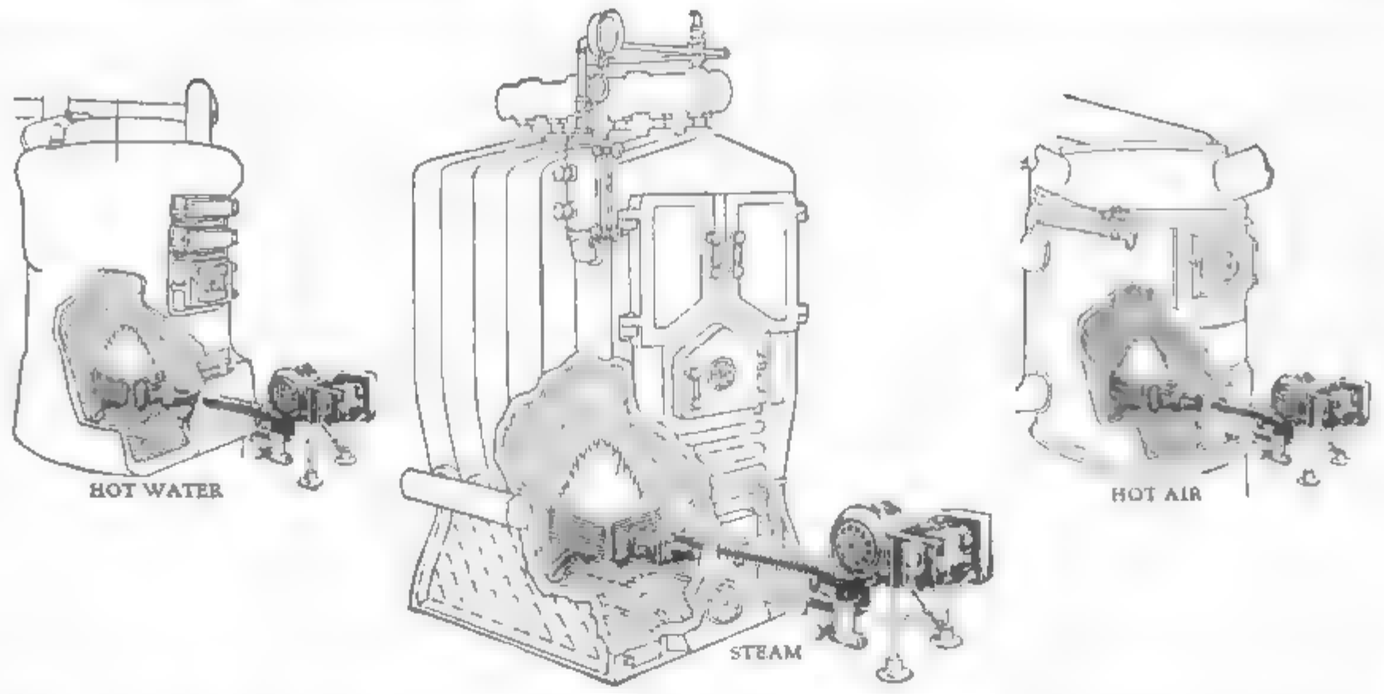

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Now is the time to install Nokol. In the variable weather of fall, or the zero weather of winter, Nokol will keep your home constantly heated at just the even temperature you like, without attention or effort on your part. With Nokol rapid changes in weather have no effect on the temperature within doors.

Don't pledge yourself to another year of dirty, laborious, uncertain heat. Install Nokol this fall.

What Nokol Is

Nokol is an automatically operated device that burns oil instead of coal in your present home-heating furnace or boiler. By merely removing the grate bars it can be installed in a heating plant of any type—hot air, hot water, steam or vapor, in a few hours' time, and without any alterations.

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There is probably a Nokol agency in your city. If not, there will be soon. We shall be glad to send you literature on request.

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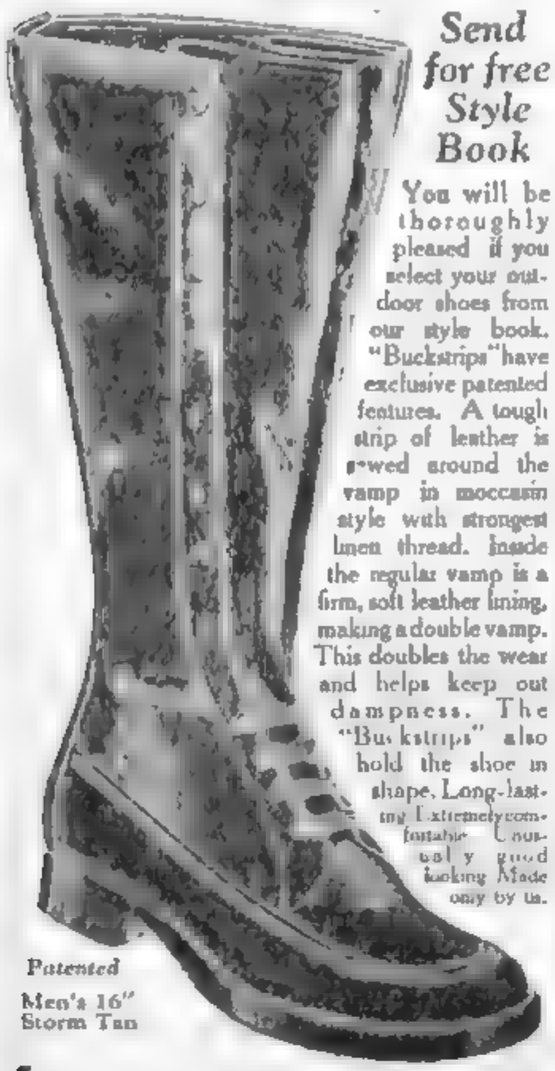

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DESIRABLE EASTERN RETAILERS WANTED

(Continued from Page 178)

she begged Jammes. "Tell him you didn't really mean so much money. It was just a try for me."

"I'll give you seven thousand dollars—now," Jammes repeated.

"This is awful," Stoltz said. His hands, loose in his thin lap, opened and shut, and he echoed the sum, "Seven thousand dollars."

"No!" Mrs. Stoltz cried defiantly at them both. "It's my family, and I won't sell it."

Francis Jammes was silent for a long intense space, and then he rose. He turned to the man.

"I am going," he said, "but first, once only, I'll say eight thousand."

Stoltz was on his feet instantly. "Mrs. Stoltz"—his voice shook—"the Lord would punish us for that, Martin Fussenheit or not. You sell them."

She went up to him and laid her hands on his. "I don't want to," she insisted, her face now wet with tears. "I can't, but I won't have a difference with you neither. Not after so long and so happy." She faced Francis Jammes. "Never you come back here again," she directed; "I don't want to see nothing like you once more."

When—but Francis Jammes was totally undisturbed by the necessary delay—the large box in which the Stoltz glass had been packed reached Cardell's store Jammes stood with Cardell looking down at it. An assistant, with great care, was removing the top boards.

"But what's in it?" the dealer repeated.

Jammes wouldn't answer him. A parcel was lifted out, the wrapping and cut paper removed. What appeared was a blue sugar bowl in three different quiltings.

"Of course, it has a lid," Cardell commented. It had. He held the completed bowl in his hands. "Well," he said, "if there has ever been another of those the Lord didn't know it."

A swirled bottle followed, a salt on a tall foot, a finger bowl, in sapphire, that rang almost at a breath.

"Gail," Cardell spoke to the assistant, "stop a minute." He turned to Francis Jammes. "Look here, is that whole box full of Henry William Stiegel like this? Is it?"

"Yes," Jammes admitted.

"Then get out of here. Go home! I don't want to see you for a while. Say, for a year. I mightn't ever want to see you again. And especially I don't want to know where you got it or how much you paid. Eleven dollars, I suppose, and there's another box coming. Tell me the museum that's to have it and I'll send it on."

"Would a collector of that kind of glass want it?" Jammes inquired.

"I'll answer you as directly as possible by a simple 'he would.'"

"Lanard?"

"He'd kill us both if any other collector got it."

"Then it's for him. Tell him that because he's so amiable I've let him have first chance, and the price is exactly this—eight thousand and five hundred dollars. Repeat that to him, five hundred dollars."

"It's a sharp price," Cardell commented. "My advice to you would be to forget the five hundred. Little things like that more often than not stop a sale."

"Cardell," he was told, "the price of that glass to Lanard is five hundred dollars; if I had to forget the eight thousand dollars."

One by one the pieces of blue Stiegel were being exposed to view; they were placed on a large walnut gate-legged table with a patina, a surface from age the color of brown velvet. The light glowed in the blue glass, it vibrated like the clear sound of the ringing surfaces. Sapphire reflections fell on the table, violet depths lay beyond the blue. It was, Francis Jammes reluctantly admitted to himself, quite fine; all that color, so old and so brilliant. The collection was, he saw the next day, in Cardell's window; a bar of sunlight fell through a protecting awning and, in a heavenly sapphire paneled pitcher, it was lost in a blue fire. Quite fine, he repeated, always to himself. That afternoon in the library of Meadows' house in town—the Meadowses were at the shore—Jammes found a book devoted to Stiegel, to Stiegel and his glass.

What a remarkable picture it was of the past, the past of America in which he especially dealt; the daughter of Huber, that earliest of Pennsylvania iron founders; the first glass house at Elizabeth Furnace; the second and third at Mannheim. A short career of magnificence ended by complete financial and social disaster. Francis Jammes thought of the old schoolmaster, Stiegel, with his success, his glass, forever behind him.

He passed Cardell's window again, at an hour when the dealer would be away for lunch, and saw that the glass hadn't been disturbed; it was arranged on a piece of figured white brocade, with the cerulean reflections like delicate dyes on that material. Really quite fine. Lanard hadn't yet acquired it. Perhaps he wouldn't buy a collection which, certainly, held many pieces, examples, he could already match. Now, Jammes' scheme seemed fantastic, improbable. Lanard would keep his word and never pay for the broken yellow mug. Well, he, Jammes, had paid for the glass, but at a steep, an uncomfortable sacrifice—all the furniture that he had kept for himself; some of it—a sideboard in pear wood—had stood in his lower rooms for five years. But he was safe to sell the glass, and for what he had paid; he had a small additional sum in the bank. There was no hurry about it. And when Cardell sent him a message to stop at the store, he went with an inexplicable reluctance.

"See here," Cardell said at once. "What is this, a plan to drive Lanard out of his wits? When he first came in, past the window, his check book was already open. But when I told him the price, practically the conditions of the sale, he left, cursing us both. Since then he's been in every day. The man's in a fever. He won't buy and he won't drop it. Jammes, he's getting thin and he has a bad look about the eyes." Cardell laughed. "It's a fact he'd have paid you nine thousand dollars, but he'll be damned if he will give you eight five hundred. What will you do about it?"

"Nothing," Francis Jammes replied.

The amusement faded from Cardell's face. He was seriously annoyed. "I may ask you to take it away," he declared, "it's turning my store into a bear pit. You've never been reasonable and you're getting worse. Well, you'll have to decide something at once, one of you or the other. You can tell me tomorrow."

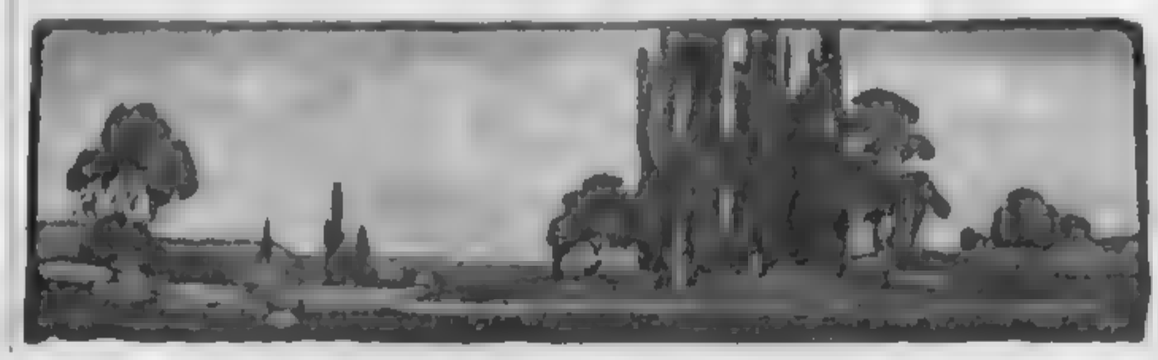
Leaving the store, Jammes lingered at the window. What glorious blues! What blues founded in darker, almost indigo, shadows! Yet not indigo—the color was too brilliant, too rich. The violet in the stems, he thought, must be fragrant like flowers. He heard, in imagination, the cannon on the roof of Stiegel's house that announced the baron's return home: a baron by habit and taste if not in actuality. And once he, Francis Jammes, had had a yellow mug. The unknown color!

He was thinking, as he so often did, in bed, in the dark. He saw a blue flint vase against the night; he encountered, in memory, the surface of a flip glass, a texture light and smooth and exquisite, with flutings. Suddenly—it was past noon—he practically snatched his hat from a table and hurried through the streets to Cardell's store.

To his intense relief the glass was still superbly in the window.

Cardell met him; a smile took the place of his late irritation. "You did it!" he exclaimed. "Eight thousand and the five hundred. Lanard was as blue as the creamers."

Francis Jammes sat down, swept by a sensation of impotent misery. But if he let Cardell see what had been in his mind, he realized, Cardell would bodily eject him from his scheme of existence.



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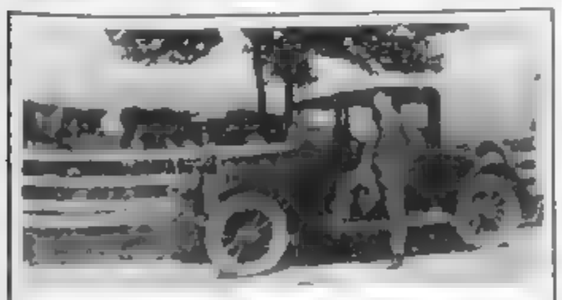

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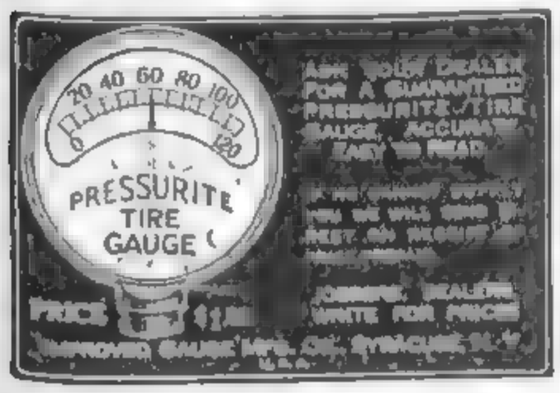
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NIX ON CHIVALRY

(Continued from Page 13)

of a dozen sorts, to say nothing of old Manton himself. They made him feel like a two-spot. Ashamed to look 'em straight in the eye. Sometimes he tried to bolster up his drooping spirits by the reminder that he was doing it for Snibs, giving her the proof she wanted of his love, protecting her future.

Such arguments would have carried in a story. He'd sold many a sob story on a plot like that. But this was different. Got his goat and kept getting his goat.

He mentioned this fact to Snibs that night. Rather it was on the following morning at three A. M. They were parked between dances in her purple roadster, enjoying the immemorial moonlight communion of lovers. Ragged eucalyptus leaves over a glowing sky, milky blue as an opal, veiling the broken flames of stars; garden laced with the blue light, caught weblike on bushes and trees, spread in a film on the lawn, floating in arabesques on the lily pond; between the webs of light, shadows that seemed warm and alive with some living presence. Ahead, the flat green-white mission walls of the house, black cypress framing it, tiles smoldering dull red in the moonlight. From the door music leaped savagely, balanced, swayed, then paused, quivering—a naked thing capering beneath the moon.

"Great stuff!" cried Peter to himself, and did not know that his face had become as wistful as a child's.

Perfume crept to him, drew trailing fingers across his face, clung to his spirit, opening secret places, forgotten dreams, dreams that had never been born. Scent of honeysuckle and wistaria, jasmine, stocks, mignonette, warm, cloying; and, in more delicate waves, the fragrance of roses, golden, flame red, pearly frail, their perfume colored as the petals. Above it all, that heavy penetrating odor which is the living breath of California, the languorous, foreign essence of gum and pepper trees, the spicy flavor of geraniums banked like weeds, dusty tang of yellow 'dobe wakening to breathe the cool night air, fragrant earth currents of drying grass, aromatic leaves dissolving into soil.

As a tide it rose to Peter. Peter floated on the tide and it lifted him beyond himself and entered into him, cleansing, penetrating. With sudden pain and disgust he thudded against the memory of his life by day—the life of an office cat! Helluva life for a man to be leading. Suppose he tried to tell Snibs. Would she understand? Did he understand himself? Snibs seemed etherealized. Her face was a pixy's, framed in gilt, but her eyes were tender. Some girl! His arm tightened about her.

"Say, Snibs, let's cut it!"

"Cut what, Peteski? Next dance? Sure, if you say so."

"No." His voice was beating against the careless indifference which was the garment of their clan.

"No; this whole fool scheme of me working down at the office with your dad. Why, I'm worth about two bits' worth of nothing at that dump. The spare tire on a hearse, that's me. I wanta kick myself every time I think of it."

"Since when did you crave hard labor, you old idiot?" she giggled.

"Oh, it isn't just that. But a fellow wants to do something. Your father will use me for a penwiper some day and won't ever know the difference," he sulked.

"You should worry. Lookit the salary you're getting. And going to get more. And I think I'm going to pry mother loose from a trip to Paris for our honeymoon. You should crab about a little thing like sitting around and doing nothing!"

"But, don't you see, Snibs —— Aw, I can't explain. I don't know why I'm peeving so myself, but if something doesn't change —— Look here, Snibs. Lots of couples start in on what I got at the Express. And don't go around in rags either. What does all this stuff amount to anyway?" His contemptuous gesture swept about a million dollars' worth of scenery.

"Peteski, you're a sentimental idiot!" she yawned. "I knew something would give if you kept on drinking that stuff Nick Collins peddles. Why don't you get a decent brand? Tastes as if someone had boiled the kitchen floor in prussic acid. You've been raving for fifteen minutes straight! Just feature us living south of Market on fifty a week! Can't you see me riding in street cars and buying my shoes in basement stores? And eating tripe? People like that always eat tripe. And you could wear one of those funny, lumpy tweed suits they have on the bargain tables, an' I suppose we'd have about fourteen youngsters all with colds in their heads. Oh, Pete, you're a scream!" she jeered at him, kissing him.

He jerked his mouth away sulkily. "There you go! Honest, Snibs, I'm not joking. Why can't we? Don't you love me enough?"

"Look here, Pete! Let's have a showdown on this. I don't know what's the matter with you lately. What do you think I am? One of those love-sick little fools they used to breed last century? You know as well as I do just how far we'd get on the salary you had at the Express. And how much we'd love each other when we got there. I don't exactly see you living on corned beef and Salvation Army hand-me-downs yourself. You seem to like a soft time as well as anyone I know."

"Y-yes," conceded Peter. "But ——"

"Then why talk like the first chapter in an autobiography by John D. Rockefeller. I'd loathe being poor. I simply detest poor people. They never have a particle of pep. And I'm not going to pretend that I feel any other way. If you want one of those humble-but-honest beginnings you can look elsewhere for your bride. Bohemia's all right to visit on a party, but I'd go mad living in it. What's so hard about sitting tight and drawing a fat salary? If you won't do that much for your wife ——"

Fight was ebbing out of Peter as fight has ebbed when moonlight and a pretty girl conspired. He was a simp, he guessed. Snibs was right, a little moonlight wouldn't turn her head. She knew they weren't the kind of people to grub along. Some people could, but they were different. He flung his head back, laughed; moonshine drowned out moonlight.

Another month of good behavior. Then, with fell intent, he fared forth and got noisily, soppily soused on the worst possible bootleg in the dirtiest possible dump on North Beach, and stayed so three days. The news was received with fury in the house on the hill, his crime being not so much that of drunkenness as the place wherein he elected to get drunk. On the contrary this rebellion seemed to awaken the first friendly interest in that small wiry biped who presided over the fortune if not the destinies of the Manton tribe.

"Don't seem to take much to office work, young man," he grunted, shifting a munched cigar to starboard.

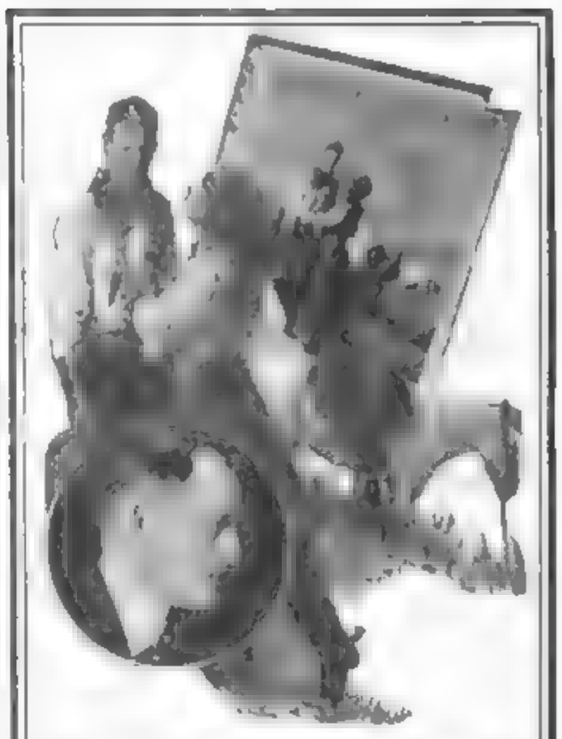
Pete raised a bilious eye. Even his ears had lost their spirit, and seemed to hang limp, like a water spaniel's when there is no water.

"Doesn't look like it, does it?" Peter agreed without enthusiasm.

"How'd you like to take a hand on the dock? The Eurydama's in tomorrow. Put you on as longshoreman. Give you a note to our head stevedore if you want."

Now this was manifestly a proposition to which no sane young man would have listened for a second. Here was ease, pleasure, no earthly responsibility, and the wedding bells about to peal—when they got over their peeve. And there—a longshoreman's job! Truly a weird, a lunatic offer! But Stick-'Em-Up Manton knew more than ships; he knew men, and he thought he knew Peter. He thought right. Pete's spirit rose. Almost his ears seemed to prick as at some far call. The dock? That ought to be a change anyway. Give him a chance to work off some of this surplus steam; if he was going to make a fool of himself anyway for a bunch of women he might as well make a thorough job of it.

"I'll take you!" said Pete, and went. Which explains the sweat. There was plenty of it. He hadn't expected a soft snap, but this —— Peter had never known much about docks. He had been bred inland and since coming to San Francisco and falling into the hands of Snibs, he had had little opportunity to interest himself in the big cement sheds that seem to have so little in common with the tales of Conrad, McFee and Stevenson. He imagined them to be picturesque haunts over which hung the heavy lure of spices; places of enchanting and highly emotional confusion, a litter of foreign goods in wicker bales, silks, ivories, teas, parrots galore and a caged leopard for



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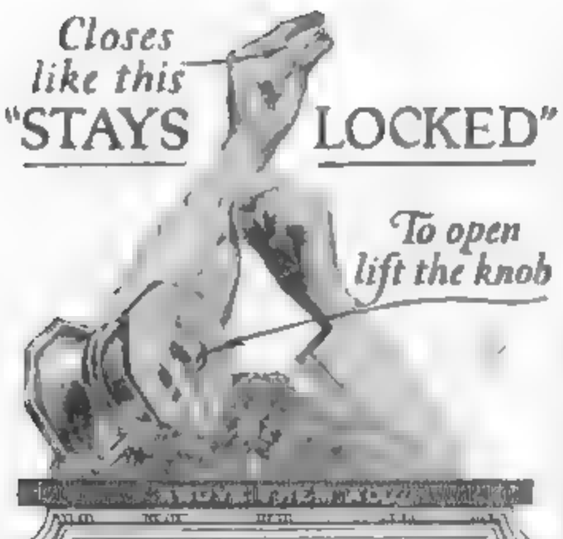

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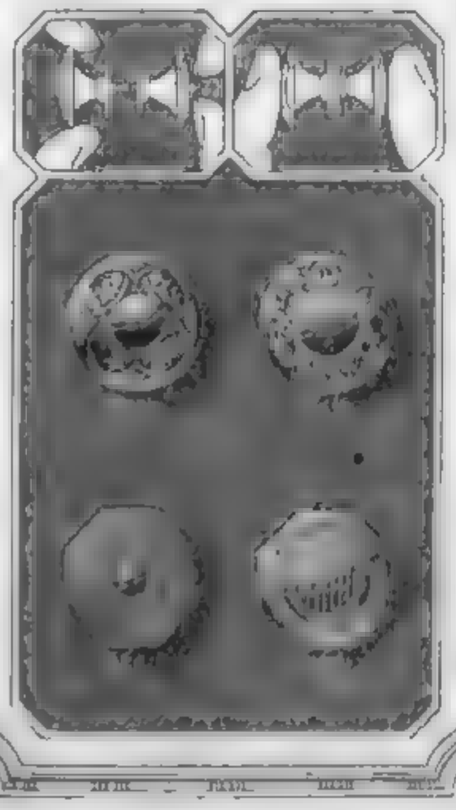

good measure perchance, with gigantic men moving indolently under enormous loads or lolling in sunlit groups. Mad color, fascinating disorder, the whisper of the Orient—a Brangwyn composition. The reality let him down with a thud.

Huge gray structures in elephantine file edging the great curve of the bay, waiting. Between them, freighters flung webs of derricks into open doors, coaled noisily at bunkers or hoisted hook and slipped out into the night. Within, there was amazing order, even in times of greatest stress. Whether filled with dust and din or the hollow silence between shifts, the place had the quality of a well-managed barracks. Utterly prosaic, thought Peter at first. Boxes, barrels, bales came and went in endless loads on trucks, their entrance and exit checked by dry middle-aged men in dusters. In place of the bronzed giants of his dreams, he saw squads of undersized, seemingly underfed laborers, who worked without interest and escaped death a dozen times a day with appalling lassitude.

At first Peter felt curiously let down, as if he had been cheated of a dream. He was beginning to suspect life of being a drab business anyway. Here he was, doing the only decent thing a man could do for the woman he loved, and getting more sick of it every day. Life and love were just like this dock. You thought they were going to be no end of a lark—and then they turned out to be nothing but a dusty round of meaningless gestures in a dreary space. So dreamed Peter to himself, very young, and quite bilious with wisdom. But before the week was over his mood had changed. What man with eyes like that and the hair of an inquisitive puppy could escape the allurement of such a scene? Why, this—this was the realest thing he'd ever found! The only real thing!

It was even decorative. None of the crudity of color he had expected, but an enveloping gray light which seemed to radiate from walls and paving and remote roof, filling the huge space with its presence; somehow you couldn't evade that light. Nor the hollowness of silence that went with it. No matter what din or confusion might scuttle over the floor, high above, that silence brooded. Against the gray light, the grayer silence, the lift and fall of cranes, the dangerous swoop of freight from hold to flat car or gondola, shufflings and scurryings of the laborers who seemed midgets in the immensity, clang and crash of shunting cars, scream of gears, rattle of chains, stutter of donkey engines, thud of boxes, warning shouts; against that immensity of space and monotone of light, all this assumed the quality of drama. Twenty-one enormous doors opened on either side of the dock. Through them came vivid glimpses of sea and sky and laboring ships, but their vividness was that of murals hung around a theater—the wide plane of the bay, blazing blue at noon, hard iron-gray under the lashing trades, fog drenched and filled with the muffled cries of ships, or purple, aspray with stars, the hulls of ships, glistening orange and green, or crusted with weeds as they loitered up from the South Seas—the skip and scud of the red-stacked tugs through a ceaseless smother of foam—the huge, slow upthrust of some great black tramp slouching into her pier.

Slowly it all entered into his consciousness. For the first time he felt the clutch of the sea and the labors of the sea, and that change began in him which inevitably comes to men who have felt that touch. For as surely as the waves eat the flesh from the bones of a man who sleeps at last in their depths, so do the labors of the sea eat the putty softness from his spirit until he is shown for the thing he is.

But Peter didn't know all this.

The head stevedore had shoved him unceremoniously into a squad unloading steel, and Peter had forthwith lost his identity as though it had been blotted out. He became merely a part of something that grunted and heaved, watched and grabbed, ducked for its life, loafed whenever the chance presented itself, something that was extremely dirty, careless, tired.

He had seen Snibs only once since coming to the docks. That night, the first one in his new position, he had called, expecting to explain the whole thing as a joke. He found that tastes in jokes differ. Snibs and her mother saw nothing funny in this departure—nothing whatever! He attempted to explain that it was merely temporary—just a little experiment in sociology. That made matters worse. Sociologists were, if possible, more abhorrent than reporters to Mrs. Manton. She saw horrid visions of Snibs consorting with I. W. W.'s! And in a manner that would have graced the worst torture chambers of the Inquisition, she forbade Peter the premises until he had come to his senses. Before he quite grasped what was happening, Snibs had escorted him to the door, given him one long glare of derision, stuck out her tongue, and slammed the door in his face.

Though he knew it not, Peter turned to face a new world. The slamming of that door had, in a sense, precipitated all his warring moods and desires. He had been a drifter; the dock experiment had been but one of his whims. For weeks he had been ripening toward—what? Suddenly, at the slamming of a door, his intention crystallized. But for a space he was only conscious of a great anger.

"Damn!" He glared, red-eyed, at a harmless young star. "I'll show 'em!" What? He hadn't the slightest idea. But show 'em he would.

What was Peter going to show 'em? He hadn't the slightest idea. We seldom have when we make threats like that. Indeed he would have started back in horrified amazement if he could have seen the thing hardening within him. He, the idealist, the lover of women, the advocate of chivalry!

Then along came Tony. Tony was a Telegraph Hill wop. His small, quick, brown body, volcanic temper and 100-degree Fahrenheit method of love-making he inherited from his Italian father and mother. His philosophy he had acquired through a liberal course in San Francisco gutters, poolrooms, and, occasionally, the county jail. As tutors such media are not to be sneezed at. There was much that was rancid about Tony's viewpoint, but also much that was rational. And it was given to Tony to throw the monkey wrench of fate into the wheels of Peter's destiny.

There was Peter, mad, disgusted, mooning over the perfidy of young women who stuck out tongues and slammed doors. Peter was beginning at last to doubt a world which had seemed so beautiful, and a system so acceptable. To him came Tony, the midday ham sandwich in one hand and two Orpheum tickets in the other.

"See 'um!" grinned Tony, settling himself on a sack of beans. "Some Jane—huh?"

"How come?" queried the puzzled Peter.

"You see that girl come in here while ago? That swell Jane with the seal coat and the peenk hat?"

Peter had seen her. The very sea gulls were still groggy from the apparition.

"Well, that's my woman."

"Your wife?"

"Sure. We leeve on Lombard Street. She work down at a swell dressmaker—you know. She earn a wad and she treat me fine. Joost geeve me these teekets."

"She bought the tickets for you?"

"Sure. Fine girl, that girl."

"Huh! That's funny."

"Whatja mean, fawnee?"

"Oh—well ——" Peter groped for words simple yet forceful enough to penetrate an attitude which regarded feminine treats as the accepted order of things. "Well, it's kind of different, you know, Tony. Letting the lady pay that way. Never happened to have seen it done."

"Why not? That girl she make good money. More money as me. Sometimes she buy teekets. Sometimes she pays rent that apartment. Why not? When I'm flush I geeve her. When she flush she geeve me. Whasdamadder dat?"

"Oh—nothing. Only usually it's the man pays, you know."

"Yes." Tony grunted compassionately. "Some men gotta pay allatime. Poor seemp! Woman alla time having keeds."

"But a man, a regular fellow's glad to pay when there are children!" Peter felt the self-righteousness of the whole Anglo-Saxon race welling in him as he contemplated this barbarian who begrudged a wife's dependence while she had "keeds."

"Men ought to look after their wives. That's chivalry, you know."

"Cheevalry?" puzzled Tony.

"Why—chivalry—y'know, Tony—chivalry ——" Peter stumbled, feeling rather ashamed of his bombast and not at all sure of his ground. "Chivalry is just a high-brow name for the way gentlemen feel toward ladies, Tony. Wanting to protect them, y'know."

(Continued on Page 184)

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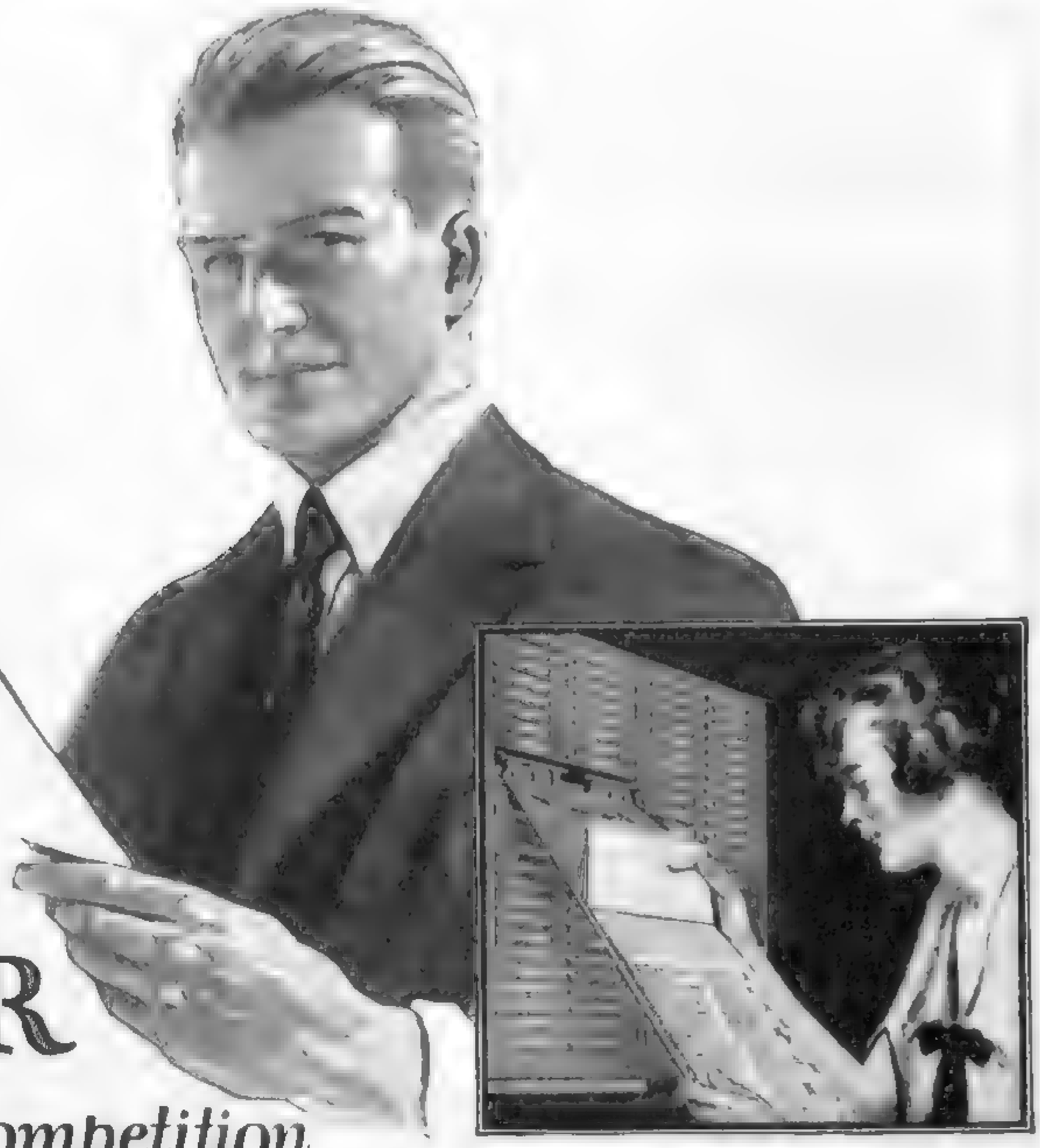

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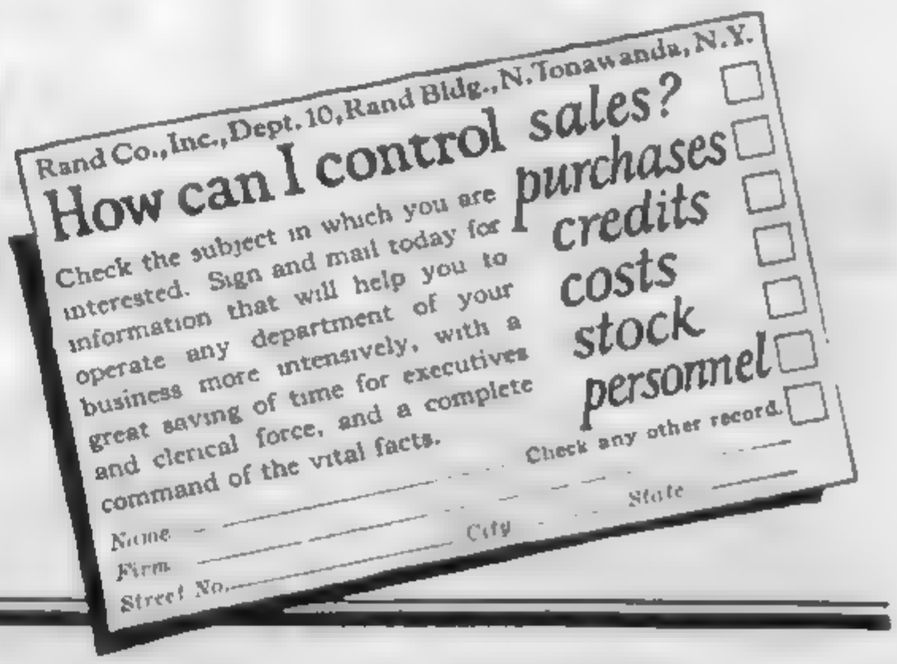
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(Continued from Page 182)

"Whatja mean?" snorted Tony, black eyes beginning to blaze. "You theenk I'm no gentleman because I let Josepheen buy teekets for me?"

"Aw, get off your foot, Tony! Of course I think you're a gentleman. This is the other kind of a guy—the white-collar guy."

"I got white collars," rumbled Tony; "white seelk with peenk stripes."

"Sure, you have. But these other chaps, they don't understand fellows like you and me. They think men always ought to pay the bills."

"Even when the ladies are flush?"

"Even when the ladies are flush. You see, they think women are different—better. Like you feel about saints."

"Ladees like saints!" Tony exploded in fat Latin gurgles of amusement. "They not know the same kinda ladies I know! Ladees like saints! Like hell! No more saints as men. Men—womens—they all alike. Some good. Some bad. No deeference. All meexed in streaks. Some of the baddest is the best when you're in tight peench."

"But even then, you can't treat women the same as men."

"Why ain't they same? Of course women don't know so much. They ain't strong in the bean. But don't they want same theengs? Don't they ——"

"Yes, but they're the mothers."

"Sure, they're mothers. Ain' we fathers? Whassa deeference? Ain' no harder to have a keed as to pay the beels after you get heem. Marriage—thatsa feefty-feefty game. You geeve feefty. The old woman she geeve feefty. Not like that cheevalry where the man he geeve it all. Aw—I teenk that cheevalry neat li'l' graft for the ladees. Nix on cheevalry for me, Pete!"

"But, Tony—suppose you loved a girl?"

"Sure—I love lots."

"But suppose you loved just one, and she said that she wouldn't marry you until you did something big for her—give up your job—take another job she likes better—make yourself so all her family like you more. What would you say to that girl?"

"Huh! That easy! Tell her to go ta hell. Lots of girls. Girls everywhere. Why bother change yourself for girl? If that girl cannot love me een one job, how she goin' to love me een anudder job? Jobs do not change me."

"But if she wants it?"

"What deeference that make? What she do so beeg for you that you mus' do something so beeg for her? Women!"

Tony arose with a shrug that expressed his opinion of women, singly and en masse, and ambled off. Some folks sure were a leetle bug house, sure!

Peter did not try to stop him. He felt hopelessly scrambled. Something seemed happening in his mind—a series of explosions which were obliterating, bit by bit, everything he had taken for granted. Or had all those things been gradually crumbling and Tony's speech merely illuminated the wreckage? Why was he concerned about that speech at all? Who was Tony—an ignorant, half-savage, wholly immoral wop? Why didn't he, Peter, view such sentiments with amusement, disgust? But he didn't. He—yes, he actually viewed them with approval! They hit him where he lived and where all his progenitors had lived before him. And what it had done to the faith of his fathers was aplenty.

"There ain't no deeference between them," Tony had announced, and the world of science rose up to confirm his verdict. There wasn't any basic difference in the part they were intended to play in life. Men had made the difference; made it first for their own selfish ends. Started a pretty thing they called chivalry in order to keep women from interfering and give men a chance to show off. And in the end, men had been caught in their own trap. They had put women on pedestals to keep them out of the way—called them sacred for a bluff. And women had turned their pedestals into thrones—thrones of despots—and were running the world. What did the Peter Harrocks amount to, anyway? What did the Stick-'Em-Up Mantons amount to? Something to jump when a woman jerked the strings! Wasn't he down here just because a woman had pulled the strings? Throwing away all he might be as a man, and calling it love—chivalry!

Chivalry! A fine price humanity had paid for it! Why, men and women were meant to work together, fight together, not to be separated by all the fool distinctions which chivalry implied. How many of the women of the Manton world would stand by their men as Tony's woman stood by him? Would Snibs? They'd thought they were in love. What did Snibs know about love? What would Snibs do for a man she loved? As he went back to work he grinned very bitterly to himself. He was sure he knew the answer to that question.

He had a chance to prove its correctness the next afternoon. Occasionally if Mohammed will not come to the mountain, the mountain will come to Mohammed. Miss Dorothy Eloise Margaret Manton was hardly a mountain, but she looked as imposing as one as she swept from her roadster in dinner-gown magnificence at the end of a helluva day. Peter had been unloading bones from South America. South American bones make excellent fertilizer, but they hardly prepare one to welcome a radiant vision in gold brocade and monkey fur, with topaz earrings dangling under a puff of gilded curls. Only Snibs could have had the supreme effrontery to wear such a gown to such a place. And only the new Peter would have received her with precisely that discourteous set to his jaw and gleam to his eye.

The lady launched her offensive at once.

"Peter, I've come to take you right straight home." Peter grunted and leaned the more industriously on a pile of rails. "It's simply idiotic. You're making a perfect fool of yourself!"

"Then why come down to watch the exhibition?"

"You know perfectly well!" She drew a little nearer, and abruptly her manner changed. Her curls seemed to spread ingratiating tendrils, her eyes to soften, her very nose to become wistful. "Aw, Peteski, only thing—I do miss you! What's happened to you? You're all changed! Don't be a pig. Cut it, and come on back. I suppose you're sticking here just because you're mad at mother for making you give up your writing job. But she didn't mean anything like this, you know. She just wanted you to prove your love for me and ——"

"Is that so?" Peter's tone was elaborately ironical.

"Well, wasn't it? Isn't that why you came here?"

"I don't know why I came here. I don't know why I ever did anything. But I know it isn't why I'm staying here now."

"It isn't!" Snibs' eyes opened widely and it became evident that their blueness wasn't as meek as you might have thought. "Then why are you staying here?"

"Because I want to, that's why!" Peter no longer lolled. "I'm staying because this job has real guts and I like it. And I'm all through with parties and people who haven't anything to do but parties. I don't know when or why I got through—but you bet I am! You make me sick, every one of you—grafters!"

"Peter Harrock—how dare you! How dare you!" Eyes ablaze, little white teeth clicking out the words.

"I mean it. That's all you are—you and your idea of making men worthy of you! Worthy of a bunch of rag dolls! How do you get that way? What do you ever do that men should have to dig around to be worthy of you? What have you ever done that I should be yanked off my job on the paper and sent down here to qualify for being your husband?"

"You weren't sent here!"

"No; I was sent to a damned sight worse place, to be an office ornament. And you thought it was fine. What had your mother ever done that she should have the right to bully your father the way she does? You women make me sick! You've buffaloed yourselves and the whole world into thinking that we ought to get down and eat dirt for you, and there isn't one girl in a million in a set like yours that's got brains or grit enough to ——"

Words were coming in a torrent; blistering words that brought red welts flashing across her white neck and blurred her eyes with fire.

"You beast! You disgusting beast! Did you think I came here to be insulted? Just because I tried to tell you that everyone was laughing at you —— Oh, I hate you! I hate you!"

"And I love you!" He said it with deep disgust. "I'm just about as proud of it as if I had the mange, but I can't help it—yet. Watch me, though. I'll cure myself. You're not worth love. You, who won't give yourself to a man until he can provide you with two-hundred-dollar coats. You don't care what he does to get those coats, either. He can sell his immortal soul and

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you don't give a damn. Talk about me making myself worthy of you—how about you making yourself worthy of me?"

He paused, but she did not answer. She was choking with rage.

"Yes, how about you proving your love for me?" he reiterated. "You say you miss me. Well, you don't have to miss me. I'll marry you today if you'll have me."

"Marry—you! You! A stevedore!" Gasps; then ringing, jeering laughter.

"Yes, me, a stevedore—and a thousand times more honest than you ever dreamt of being. I knew you wouldn't. I said you hadn't the grit. I just wanted to prove it to you."

"But you're crazy."

"I'm not. Other women have done it. The wives of these other men married stevedores."

"But they're different!" Against her will she was drawn into the argument, though every word lashed him with her contempt.

"Yes, you bet they're different. They're real women. They go fifty-fifty with their men. They dig in and work when the old man's out of a job, and pay the bills until he gets another one."

This was too much. "You've gone off your head! You're raving! I'm never going to speak to you again. You've insulted me!" She fairly spat the words, her face chalky white beneath the crimson welts.

"Then don't!" The words were a blow.

He turned, but she stopped him. Her voice was no longer shallow babbling with rage. The pixy look had left her face, the gay dinner gown hung upon an alien, a stern-faced determined girl whose father men called Stick-'Em-Up.

"Stop, Peter! Listen! You can't go like that. Tell me what you mean to do."

There was not the slightest trace of pleading, only a fierce command for explanation.

"Do? I'm getting out. I'm through."

"You mean our engagement's broken? Well, you're right there. I wouldn't marry you now if you were the last man in the world."

"You're right you wouldn't!" he blazed. "And good reason. I wouldn't have you."

"You—wouldn't—have—me!"

"No; nor a dozen like you. You're—slugs. Just so many fat slugs, living on an honest world. Living on men who work! Eat us up. Well, here's one you won't eat up. I'm through! Get out! Get out of here, I say!"

And there was that in his eyes, flaming indomitable, which silenced her for the first time in her life.

She turned back once as she left, a strange look on her face, almost as if she were trying to identify a stranger.

If this were a story of the old school which liked its captions candied, it would probably have been called A Soul's Awakening. The main trouble with A Soul's Awakening is that it usually awakens at the wrong time and place and doesn't know what to do with itself. Peter had given his heart away, a bit of taffy, quite as though he were six years old. Foolish as this action seems, it's the way it is usually done. When the lady asked for his life, that had gone with his heart. And now, down in the maw of reality, sweating as men sweat and far removed from that world which never sweats, he awoke to realize that hearts and lives are not to be disposed of as taffy. Such an awakening is common. But most of us go to sleep again. Therein Peter was different. His eyes held a vision of many things—visions of kingly conquerors, and rabbit men.

Now they held but one definite determination, a great spiritual decision—he was through being a "seemp." But where did he go from here? He loathed the old life, and had no plans for the new. One thing only he wanted intensely, and immediately—he wanted to get away! To get away as far as a ship would take him.

Nothing could be simpler. The Tritonia was bound for Java on the following week. That would do as well as any other destination. It would give him time to cool off, find his bearing, maybe do a bit of writing between whiles, although he wouldn't have touched a typewriter in his present mood. But later he might have a try at combining the writing and sailing job. McFee had done it. He liked McFee's stuff. At any rate, for the present there was Java and the last of San Francisco. He couldn't get away soon enough.

But first he'd have to arrange the matter with old Manton. He wasn't quite sure of his reception in that quarter. Since the day he had reported at the docks, the office had not seen him. What the silent old man thought of the change or the reactions which that change had produced in the mansion on the hill, he had no way of knowing.

He approached the office with some misgivings. Not that he doubted that he'd go to Java. If not on a Manton ship, some other. But he liked the old codger. Likewise he was rather curious to see whether feminine wrath would have maneuvered him out of a job. Also—but this he did not confess to his innermost soul—he was consumed with idiotic hunger for communion with someone who daily saw a thin rangy young person with tumbled curls, deceptive blue eyes and the temper of a bat out of hell.

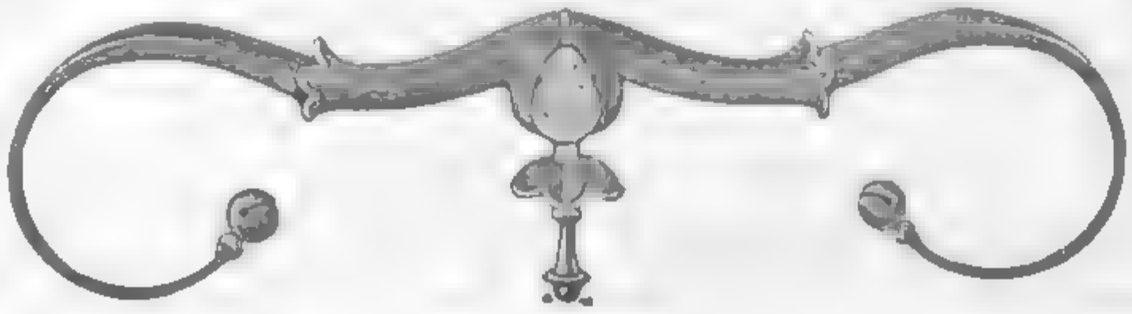
Had he been less engrossed in his own plans and misgivings he might have noted a purple roadster parked near the curb, or speculated on a lavender vanity case upon Stick 'Em-Up's desk. This latter circumstance was particularly remarkable. Stick-'Em-Up was not the type that fortifies its beauty with vanity cases. But Peter was engrossed in the tremendous problems of Pete, and anxiously awaiting answer to his requisition for a berth on the Tritonia.

Yes, Mr. Manton would gladly give him a note to the skipper. Thought it a fine scheme. "Damn glad to get rid of me," sneered Peter to himself, with elaborate cynicism. Was there anything more Mr. Manton could do? The shrewd eyes behind the bristling eyebrows seemed waiting. Was there a note of unusual friendliness in the curt tone? A desire for discussion? Peter, with that peculiarly nasty suspicion common to all saved souls, decided that it was simply another plan to get his goat, and speeded his departure after scant thanks. Had he delayed for a decent farewell, many things might have reduced his cocksureness and possibly allayed that hunger which he would not confess. Such, for instance, as the door to the second office, slightly ajar—a door with hinges which wabbled hesitatingly as he marched away. Or an equally temperamental roadster which departed an hour later and forgot to release brakes or shift from second until some five miles down the peninsula.

But Peter was in a hurry. And Peter went. And thereby changed the end of this story entirely.

Twilight, with the Farallon light clear ahead in the heart of the afterglow, the scud of salt foam kicking up under the stubby bow of a freighter, Java bound, and the lights of San Francisco dropping far behind. A fine night for the start of a cruise, a tight little ship, good grub in the galley—what more could a sailorman wish? But Peter, elbow on the rail at the stern, had little thought of grub or night. One after another he had watched the tall sparkling hills drop away, and he felt as if his heart had dropped with them. Gone was the kick from this dramatic gesture against the frivolity of society. Gone the fire of his disdain and that most satisfactory feeling that he'd show 'em. Gone was everything save the memory of hair like silvered gold, slender young arms that taunted and clung, eyes that once in a blue moon filled with tenderness. She had been a dream, an impossible, maddening, unworthy dream, but his spirit went wailing back along the wake of the ship to touch her face again.

He did not hear the sound of the supper gong nor the shouted invitation of his



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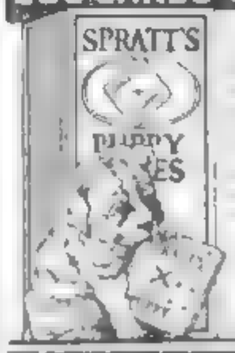

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mates. He did not note that night was failing and that the shore lights had long since vanished. Nor did he marvel that he, an ordinary seaman, was allowed to brood here undisturbed. Indeed he might have sat there motionless until they ducked into sunrise again, had a hand not fallen on his shoulder, tightening its grip to shake him as he failed to notice. He swung about angrily, then stood staring, jaw slacked, eyes bewildered.

Hair like silvered gold, wide red mouth breaking to a laugh, blue eyes taunting, slender serge-clad body half swaggering, half timid—was he dreaming? Did the moon bring things like that to walk on the sea for crazy men? He raised his hand clumsily; caught his breath in a hard gasp.

"Don't grab!" she remarked airily. "Nice night, isn't it? Washed your face since I last saw you, haven't you?" Her manner was elaborately casual.

"Snibs! Snibs!"

"Quite so," she grinned. "How odd that we should meet!"

"Snibs—for the luvva Mike cut out the razz! What're you doing here?" The words were clothed in their accustomed flippant vernacular, but the cry within them as old as man's first hunger and heartbreak.

"Doing?" At ease against the rail, a devil agleam in her eyes. "Doing? Well, if you must know, I'm here on my honeymoon."

For an instant he took it standing erect, his hands still reaching for her. Then something in him seemed to crumble—his face went gray, his hand fell, empty.

"Oh—pardon." The words seemed torn from his throat. "I—didn't—know." He turned.

With a swoop she flung herself to him, words coming in a broken babble—triumphant giggles, frightened whispers, then a low croon of tenderness as her hand sought his hurt eyes, drew his face down.

"Dear old Peteski—don't look like that! I didn't mean it! Honest, I didn't. That is—I did mean it, only"—her voice dropped to a whisper, but her eyes were valiant—"only I didn't say whose honeymoon it was!"

"Whose honeymoon?"

Laughing now, laughing as she surrendered, her whisper so husky he could hardly hear: "Yes, of course! Fish! Whose could it be but yours and mine!"

The sky had vanished! The sea had dropped away! From the forgotten spaces behind their altars Peter heard himself saying stupidly in a small flat voice which he did not recognize, "Honeymoon! Yours! Mine! How?"

"God, kill it and don't let it suffer!" snorted his prospective bride. "You haven't the sense of a third-rate moron, Pete. What you need is a keeper, not a wife. Here I've been conniving three days. First I thought I'd have a frightful row with dad, but he handed me the surprise of my life; just chuckled and told me to hop to it! Then I've had to pretend to have everything from smallpox to communism to get rid of mother. She thinks I'm down at Ruth's getting over you and setting my cap for that discount that old lady Sturtevant just imported from France! And now it's all lovely, and the captain's in there changing his collar and getting ready to marry us; and you do nothing but say your A B C's!"

Peter was coming to. His heart was knocking against his back teeth, his lungs bursting with gigantic sobs and laughter, but he made one last clutch at sanity.

"Snibs," he remarked in a voice which would have done credit to Methuselah at his nastiest, "this is ridiculous. You know perfectly well I can't afford a rich wife!"

She snuggled her nose deeper into his collar. "You should worry! I can afford a poor husband. Weren't you the boy that was howling for a fifty-fifty split in the marriage game? Well—here's my fifty. Don't you want ——"

But she finished it in his arms. With a long lift and leap the Tritonia slipped past the Farallones, out to the hazards of the open sea.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

October 6, 1923

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SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Glass—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	8
Bunk and Bunker—*Sam Hellman*	10
Nix on Chivalry—*Elsie Robinson*	12
Slow Visibility—*Frederic F. Van de Water*	16
The Revenge of Weeping River—*Henry Justin Smith*	19
The Lone Lady in Black and the Roman-Nosed Baby—*George Kibbe Turner*	20
Six Islanders—*Thomas Beer*	23
The Park Bench—*Lowell Otus Reese*	24

ARTICLES

What Ho the Democrats!—*Samuel G. Blythe*	6
The Ruhr After Seven Months—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	14
The Pace That Kills—*Katharine Dayton*	22
All is Confusion—*Eleanor Franklin Egan*	26
Our Industrial Tourists—*Kenneth Coolbaugh*	33
The Flood Tide of Antiques in Europe—*Elizabeth Shackleton*	137

SERIALS

The Joy Dodgers (In two parts)—*Sewell Ford*	3
My Book and Heart (Sixth part)—*Corra Harris*	28
Rôles (Fifth part)—*Elizabeth Alexander*	30

MISCELLANY

Editorials	32
Short Turns and Encores	34
Out-of-Doors	106

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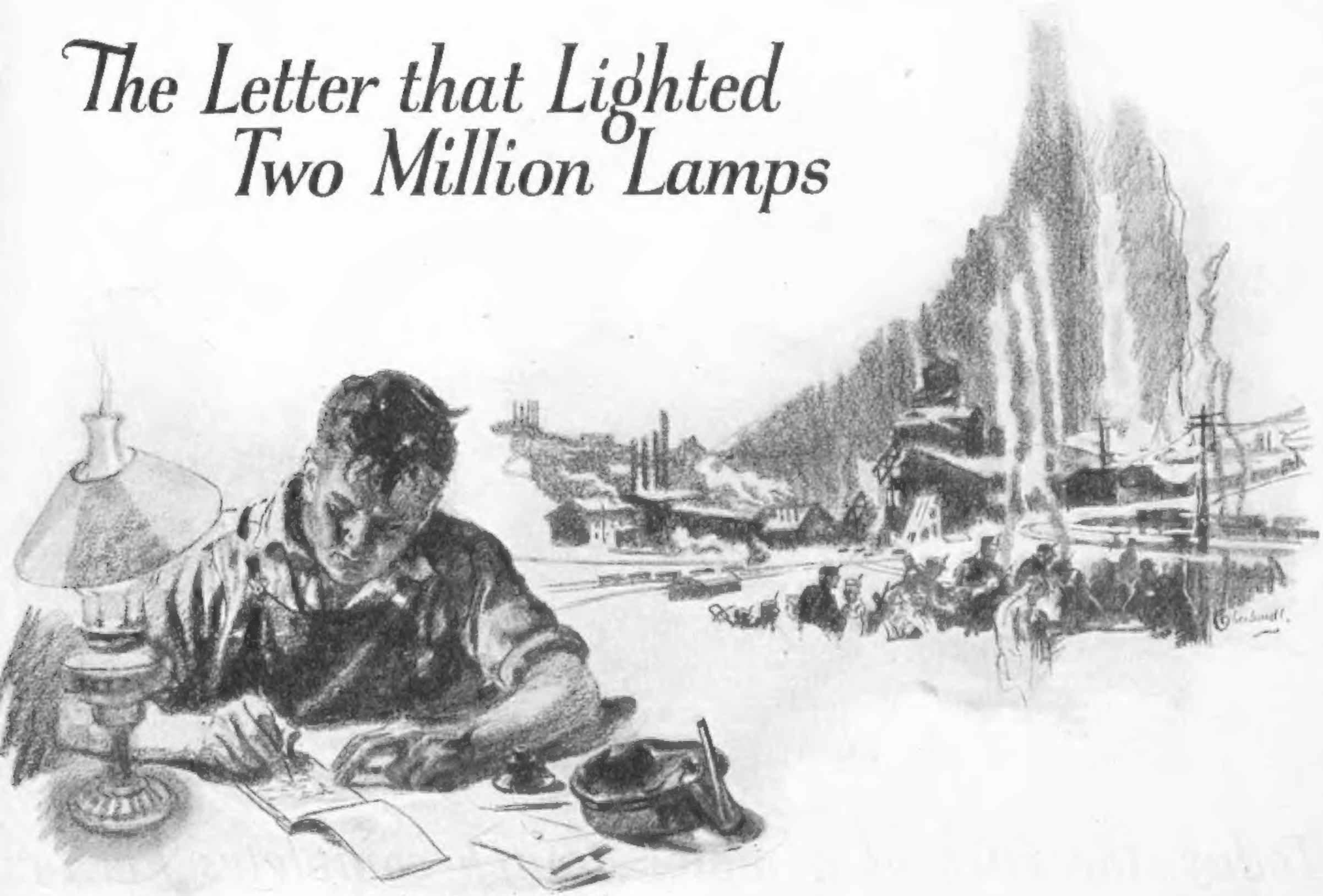
The Letter that Lighted Two Million Lamps



FORTY-TWO years ago, by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp in the little town of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, a young mine worker sat down at the close of the day, and wrote this letter to the editor of the "*Mining Herald*"—

> "*Will you or some of your readers be kind enough to inform me what form of airways offers the least resistance—circular or square?*"

This letter may not mean very much to-day, but it meant a great deal in 1881 when accidents due to imperfect mine ventilation were taking a frightful toll of lives.

Picture the scene and the circumstances. . . . Here was a young mine worker who wanted information on a subject connected with his daily work. He wanted it quickly, even desperately, for it might conceivably be the means of saving his life and the lives of his fellow workers.

He had sought the information in many places—he had asked many men. Nobody seemed able to answer his question. So he sat down and wrote to the "*Mining Herald*."

It was a simple letter, yet few letters ever written have had greater influence on the lives of as many men and women.

For out of the answering of that letter and the many others that followed grew the "Question and Answer Department" of the "*Mining Herald*"—a great clearing house of practical information.

And then came the great conception. Men who had left school to earn their own living wanted to know more about the work beneath their hands. Why not give them this knowledge with a measure of thoroughness that would not only answer present urgent inquiries, but would prepare them to advance in position and in earnings? And why not provide it in a form and by a method that would make each home a school and the spare hours of evening the time for study?

Out of this impulse to serve came the International Correspondence Schools, and a new idea in education was born.

The first student of the Schools was enrolled on October 16, 1891. By December, 1910, the enrolment was 1,363,700; and by June 30 of the present year it had grown to 2,561,312, the largest enrolment of any single school in the history of education.

In October, 1891, there was but one course—coal mining. By 1899, 50 courses were available—and to-day the International Correspondence Schools provide 304 courses covering practically every technical and engineering branch, and almost every department of business.

These figures are significant as indicating the swift and far extending growth of a great idea. But most important of all are the records of personal achievement made possible through this innovation in education. Carpenters have become architects; mechanics have become engineers and superintendents; clerks have become executives and proprietors of businesses of their own; unskilled workers have risen to splendid positions of responsibility—men and women of a hundred undeveloped talents and inclinations have found in the International Correspondence Schools the way to satisfying careers, useful lives and happy, prosperous homes.

Whatever the previous education of the student, these Schools fit their service to the individual need. Two per cent of those enrolled have had no school education whatever—5% have attended ungraded schools—58% have attended the grade schools—22% have attended high schools—5% have attended business colleges—8% have attended colleges or universities.

To most of them, the International Correspondence Schools, coming to them in their own homes, have been the one means by which they might prepare for success in the work of their choice.

Born of the desire of men to learn more about their work at their work—created in response to a vital need—these Scranton Schools fill a definite and increasingly important place in the field of education.

No single institution has rendered so great a service to so many people. That young miner of forty-two years ago has become a legion of students seeking and finding the answers that have meant efficiency in countless vocations. The flickering kerosene lamp at his elbow has become a light of knowledge burning in two million homes. And the seekers swell in number and the lights burn brighter as this "*University of the Night*" continues to grow in usefulness through the years.

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Today, the click of a motor switch completes his task

Doubtless, you have marveled at the wizardry of the electric adding machine.

Watching it flash through accurate calculations at the touch of keys or levers you have paid admiring tribute to inventor and builder.

Similarly you have regarded the electric addressing machines, duplicators, envelope openers or sealers, and other swift, deft, motor-powered office appliances.

But have you ever considered the responsibility of the small electric motors that maintain life in these wonderful machines?

It is of utmost importance that any electrically driven appliance give constant, dependable service. In some instances, as with banks, accounting rooms, markets, and general offices, the performance of a single appliance may affect a wide business field.

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Look for the R&M name plate on the motor when you are buying any motored appliance for office or home. It is your guarantee of quality. It is proof that the manufacturer of that appliance wants you to have good, satisfactory service. Remember that many of the first R&M Motors, now more than twenty-four years old, are still in daily use.

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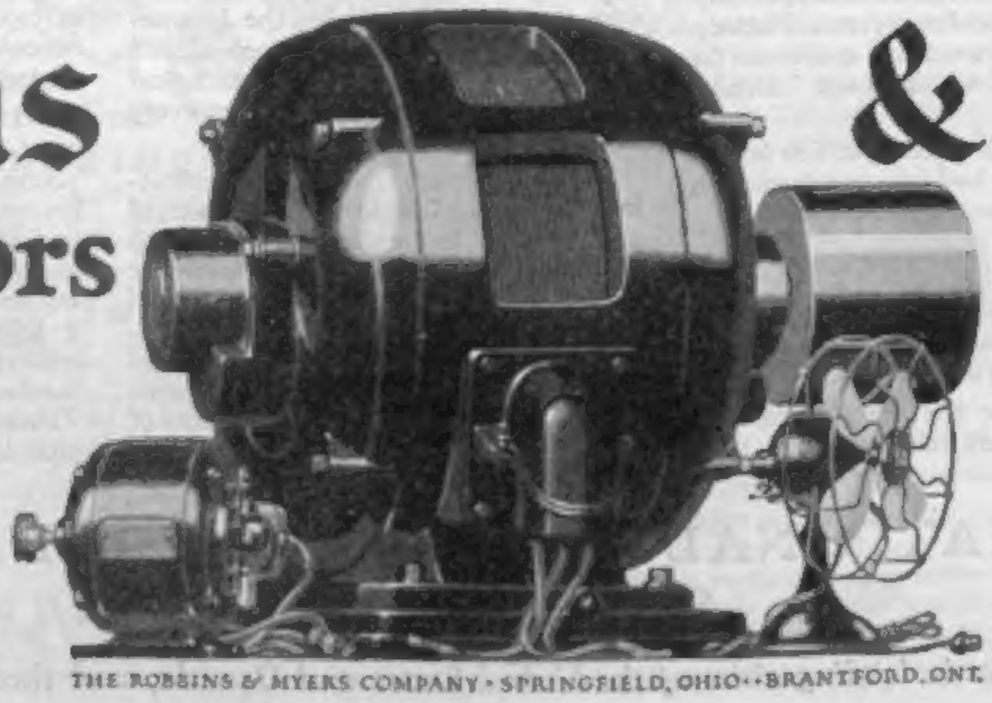

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